

October 16, 1963

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The Australian

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WOMEN'S WEEKLY

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THE WINNERS: Happy Mother
and Baby contest — see page 7

BOYS—A mother's frank advice to her daughter . . . page 45

Color gallery of **TV STARS** begins on page 17

Page 8: Australian girl whirls to top as Paris **MANNEQUIN**

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WOMEN'S WEEKLY

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THE WEEKLY ROUND

● Because they're ideal for indoor pots and for colorful displays in the garden, pelargoniums (see pages 42 and 43) are a prime favorite with gardeners.

AND you'll be able to see the newest types—as well as the old favorites—on show in Sydney this week.

The Royal Horticultural Society of N.S.W. will hold its annual exhibition in the Lower Town Hall on October 11 and 12 (open daily from 10 a.m. to 10 p.m.).

Pelargoniums will also be a feature of the geranium exhibition and special luncheon the Kuringai Truby King Mobile Baby Clinic Committee are arranging at Mrs. Alvin Burton's Warrawee home on November 1.

★ ★ ★
DID you find your personality type in our "Are You Yang or Yin" feature (October 2 issue)? We've had a disconsolate little note from a reader, Emma Rees, about it:

Last week I was a woman,
A woman much too fat,
But very much a woman,
I had no doubt of that.

This week I'm not so sure,
And fear is setting in,
I just must face the fact,
I'm neither Yang nor Yin.

Our Cover

● Mrs. Vivienne Huggett, of Cootamundra, N.S.W., and her 14-month-old adopted daughter, Jennifer, are the national winners of our £2250 Happy Mother and Baby Contest (for State winners, see page 7). The cover picture was taken by staff photographer Adeline Hurley.

The presentation of national and State prizes in the contest will be shown during the 6.30 p.m. news on Sydney's TCN 9 this Wednesday, October 9.

My height, weight, build,
and posture
Are not what they should be,
I'm neither chic nor gamin,
And ingenue's not me.

Athletic I am not,
I can't be called a classic,
Romantic doesn't suit,
And neither does dramatic.

In other words I'm nothing,
I just do not fit in,
But I will keep on trying—
Until I'm Yang or Yin!

A mannequin's schooldays...

● Two years ago, Nike Arrighi (pictured below) was a demure Sydney schoolgirl.

NOW—well, look at the difference! For the glamorous haute couture Paris mannequin shown on pages 8 and 9 is... Nike Arrighi.

Nike (pronounced Nikki) left Australia to study art in Rome. At first she and her sister Luciana stayed in London and—after six months—Nike decided to do some part-time modelling till her term at art school began.

Then, last April, Nike's lively interest in the theatre brought her an exciting job with the Sadler's Wells Opera Company.

She was assistant stage manager during the Joan Sutherland season.

"But we had to work



like slaves," Nike wrote to an old school-friend, "and after six weeks I was ready for a holiday—although that six weeks was one of the most valuable experiences I have had."

For their holiday Nike and Luciana went to Paris... Nike began modelling again, and that was the start of her success in the fiercely competitive world of Paris fashion.



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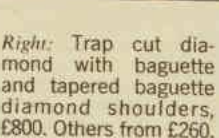
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CLUSTERS of tiny flowers trimmed the neckline of the silk suit which Mrs. Peter McAuley, of Dover Heights, wore to Randwick. Her high-crowned pillbox of folded chiffon matched her blouse.



SMART TWOSOME. Miss Joan Anne Fuller, of Killara (left), and Mrs. Robert Lockhardt, of Killara, were among racing enthusiasts who attended the A.J.C.'s four-day Spring Race Carnival, which was held at Randwick Racecourse.

RACES AT RANDWICK



BETWEEN races, Mrs. Rod Mackenzie, of Neutral Bay (left), talked with Mrs. George Reppin, of Rose Bay, and Mrs. Stuart Gornall, of Edgecliff (right).

FOURSOME, from left, Miss Phoebe Kater, of "Gillawarringa," Trangie, Captain Charles Acland, Miss Virginia Statham, of Canberra, and Captain Peter de Bunsen, who arrived here last month to take up his position as A.D.C. to the Governor-General, Lord De L'Isle. He replaces Captain Acland, who is on his way home to England, after two years in Australia, to rejoin the Grenadier Guards.



ELEGANT TRIO (from left) Mrs. Norman Jones, of Wahroonga, Mrs. A. H. Chartres, of Point Piper, and Mrs. Russell Catts, of Killara, at the races.



LAYERS of shaded organdie petals made the hat worn by Mrs. John Duncan, of Double Bay.



STRIKING hats were worn by (from left) Mrs. Tony McSweeney, of Randwick, Mrs. Bill White, of Bellevue Hill, and Mrs. Neville Morgan, of Darling Point, to the A.J.C.'s Spring Race Carnival at Randwick. The chairman of the A.J.C., Mr. Brian Crowley, and Mrs. Crowley entertained guests at official luncheons each day of the meeting.



ATTRACTIVE Miss Ann van Bochove, of Bellevue Hill, wore an Emilio Pucci silk suit to the races. Her wide-brimmed hat was lavishly trimmed with frothy sprays of orange blossom.

NEXT WEEK:



RESORT CLOTHES TO SEW by Butterick and Vogue

● Planning a holiday? Even if you're not, just think of long and lazy days in the summer sun. You're relaxed. You're chic . . .

In a long terrace dress (the season's latest craze), perhaps. Or a casual top and tapered pants, or beach pyjamas, or a nifty little shift. Mmmmm.

And—coming down to earth—you can make these new holiday clothes yourself. Our special pattern section next week, in color, offers plenty to choose from.

● A swimming-pool for summer pleasure

With modern methods of construction, a backyard pool is now within the reach of thousands of home owners.

Five color pages show a variety of Australian pools—one was built by its owner for £220—plus the owners' favorite recipes for pool-side entertaining.

● Prizewinning tips from two top cooks

What makes one show entry stand out above the rest? How do you give a sponge sandwich that extra "something" that wins prizes? What are a cake-decorator's modelling secrets?

Two top-flight cooks give you their competition secrets and several of their prizewinning recipes.

● "The cubs' new home"

Joy Adamson concludes "Forever Free," the story of the lioness Elsa's cubs.

Joy Adamson's lecture tour

● Joy Adamson, author of the popular books about Elsa and her cubs, is currently touring Australia.

DURING each of her lectures, Mrs. Adamson will show a color film of wild life.

Admission to each lecture is 5/- and proceeds will aid the Wild Life Fund.

Mrs. Adamson's lectures are sponsored by The Australian Women's Weekly, David Jones Ltd., Myer (Melbourne)

Ltd., and her publishers, William Collins Ltd.

Here are details of how and where to hear her:

SYDNEY: October 28 to November 1 inclusive. Art Gallery, sixth floor, David Jones', Elizabeth Street, 11 a.m. and 2.30 p.m. daily.

Bookings: Box office, ground floor, Market Street store.

LIGHT-HEARTED MILLIONAIRE

A chat with Art and Lois Linkletter

By WINIFRED MUNDAY

● It's not every day that one gets to stand in a Sydney hotel lobby with a multimillionaire, waiting while his wife goes to buy a pair of plastic galoshes at a chainstore.

BUT that's exactly what I was doing. Not that anyone would have taken the millionaire—Art Linkletter—for one.

Their baggage had a most unmillionaire-like air—just two well-worn suitcases of synthetic leather and a pigskin briefcase bulging with papers.

And when Lois Linkletter returned from her errand she didn't look much like a millionairess.

Vivacious and smart though she is, her clothes were unostentatious—a blue-and-brown light dress, a royal-blue jersey coat, covered by a plastic raincoat. And over her head she wore a piece of triangular plastic.

"I bought a navy wool cardigan, too. We never expect it to be raining or cold in Australia, so we didn't come prepared for it," she explained.

"And we work on the principle that we travel so quickly from place to place that people never see enough of us to see us in the same outfits twice."

Travel light

Last year they covered 100,000 miles without an ounce of excess baggage. This year they have already covered 25,000 miles in Australia, as well as visiting Art's property in South America and yachting off the Greek coast.

The purpose of this latest Australian trip is to inspect their properties in Western Australia (sheep) and the Northern Territory (cattle) and for Art to make a color film for the 175th anniversary of Australia's founding for showing to American businessmen.

"A kind of trumpet-blowing for Australia—and about time it was blown, too," said Art.

"I like Australia because it's the only place left where one has an opportunity to be a pioneer, especially when one can do it from a safe distance—in our case from a Hollywood penthouse."

By Hollywood standards



● The Linkletters in Sydney.

the Linkletters are practically eccentrics, because they've been married 28 years ("to each other"); have five children and five grandchildren; and neither drinks nor smokes.

Art was abandoned at birth in the town of Moose Jaw, Canada, and has in turn been bell-boy, hobo, dishwasher, and radio announcer.

He hates pressmen to keep harping on his money and his properties, and I reckon he's not much going to like the first part of this article.

On the car trip to the airport to catch a plane to Perth he talked about a millionaire's difficulties. "I've had all kinds of business propositions put to me while I've been in Sydney, as well as offers of property in Tasmania."

"Americans think all Americans who come here are millionaires with a direct pipeline to the Treasury."

"When I was in Perth a little boy asked for my autograph. I asked him why he wanted it, because I felt pretty sure he didn't recognise me as an entertainer."

"He said, 'Well, you're American, so you must be a millionaire. I'd like to have a millionaire's autograph.'"

Art is a reporter's delight, because he talks away in an

amiable, quotable way, without a hint of boastfulness.

In fact, he still gets a kick out of his fame as an entertainer on television and radio and as an author.

"I love to get Japanese translation copies of one of my books. Didn't know I could write it," he quipped.

And that's how he came to talk about his latest book—his sixth.

"Kids Sure Rite Funny!" is not yet available in Australia. Like his previous "Kids Say The Darndest Things" it is a collection of schoolroom howlers laced with Linkletter wisecracks and comments.

Misinformation

Here are some gems from his "garden of misinformation":

"People have sex, while nouns have genders."

"I try to always be formal but polite when undressing a stranger."

"There is no air in space. That means there is nothing. Try to think of it. It is easier to think of anything than nothing."

"Robinson Caruso was a great singer, unfortunately shipwrecked."

"Sir Walter Raleigh was a rich sailor with a golden hind."

"The difference between

bones and skeletons are the same except we live over have bones while the dead ones have skeletons."

"One reason for our scarcity of timber is because much of our timber supply is used in the making of forests."

"Although I have heard of chaps that were people if they were English, they were worn around the legs they were cowboys."

A recent Linkletter gramophone record explains the facts of life to children.

"I don't care how sophisticated parents think they are—when a six-year-old crawls on to your lap and asks, 'Where did I come from?' it's a tough question," he said.

"I've tried to explain the facts of life to children from six to 10, with suggestions for the parents of ways of using the record."

"A parent can play the record for herself, memorise the details, and explain to the child in her own way."

"The parent and child can listen to the record together, stopping to answer questions as they arise."

"Or there's the coward's way out: To give the child the record, shut the door, and leave him to it, while you disappear for a couple of days!"



ON "THEIR" BEACH near Cooktown, in far-northern Queensland, Lev and Betty Boubela have been living the sweet and easy life.



THE CARAVAN has come to rest after the journey from Sydney, and is still their real home, though they have a town house.

ESCAPE TO "PARADISE"

● Lev Boubela, a former Czech Olympic swimmer who is a naturalised Australian, made news recently by writing to Czech President Antonin Novotny seeking permission for his 75-year-old mother, now alone in Prague, to join him in Australia.

THE life which Lev wants his mother to share is not one of capitalist ease—although he is a successful businessman—but of utter simplicity, near Cooktown, Queensland.

No mansion or luxury flat awaits her, but a caravan by the sea.

No sweeping lawns, but the clean soft sand of a far north beach. No trim gardens, but steep slopes of jungle that wall the beach in.

No cocktail or dinner parties or banquets, but fish fresh from the sea and papaws, mangoes, bananas, and tomatoes picked as needed from beside the caravan, and fresh water from a nearby spring.

All these, and more, have Lev and his English-born wife, Betty, enjoyed for the past 18 months.

Many city dwellers dream of escaping to a tropical paradise, turning their backs on traffic chaos, air pollution, packed and polluted beaches, bustle, and din.

Lev and Betty are one couple who really do seem to have made the break successfully.

They lived in Sydney.

Both were well and truly caught up in the rat-race. He was engaged in the cut-throat textile trade; she was in the late-night world of show business.

Lev had defected in 1948 while in France with a Czech water-polo team. He had been a top player for many years and had represented Czechoslovakia in the Berlin Olympics in 1936.

He migrated to Australia in 1949. He succeeded in business by really trying. With £30 and an old

sewing-machine, he took a room in Surry Hills and began making blouses.

In 11 years he built up a business in cocktail blouses with a £150,000-a-year turnover.

Betty, born in Leeds, Yorkshire, came to Australia in 1950. She began singing in Perth at 30/- an evening, and once toured as far as the Gulf country in a truck.

In Sydney, billed as Elizabeth Larue, she sang at nightclubs.

She was making £80 to £100 a week when she and Lev married in September,

From
LARRY FOLEY,
in Townsville

1961, and decided to give it all away and become gypsies—water-gypsies, for Lev's passion is the sea.

They potted north, unhurried and unharried, from beach to beach in a four-wheel-drive truck and caravan, seeking their own little bit of paradise.

They found it months later, at Quarantine Bay, just south of Cooktown.

They parked their caravan under a tree, and there they are still.

Apart from occasional campers and passing fishermen, they have the place to themselves.

Access is by a winding, sun-dappled bush track.

The town is only four miles away, and Lev and Betty hate going there because it means time away from their beach and the sea, the fish, the birds, and the sun.

They have a professional fishing licence. They live off the best the sea can provide—and the Great Barrier Reef fish, such as barramundi and coral trout, are famous for their delicacy.

Lev spends hours at a time skin-diving. Betty is not mad about sharks ("Lev just pushes them away with his spear-gun," she says. "He's afraid of absolutely nothing. It worries me at times.") So, to give her something to do while Lev joined the fish, they acquired a small soft-drink plant in the town.

Betty got interested in flavors. She tasted, experimented, mixed.

"A soft-drink man from Dubbo, here on a visit, tracked me down recently and begged for my sarsaparilla recipe," Betty told me.

She produces 15 flavors and, with Lev's help, fills 1500 bottles a week. Lev does a home-delivery round weekly (45 customers) and they sell also to hotels and stores.

"Our worry," Betty said, "is that the business is growing. Cooktown's population is only 350 at present, but there are signs that the whole area could go ahead. There were once between 40,000 and 60,000 people here, you know."

"We took this plant on just for fun, really, and already we are having to put more time into it than we want to. We have to come into town four times a week, and even spend nights in the house that came with the plant."

"We more or less camp in the house, which is part-furnished, with awful old stuff. But Lev absolutely refuses to do the house up. He

says a house is a trap, and we'd finish up living in it.

"The housewife in me frets a bit over the disorder in the house, but I must say I agree with Lev about the beach; life is perfect there."

I had met the Boubelas by chance in a crowded Cooktown pub during the annual race meeting. Betty had stilled the hubbub by suddenly bursting into song, unaccompanied, through sheer love of life, obviously.

Equally obviously, this was no ordinary bar-room warbler, but a real trouper.

I spent a weekend with the Boubelas on their beach. Their caravan is a gem—well-to-wall carpeted, running hot and cold water, all-electric (powered by a mobile generator), with fridge and deep-freeze.

"At one time I had 57 lobsters in the freezer," said Betty. "We ate lobster every day on the way north, all caught by Lev. I think he's more fish than human."

Genial giant

Lev is a genial, bronzed, hairy-chested giant. At 53, he has the energy of a man half his age. He is constantly active, seldom wears more than shorts and thongs, even in the evenings, and says he hasn't had a cold since he adopted his new life.

When it comes to fishing, Betty is every bit as keen and skilled as her husband.

She handles the other end of the 100ft. bait net.

For company when Lev is out on the reef skin-diving, she has Carla, a formidable boxer which makes a fine watchdog.

"Life is so easy here," said Betty, "that I've put on two stone. But nobody cares how you look in Cooktown, so why should I?"



CARLA THE BOXER is in full agreement on the advantages of this kind of life. Below: Betty cleans the day's catch. She and Lev have a professional fishing licence, and use a small net to catch bait for sale in Cooktown.





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STPH

Our Happy Mothers and Babies

FINALISTS at the judging of our contest in Sydney are (from left): Mrs. Durance and Barbara, Vic.; Mrs. Manners and Simon, S.A.; Mrs. Barrett and Helen, W.A.; Mrs. Parker and Richard, Tas.; Mrs. de Candia and Kara, Qld.



● The toast of Cootamundra, an N.S.W. country town with a population of about 6000, is Mrs. Vivienne Huggett, who, with her 14-month-old adopted daughter, Jennifer, has won our "Happy Mother and Baby" contest.

"WE got a hero's welcome when we returned home from Sydney after winning the State final, so there'll probably be even greater excitement this time," said a breathless Mrs. Huggett after she and Jennifer were named the winners of the £1000 first prize.

The contest, conducted by The Australian Women's Weekly in conjunction with the H. J. Heinz Co. Pty. Ltd., aimed at finding an obviously healthy and happy mother and child with a well-adjusted relationship.

The six finalist mother-and-baby pairs were flown to Sydney for the national judging.

A holiday

They enjoyed a three-day, all-expenses-paid holiday at the Chevron Hilton Hotel before the winners were announced.

Mrs. Huggett, the 28-year-old wife of a police detective, is the daughter of the Governor of Parramatta Gaol, and was a secretary in the N.S.W. Police Department before she married six years ago.

She has two adopted children — Jennifer and James, aged 2 — and she hopes soon to adopt a third child "to make our family complete."

Mrs. Huggett said that when she and her husband found they could not have children of their own, they discussed at length the wisdom of adoption.

"We know we made the right decision, because James and Jan have brought us great happiness," she said.

Mrs. Huggett, whose friends talked her into entering the contest, said: "I've never entered a contest of any kind before, and I'm just dazed to know we've won."

"I really didn't think about the possibility that we might, and so I've no idea what we'll do with the money. Isn't it just too wonderful?"

Mrs. Huggett was presented with a cheque for £500 payable to herself and a £500 trust account which will mature when Jennifer reaches 14.

She also received the £100 State prize (£50 cash and £50 in a trust account) which all six finalists won.

Runners-up in the contest were Mrs. Arthur Durance, of North Balwyn, Victoria, and her 13-month-old daughter, Barbara Helen.

Mrs. Durance, the 38-year-old wife of a bank travel officer, has three other children, Margaret (8), Ian (5), and Peter (2).

The mother and baby who flew the greatest distance for the judging were Mrs. George Barrett, of Woodbridge, Ballidu, Western Australia, and her four-month-old daughter, Helen Marie.

The other finalists in the national judging were:

● Mrs. Stuart Manners, of Port Broughton, South Australia, and her 12-month-old son, Simon.

● Mrs. Elizabeth Parker, of Doctors Rocks, near Wynyard, Tasmania, and her 17-month-old son, Richard.

● Mrs. Annabella de Candia, of Indooroopilly, Queensland, and her four-month-old daughter, Kara Lee.

THE WINNING MOTHER, Mrs. Vivienne Huggett, of Cootamundra, N.S.W., receives a congratulatory kiss from the runner-up, Mrs. Arthur Durance, of Victoria.



JEFF WARREN, star of "The King and I," who presented the Huggetts with their prize, looks on as three of the musical's Siamese children give them flowers.



Aussie goes to Paris on holiday...



By MARCELLE POIRIER, in Paris

● For the first time designer Balenciaga, the king of Paris fashion, whose suits are the most coveted clothes in the world (and cost nearly as much as a round-the-world plane ticket), has designed a series of clothes for the "jeune fille" — that is, for debs. To present them he is using 19-year-old Australian Nike Arrighi, who has just made her debut as a mannequin.

AND what a debut! Nike, a Sydney girl, has begun right at the top.

Nike came over to Europe for a holiday in May last year with her sister, Luciana, and mother, Mrs. E. Arrighi, of Vacluse (who was a Schiaparelli mannequin before World War II).

They took a flat in Rome, and Nike, who dreamed of being an actress, studied at the Rome Academy of Art until December, when they went to London.

After a short holiday there, Mrs. Arrighi returned to Sydney, leaving the girls to look for jobs.

Luciana, who had studied at Sydney Technical College and worked as assistant to Esmond Digby in directing a film, was given the chance to direct a TV film about London's Portobello Market, and Nike had a part in it.

As shooting was not scheduled to start immediately, the girls decided to visit Paris.

They loved it, spending days visiting museums and monuments, going to the theatre, and sketching scenes of Paris life.

But life in Paris is expensive and Nike thought she could earn some money modelling for fashion photographers, as she had begun to do in London.

For a start, she was taken on to pose hats for Lanvin, and then one day a friend suggested that she should try her luck at Balenciaga.

Nike screwed up her courage and walked into the world-famous house in the Avenue George V.

She trembled at her own audacity as she rode up in the tiny lift lined in gold-studded red leather.

"It was awe-inspiring," she told me.

"I was interviewed by three men, first separately and then together. When they had all asked me questions and made me walk up and down the salon another man came in.

"It was Balenciaga him-

self, though I did not know it then.

"He looked at me and then signed to me to walk around.

"As I turned back at the end of the salon he nodded to the three men and went out without saying a word."

Nike was given a six-month contract, which meant she would miss auditions at drama school in London, but she felt it was worth it to be a mannequin in the most exclusive fashion house in the world.

New to the world of Paris fashion, Nike did not, and still does not, I think, realise just how favored she is to be working with Balenciaga, and especially to be starred by him.

Balenciaga is not only, with the exception of Chanel, the greatest influence in modern fashion but he is also the mystery man of Paris couture.

He is extremely reserved, dedicated to his work, and hates personal publicity.

He shuns public appearances and only a few of his clients have seen him.

He refuses to be photographed, and anyone who works for or with him has, above all, to be the soul of discretion, and never talk about him.

She's small

Nike is not at all the type Balenciaga usually chooses to present his clothes.

She is small (5ft. 5in.), the smallest mannequin I have ever seen at Balenciaga, although in the past two or three years he has introduced one or two smaller models.

She also has a short, straight 1920 hairstyle (designed by Alexandre) instead of the austere upswept styles which have always been part of the Balenciaga look.

Balenciaga mannequins are usually sophisticated or exotic like Tiger, the superb, ultra-tall Chinese mannequin for whom he designs some of his loveliest clothes.

For Nike, Balenciaga has made day clothes with almost a schoolgirl look.

They are not the ultra-casual clothes that the under twenties favor. They are clothes for the "jeune fille de bonne famille" (the

HOLIDAYING in Paris, Nike shops at an open-air market.

...and becomes a top MANNEQUIN

country girl, they'd say in London) — refined, elegant, simple.

The eccentric touches such as plaid stockings and knee-high boots Balenciaga keeps for his sophisticated ladies who want to play at being sporty.

His young girl wears, for instance, a simple military-styled trench coat over a matching jersey dress pulled in lightly at the waist with a narrow leather belt, and a very narrow turned-down collar.

It is topped by a domed beret worn over a red and white houndstooth check headscarf tied under the chin.

In this get-up Nike looks as pretty as pie.

Nike has discovered that entering the Balenciaga cabine is rather like going back to school—an exclusive finishing school, of course.

Discipline is strict.

The girls work from 10 a.m. until 6.30 p.m., with a two-and-a-half-hour lunch break.

Usually they go to lunch together to a cafe-restaurant

across the way, where they have a reserved table next to the girls from the Paris couture house of Givenchy — "those dressed-up dolls," the Balenciaga girls call them.

The Balenciaga girls have no stand-ins for showing frocks to buyers or clients who come in between shows, unlike the mannequins in the other houses, who work only in the afternoons once the collection has been made.

And woe betide any Balenciaga mannequin who is late.

Cover girl

As few magazines are allowed to photograph Balenciaga clothes, the girls do not have many chances of earning fees for posing in the house as other mannequins do.

However, "outside salon working hours, Nike poses for photographers, and she is rapidly becoming a cover girl.

She lives in a former maid's room under the eaves of a big apartment building in the fashionable

16th *arrondissement*, just across the road from Brigitte Bardot and almost next door to where Princess Alexandra used to stay when she came to Paris as a schoolgirl.

At weekends Nike has been flying over to London to play her part in the TV film, so one way and another she is very busy.

When she has some free time she likes to go window-shopping.

"The trouble is," she sighed, "that since I have worn Balenciaga clothes I just don't like any others, particularly those that I can afford."

Nike intended that modelling should only be an interlude, but her experience of modelling in Paris has been so successful that she may continue to ride the crest of the wave.

All doors in Paris are now open to her and she thinks that she could continue to mix acting and modelling as she has done this summer.

But whatever she decides, the future looks good for Nike Arrighi.

DEB CLOTHES BY BALENCIAGA

NIKE (below), in a back-belted blue topcoat and red tweed suit, part of the "young girl" collection Balenciaga designed for her.



AUSTRALIAN Nike Arrighi in a Dior evening gown with a tiny glitter bodice and high-cut satin skirt.

A weekly feature
for women investors

The run on stockings

● Every woman knows how easy it is to ruin a pair of stockings, and what a big item they are in the clothing budget. This prompted me lately to look at the companies manufacturing hosiery, and I am more than pleased with what I found.

THESE companies all suffered a few years ago when fashion turned to seamless stockings. Machines still in good working order had to be scrapped and replaced. Profits dropped, but the industry now seems to have overcome its difficulties and the increase in profit earnings has been most impressive in the 1962-63 financial year.

The stock that appealed to me most was Prestige Limited, which increased profit last year by nearly 85%. It began as a spinning mill and expanded into hosiery just before World War II.

By
MARY BROKER

Prestige is still largely concerned with textiles, and the subsidiaries supplying the textile and clothing manufacturers now account for more than 60% of its business. These divisions show signs of developing even more importance.

In 1958 it was extremely fortunate in acquiring the right to manufacture Banlon yarns, and more recently Agilon yarns, which have since become so popular. In addition the company dyes and prints textiles for other companies in the industry.

Prestige has consistently tried to develop exports, and I believe a large-scale showing of fabrics now taking place in London is proving quite successful.

As for the hosiery side, the chairman stated in his annual report that sales were "approximately in line with the slow-moving upward trend of demand throughout the economy." Both fully fashioned and seamless stockings are produced, and the latest make, "Ultrason," is reported to have been most popular.

Financially, the company is extremely sound. Profit rose last year from £169,936 to £312,786, and profits earned per share jumped from about 10d to nearly 1/9. Sales are reported to be moving still higher in the current financial year.

A bonus issue was made in July of one 5/- share for every five shares held, and directors expect to maintain a dividend of 7½d a share on the increased capital.

I feel Prestige is an investment which could prove very rewarding. Shares are

currently 13/6, so that 100 would cost about £69. For this you would receive £32/6 by way of dividends—a return of 4½ per cent.

Another stock I found rather attractive was Beau Monde (Australia) Limited, whose stockings are marketed under the "Beau Monde" and "Hollywood" labels.

Beau Monde was also caught unprepared by the swing to seamless stockings and went through a period of about three years of installing new machinery and training staff, when profits dropped quite considerably.

To add to the difficulties, import

restrictions were lifted early in 1961 and overseas competition caused a sharp fall in profit margins.

However, the company recovered well in 1962. Sales of seamless stockings were high, and Beau Monde could not keep up with demand.

Profit has increased from £43,194 in 1960-61 to £68,615 in 1962-63, after much heavier taxation. This is an earning rate of about 4/- for every 20/- share. Sales and profits for the 1962-63 year were maintained at a satisfactory level and the dividend was increased to almost 2/10 per share.

Beau Monde, at around 41/6, is somewhat more expensive than Prestige. The cost of 100 shares is about £212 and the dividend of £14 gives a return of 6.6%. It is always possible to buy 50 shares in this company.

For those seeking a new enterprise, possibly Kolotex Holdings Limited may have appeal. This was the old Rosslyn Hosiery, which for some years operated at a loss, but was taken over by Kolotex, and seems revitalised.

Profits soared in 1962-63 from £16,436 to £86,034, which is nearly 1/4 for each 2/6 share. A dividend of 8% was paid—the first for many years.

At around 7/3 you could buy 100 shares for approximately £39. For this you'd receive £1 in dividends.

The Commonwealth Statistician reports that we women used 4½ million pairs of stockings in 1962-63, so you can all realise the investment potential of this industry.

AT RIGHT: Mr. Rodney Hudson and his bride, formerly Miss Sally Platt-Hepworth, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Owen Platt-Hepworth, of Avalon, leaving St. Mark's Church, Darling Point, by hansom cab after their marriage. Mr. Mark Ratty and Mrs. Digby Warren (couple on right) were among their six attendants. The bridegroom is the son of Mr. and Mrs. A. C. Hudson, of St. Ives. A reception for 100 guests was held at the home of the bride's grandmother, Mrs. Bain Scott-Fell, of Double Bay.



THE MAHARAJAH OF MYSORE with Mrs. Marina Kucharszewski (left) and Miss Rajendra at the reception which members of the India League of Australia gave in honor of the Maharajah at the Union, University of New South Wales. The League president, Sir Bertram Stevens, welcomed the 150 guests to the function.



AT LEFT: Mr. Barry Smith and his bride, formerly Miss Helen Makepeace, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. E. S. Makepeace, of "Eurella," Hay, after their marriage at St. Andrew's, Hay. The bridegroom is the elder son of Mrs. N. R. Smith and of the late Mr. Smith, of "Kangaroo," Hay.

AT RIGHT: Mr. Ian Falkner, of "Murrumbilla," Narrabri, and Miss Jennifer Mason, who have announced their engagement. Miss Mason is the daughter of Mr. Richard Mason, of Nairambi, Kenya, East Africa, and of Lady Lymington, of Church Point. Mr. Falkner is the son of Mr. O. McL. Falkner, of Newport, and of Mrs. Jeannette Falkner, of "Emu Plains," Rutherglen, Vic.



SOCIAL By ITA BUTTROSE ROUNDAABOUT

ONE of Britain's most beautiful old homes — will be the setting for the coming-of-age dance for the Hon. Catherine Sidney, the daughter of the Governor-General, Lord De L'Isle.

The home, which is the Sidney family seat, is set in spacious grounds among lovely gardens and trees, near Tunbridge Wells, in Kent.

Although Catherine is 21 on October 20, the dance will be held a few days earlier and will be given by her elder sister, the Hon. Mrs. Oliver Colthurst, before she leaves for Australia.

She will arrive in Canberra at the end of the month and will act as her father's official hostess during Catherine's absence.

Catherine and her sister, the Hon. Anne Sidney, who left here last month, will return in December with their brother, the Hon. Philip Sidney, to spend Christmas at "Yarralumla" with Lord De L'Isle.

SIR BERNARD AND LADY HEINZE are now in New York after spending the past few months in Europe. They're expected home on October 15.

FROM Belgium comes news of Carla Lothringer, of Whale Beach, who's just taken up a new secretarial job at the Australian Embassy in Brussels after spending several months in a similar position at the Embassy in Saigon. Carla, who speaks French fluently, has taken a flat in Brussels, and spends her weekends in Paris and Amsterdam.

MR. and MRS. DERYCK GRAHAM, who returned home six months ago after seven years in America, are moving from Killara to Dural, where they have bought a new home, "Uralla Lodge." As most of the Grahams' time in America

was spent in Louisiana they plan to remodel their new house on Southern lines with verandahs, window shutters, and long french windows. Their furniture, which they bought in New Orleans, includes an antique French dining-room suite and an old Southern rocking-chair.

WHAT exciting news for Mr. and Mrs. Harry Dearth. They've just received word from Washington that their daughter Harriet has announced her engagement to American architect Arnold Kronstadt. The couple will be arriving in January to be married in Sydney and will spend their honeymoon visiting Alice Springs, the Barrier Reef, and the Snowy Mountains before returning to the United States. Harriet went overseas last March to visit Mr. and Mrs. R. C. Williams, of Washington (Mrs. Williams was formerly Nicola Chapman, of Potts Point), and their baby daughter, Rebecca. She liked Washington so much she decided to stay and has been working for the past few months at the Australian Embassy.

MR. and MRS. EDWARD HOWARD, of Point Piper, will only have to "pop upstairs" to see their uncle and aunt, Mr. and Mrs. Preston Robertson, when they arrive here on October 27 from Cleveland, Ohio, U.S.A., for a short stay. The Howards have a flat with marvellous views of the harbor in Wyuna Road—"and I was absolutely thrilled when I was able to get the top flat for my uncle and aunt," Mrs. Howard told me. Mrs. Howard will give a buffet luncheon for Mrs. Preston at her home on October 29.

BLACK AND WHITE BALL

AT RIGHT, From left, Mr. Lennox Bode, Lady Oliver, Mrs. Bode and the United Kingdom High Commissioner, Sir William Oliver. Sir William and Lady Oliver were among the official guests. The Governor, Sir Eric Woodward, and Lady Woodward were guests of honor.



ABOVE, Dr. and Mrs. S. St. John Grace at the ball. Mrs. St. John Grace, who wore a gown of satin brocade, was winner of the best-dressed married women's section at the ball. Mrs. Campbell Scott and Mrs. Leonard Clyne were second and third. And BELOW the winners of the best-dressed single girl's section (from left), Miss Marie-Christine von Reibnitz (third), Miss Yvonne Hayes (second), and Miss Margaret Partridge (first). Miss Partridge also won the ball's annual Black and White Derby Race.



ABOVE, Mrs. Florence Vincent and Mrs. John Coghlan at the ball. Mrs. Vincent, who recently returned to Sydney from Paris, was one of the judges of the most attractive black and white dresses worn to the ball. Mrs. Claude Healy and Mr. Bob Graham were the other judges. Mr. Healy was compere.

ABOVE, Youthful group (from left) Mr. and Mrs. Peter Kuner, Miss Kay Vernon, Mr. John Roberts, Miss Susan Hill, and Mr. Malcolm Ramage were among the 1200 guests at the Black and White Ball, which was held at the Trocadero to aid the Royal Blind Society. The president of the Black and White Committee, Mrs. Marcel Dekyvere, and Mr. Dekyvere welcomed the guests.

AT RIGHT, Fire-eater Mr. Otto Butkus gave a display of flame-swallowing for Mr. and Mrs. John Strainger (couple on left) and Mrs. Anthony Kennedy-Green. Mr. Butkus and other carnival artists, who included a snake dancer and a bearded lady, performed in the foyer before the ball commenced.



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Not for children

DO my husband and I show too little trust in our children by refusing to discuss private family affairs in their presence? We consider that children have enough problems of their own without the added responsibility of keeping private family matters to themselves. If my husband and I want a matter to remain private we discuss it without the children present.

£1/1/- to "Secretive" (name supplied), Bundaberg, Qld.

She collects wishbones

I WONDER if others share my hobby of collecting wishbones? Six months ago, when I became engaged, I started to save the wishbone every time we had chicken, and soon my friends joined in and helped me. The result is that I now have a collection of nearly a hundred wishbones, all of which have been sprayed with silver paint and tied with a narrow white ribbon. Very soon I will have enough of them to present each guest at our wedding with an original souvenir.

£1/1/- to "El" (name supplied), Nedlands, W.A.

Doubts on surprise parties

ARE surprise parties always as happy and successful as the organisers intend them to be? Does a woman, sitting comfortably by the fire clad in dressing-gown and slippers, with her hair in curlers, really enjoy having her home invaded by a crowd of gay, noisy relatives and friends there to help her celebrate her fortieth birthday? Wouldn't it be better to invite her out for the evening and turn on the surprise party in somebody else's home?

£1/1/- to "I Think So" (name supplied), Hampton, Vic.

The bride's first scrambled eggs

ONE morning soon after I had married I sat down to a large plate of scrambled eggs. Very near tears when I refused to eat any more than the first mouthful, my wife quietly confessed that, as there was no bottled milk left, she had made the scrambled eggs with condensed milk (sweetened).

£1/1/- to "Guinea Pig" (name supplied), Cairns, Qld.

Thousands of nappy changes

CHANGING my baby daughter, I began to do some arithmetic. On an average of six nappies (a very conservative figure) a day I realised a child uses 4380 naps in two years. As I have had five children this means I have washed, folded, and put away 21,900 nappies.

£1/1/- to Mrs. P. M. McCall, Eastwood, N.S.W.

● Ross Campbell is on holidays. He will resume his column next week.



Getting to school

"ENERGETIC" (N.S.W.) says she used to walk to and from school and wonders how other readers went to school years ago. I used to row across a lake in all weathers to catch a school bus, then travel a further 23 miles to school.

£1/1/- to "Scafarer" (name supplied), Highett, Vic.

MY sister and I lived in the bush and had to ride five miles to school. We rode bareback with a piece of rope for a bridle. I thought nothing of killing a snake that happened to cross our path. In wet weather our raincoat was a corn sack thrown over our shoulders. For pocket-money we trapped rabbits and sold the skins. Looking back, I enjoyed my school days.

£1/1/- to "Nicki" (name supplied), New Farm, Brisbane.

I REMEMBER walking — or, rather, jogging — three miles to school. Before leaving home there were cows to milk—six of the "easiest" for a little seven-year-old—then breakfast and off to school, taking the cows to the paddock on the way. Coming home we brought the cows home with us and milking time was on again. How we would hope for bad weather so we wouldn't be able to get to school! Once we shook wet saplings over each other and returned home "too wet to go to school." The trick was never repeated.

£1/1/- to "Still Walking" (name supplied), Ballarat, Vic.

AS the youngest of a family of seven, living six miles from our school, I followed the family tradition of taking the buggy to school. One brother who attended a faraway high school had to catch a school bus a mile after leaving us at our school. Consequently we would all leave for school at 6.50 a.m. and arrive home sometimes at 7 p.m. if the bus were late or we had had a breakdown. We had a light in the buggy and Mum and Dad used to hear us singing long before we reached home.

£1/1/- to "Horse and Buggy" (name supplied), Harrogate, S.A.

I USED to walk alone three miles to school and three miles back through lonely bush in all sorts of weather. I was quite terrified of magpies as a six-year-old, as they used to chase me, and the more I ran the more they flew at my neck and clicked their beaks. Stray bulls and cows roaming the lonely road were also a source of terror, not to mention the snakes in summer. It is amusing now to look back on these school days.

£1/1/- to "Country Girl" (name supplied), Mentone, Vic.

This week in verse

THE ASTROCAT

● The French Space Research Committee has announced that it will launch a cat in a capsule into space soon. The cat's capsule will automatically drop from the rocket at a predetermined altitude and parachute back to earth.

Which will they choose to be their astrocat?

A silken Persian or a Siamese?

Or some Mehitabel from Paris streets?

It matters little. Any one of these,

Encapsuled, will be dignified, aloof,

Gazing on space with wide, secretive eyes,

Observing from aloft the universe

Not with a wild surmise, but mild surprise;

And then she'll yawn, I think, and wash her face

And settle down to sleep, our Puss-in-Space.

— DOROTHY DRAIN

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WORTH REPORTING

THE gentle downs of Sussex, England, may seem remote from Australia, but we hear that much Australia talk goes on when the film unit making "Beware of the Dog" breaks for lunch.

Producer Donald Wynne (his wife, Diana, was formerly a member of our staff) returned from Australia only a year ago. He chose Sydney's Charles Tingwell to star in his picture.

Charles, who is known in almost every British household as a doctor in the "Emergency Ward 10" TV series, is playing the film father of three young children and the reluctant owner of a horse-sized Great Dane named Junia.

An almost human dog (she even answers the telephone), Junia has jumbo-sized jaws and fangs which, Charles says, have persuaded him to treat her with respect.

Charles' part in the film requires athletic as well as acting prowess.

In one scene Junia chases him over a hedge. Charles did a Bondi-style dive, but damaged a wrist on landing. He was rushed to hospital, where they gave "the doctor" a great reception.



PRODUCER Donald Wynne (left), and star Charles ("Bud") Tingwell on location for "Beware of the Dog."

FOR SURFERS

THERE'S now a special surfing page in the "Sunday Telegraph."

Every week in this new "Sunday Telegraph" series you'll find bright, newsy features covering every aspect of this wonderful sport — "How to ride a board," "How to choose a new board" — stories about surfing spots, films, personalities.

Keep up with the surfing scene both here and overseas. Read SURFING every week in the "Sunday Telegraph."

Artists' lost dollars

THE Australian currency is not due to change until 1966, but for Adelaide artist Joseph Szczepanek it's been changed already — from pounds to dollars.

In Joseph's case the conversion to desirable dollars is no gain. It could be a considerable loss.

It came about through an art exhibition held from August to September in Quebec, Canada.

Joseph sent 18 watercolors valued at £215, but when he received the catalogue he found the fees had been listed in dollars instead of pounds—and 215 Canadian dollars amount only to £88/6/10 (Australian).

Joseph does not know how the mistake happened, but he does know it can't be corrected now. Some of the paintings have been bought and paid for in dollars "as marked."

However, like many an artist, Joseph has little regard for money.

"I am not concerned," he says. "It's nice to know that the paintings are selling."

Joseph is a mild-mannered, quietly spoken Pole who came to Australia in 1948 and married another migrant, an English nurse.



AUSTRALIAN Michael Dudman practises at Ely Cathedral, where he is assistant organist. He also teaches music at King's School, Ely.

Cathedral organist

IT'S not often that a father's hobby leads to a distinguished career for his son, but it happened to Michael Dudman, of Burwood, N.S.W.

As a child, Michael went with his father from church to church in Sydney, listening to organ recitals. He began to study almost as soon as his feet could reach the pedals, and at 13 gave his first public recital at St. Sophia's Church in Redfern.

At 15 he performed on the vast Sydney Town Hall organ at a secondary schools' concert, and only six years later, after four years' study at the Sydney Conservatorium of Music, he was appointed organist for the Sydney Symphony Orchestra.

At the Conservatorium he won the prize for the most distinguished student of the year, and later gave frequent broadcast recitals for the A.B.C.

His big chance came when he won the Vasanta Scholarship, which took him to Paris to study under the famous blind organist Andre Marchall.

He went to England to become assistant organist at Ely Cathedral, under the Director of Music and chief organist, Dr. Arthur Wills.

The appointment includes a post as assistant music master at King's School, Ely, where the cathedral choristers are educated and, incidentally, where Edward the Confessor was once a pupil.

Michael practises every night on the cathedral's four manual 70-stop Harrison organ, and works on his own compositions, which include many preludes and fugues for organ.

He is now studying for his Bachelor of Music degree, and hopes to follow up with a doctorate.

He has given a recital in Westminster Abbey at the invitation of the Abbey's Australian organist, Sir William McKie.

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ST591/62

TWO WINNERS IN A WEEK

By NAN MUSGROVE

● It is a rare week nowadays without a notable TV performance. This week there were two — TCN9's "Shelley Berman Show" and ABC-TV's "Maigret."

SHELLEY BERMAN is an American comedian who until now has been best known in Australia for his records. His line is making fun of everyday and embarrassing situations of life in monologue and mime.

Sometimes his humor turns back on the viewer or listener because it recalls painfully similar embarrassing moments that were no laughing matter when they happened.

I found his TV show an hour of comic craftsmanship that was a pleasure to watch.

With his sole prop the famous stool he carries with him from continent to continent, he held his studio audience at a constant simmer of laughter. I have no doubt televiewers were in the same state.

"Maigret" (see page 21 of this issue) lives up to the

word-of-mouth publicity from people who had seen it in England and to the premiere ballyhoo that is part and parcel of a new show.

"Maigret" is a series show with every episode complete

Television

— the solving of a crime by Inspector Maigret of the Paris Surete.

Maigret is the creation of French author Georges Simenon. It is hard to say who is more famous, Simenon or his character, the calm, sagacious Maigret.

Many people who know Simenon say he is the personification of his pipe-smoking Inspector.

This French show, strangely, is made by the British Broadcasting Cor-

poration, who won the right against world-wide competition because Simenon, impressed with their work, wanted them to make it.

Although I am against writing about a series show after seeing only one episode, that impressive B.B.C. quality is immediately apparent and promises weeks of excellent entertainment.

I enjoyed the way the production dealt with the English-French situation. Not a weird accent is heard.

The cast is British, and they all speak with their ordinary English voices but use French modes of address.

Maigret, for instance, is called "Patron" (Chief) by his subordinates; he addresses a girl he is questioning as "mamselle"; the owner of a bistro becomes, delightfully, "M'sieur Fred," and yet it all sounds entirely real.

Maigret's right-hand man, Sgt. Lucas, becomes Sgt. "Lucaah" instead of its Anglo-Saxon pronunciation.

ANY smoker whose cigarette didn't drop from his nerveless fingers last Sunday night as he watched ABC-TV's "Spotlight on Smoking" has stronger nerves than I have.

The first five minutes was enough for me, when a quietly spoken doctor, making no pleas for people to give up smoking, described what happens inside people who smoke.

His description of what a smoker's bronchial tubes look like and are was so undramatically graphic that it nearly made me sick. I didn't need the further revelations that went on with pictures of the ravages of lung cancer and so on.

There have been many documentaries about smoking and lung cancer, but I have never seen a documentary, without harping, deliver such a forceful message.

One mother, whose 16-year-old son chose the Monday after its showing to reveal that he was a ten-a-day smoker, rang me to see if it could be put on at a time when teenagers could see it. I don't know whether it could be, but it certainly should be.



● Welsh actor Rupert Davies as Inspector Maigret in the ABC-TV's new series "Maigret."

READ "TV TIMES" FOR FULL WEEK'S PROGRAMMES

REVIEWS OF NEW FILMS

★★ LAST YEAR AT MARIENBAD

This is a superb film — but one strictly for the connoisseur. Present, past, and future become fused into one as two people try to reconstruct a meeting they had a year before. Or did they meet, or was it all a dream? The camera follows the couple, through their imagination, with tremendous skill. P.K. — Gala, Sydney.

In a word ... ENRANCING.

★★ THE WRONG ARM OF THE LAW

Peter Sellers, a crook with a dress salon for a front, gets annoyed when a gang of Australian crooks (led by Bill Kerr) masquerading as police foil his jobs. When he teams up with the real police to round up the I.P.O. (Impersonating a Police Officer) gang, the fun and the laughs are as lively as the action. — Embassy, Sydney.

In a word ... HILARIOUS.

★★ GYPSY

Rosalind Russell is vital and alive as the mama who drives her daughters right through vaudeville to burlesque. One daughter finally reaches stardom as Gypsy Rose Lee — the greatest stripper in show business — and Natalie Wood plays the part to perfection. K.Y. — Regent, Sydney.

In a word ... PLEASANT.

★★ GUNS OF DARKNESS

Leslie Caron and David Niven are a married couple who help a deposed South American president to escape from a military dictator who takes over the country. The film has some exciting moments. — Century, Sydney.

In a word ... INTRIGUING.

★★ WIVES AND LOVERS

An unsuccessful author (Van Johnson) living in a near slum becomes an overnight success. The changes it makes in the life of his wife (Janet Leigh) and his little girl are not always for the better, especially when both partners almost drift into affairs. All ends happily, but not before the film has pointed the moral that money and success don't necessarily make for happiness. — Prince Edward, Sydney.

In a word ... GLOSSY.

★ CONVICTS FOUR

Unusual prison story about a convict (Ben Gazzara) who has a talent for art. He doesn't realise that it can be a means of getting his sentence commuted until he has served almost 20 years of his life sentence. Small but telling parts are played by Sammy Davis and Rod Steiger. — Capitol, Sydney.

In a word ... OFF-BEAT.

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Tommy Hanlon

TOMMY HANLON'S Thought For The Week

Mamma once said . . . Why on earth does everyone have this fear of looking their age? People are spending fortunes on facelifts, salves, facial creams (guaranteed to remove those unsightly wrinkles and crow's feet), girdles, yoga, vitamin pills, health foods, chinstrops, night creams (to nourish the skin while you sleep), massages, steam baths, vibrators, etc. I don't agree with that philosophy, BUT if you are in this category the best way I know of staying young is as follows . . .

Mamma's moral . . . If you really want to stay young, keep your hair light and your age dark.

DID YOU KNOW?

FRANK SINATRA is reported to be planning to take a fling at a TV dramatic special.

Rod Serling, one of television's most successful dramatists, who is now visiting Australia, has been summoned to a conference with Sinatra.

Rod Serling's regular writing assignment, "Twilight Zone," is reversing the trend toward expansion of programmes and reverting to its original half-hour length. "I always preferred the half hour," said Serling. "The one-hour show needed padding and could seldom satisfactorily sustain a twist in the closing minutes."

ED SULLIVAN will introduce topical satire into his C.B.S. variety hour with a series of sketches called "What's Going On Here?" The satire programme, inspired by the B.B.C.'s "That Was The Week That Was," will have as its cast the British performers now playing "Beyond the Fringe" on Broadway — Jonathan Miller, Peter Cook, and John Bird.

Meanwhile, N.B.C. has financed some projects for a similar satire show, "That Was The Week That Was," based on the same British weekly satirisation of the news.

JACKIE GLEASON plans to play the title role of "Barnum," a motion picture about the circus impresario. Filming may prevent Gleason from doing a weekly television show, but he will head the occasional "special."

N.B.C. is considering a two-hour weekly series for next season, "Hall of Justice." The programme, with a legal setting, will be the longest regular television drama show.

ARTHUR GODFREY has named the performers who will appear on his hour-long color special marking Thanksgiving Day, the U.S. harvest festival celebra-

Television

tion, in November. They are Tony Bennett, singer-dancer Carol Lawrence, and vocalist Liza Minnelli (Judy Garland's daughter).

THE N.B.C. programme on "Greece: The Golden Age," narrated by Trevor Howard, has been filmed as a 60-minute special in Athens, Olympus, Delphi, Epidaurus, and the Greek Islands.

THE National Educational Television Network in the U.S. is preparing a series of once-a-month, hour-long news interpretation programmes, moderated by the editor of the Sunday "New York Times." Called "News Analysis," the programme will have as other regular participants the "Times" diplomatic, political, and White House correspondents, who are among the most respected in journalism.

DAVID FELLIN, one of the two miners rescued from a Pennsylvania coal-mine cave-in after 14 days of entombment, told his story — for an exclusive contract — to N.B.C. News. The programme describing his experiences was filmed in the hospital where Fellin was recovering from his ordeal.

THE "Z-Cars" team, now working hard on their new series, took time off last month to attend the wedding of P.C. Sweet (Terence Edmond). He married pretty 20-year-old brunette Carole Joy Naylor at St. Martin-in-the-Fields, in the heart of show-business-land. Carole is a dancer in the musical "Pickwick," starring Harry Secombe.

ONLY
6/6

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Everyone knows how wonderful Mr. Sheen is with furniture, but you should see him with venetian blinds, refrigerators, washing machines and almost everything you clean. Mr. Sheen gets them gleaming as they've never gleamed before.

*"For an instant mirror sheen
to the furniture you clean
wax & polish as you dust
with Mr. Sheen"*

↑TV
1963

The Shows you love



EVERYONE LOVES LUCY

● Lucille Ball (above, right) with her partner in laughs, Vivian Vance (left), the madcap team of "The Lucy Show." Lucille Ball is, thanks to TV, the world's favorite comedienne. She is also a multi-millionaire and a TV tradition. The loss of Desi Arnaz (her divorced husband) from her show didn't worry viewers; Lucille is still their favorite. She is the widowed Lucy Carmichael in "The Lucy Show," Vivian (Ethel Mertz in "I Love Lucy") is Vivian Bagley, a divorcee who lives with Lucy. At right: These two gay girls in the throes of one of their hilarious "Lucy Show" situations.

("The Lucy Show" can be seen from Sydney's TCN9, Wednesdays at 7 p.m.)





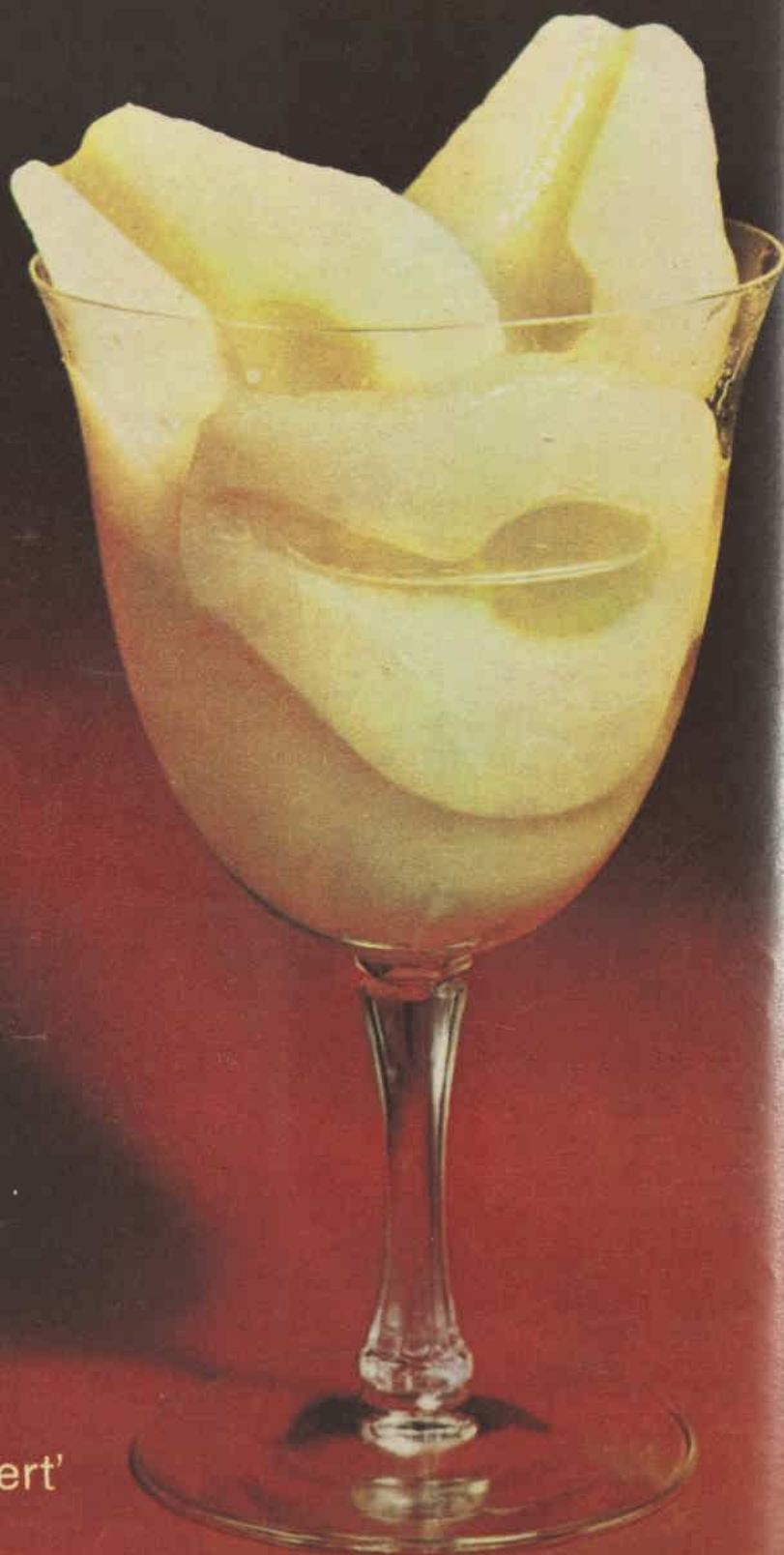
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LEFT: Freckled Flip Mark (American Larry Walker) and his TV Dad, famous vaudevillian Eddie Foy, jun. (Eddie Walker), ponder one of the problems that Larry is so good at solving.



RIGHT: Lynn Loring (left), who plays American Patty Walker, and Judy Carne (right), English Heather Finch. A lot of the action in "Fair Exchange" centres on frenzied phone calls.

IT'S A "FAIR EXCHANGE"

THE Twist won English teenager Judy Carne the role of Heather Finch, who swaps homes with American teenager Patty Walker in "Fair Exchange."

Director of the show, Cy Howard, went to London to interview 200 girls for the part. One evening he dropped into a Soho "Twist palace" and noticed a pixy-faced girl with a gamin haircut.

He asked her name, and was introduced to Judy Carne. She taught him the Twist, read a page of the "Fair Exchange" script for him in a back booth of the Twist palace, and was on a jet to Hollywood almost before you could say, "Let's Twist again."

Lynn Loring, the American subject of the "Fair Exchange," is a show-business veteran at 19. She grew up in television, working for nine years in a U.S. daytime programme, "Search for Tomorrow," which appeared five days a week — a total of 2260 shows.

Her biggest personal ambition is to look like Audrey Hepburn.

"I want so much to look gaunt and bony," she said. "But I never do." She has a fatal weakness for chocolate chip ice-cream, which plays havoc with her diet.

"Just when I'm slimming down nicely, I spot an ice-cream sundae," she says. "I eat it."

In between working with her adopted family, the Finches (played by British stars Victor Maddern, Diana Chesney, and Dennis Waterman), Lynn goes to night classes at the University of California, where she is reading modern languages.

The English and American families of "Fair Exchange" work on separate sound stages under different directors, and never appear together in a scene.

"Fair Exchange" is telecast from Sydney, TCN9, Fridays, 7 p.m.; Melbourne, GTV9, Mondays, 7 p.m.; Brisbane, QTQ9, Sundays, 7.30 p.m. It will start in Adelaide, NWS9, later this year.



"FAIR EXCHANGE" families (back row, left to right): Eddie Foy, jun. (Eddie Walker), Audrey Christie (Dorothy Walker), Diana Chesney (Sybil Finch), Victor Maddern (Tommy Finch). Front row: Judy Carne (Heather Finch), Flip Mark (Larry Walker), Lynn Loring (Patty Walker), and, centre front, Dennis Waterman (Neville Finch).



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tv
1963

The Shows you love

MAIGRET



INSPECTOR MAIGRET (Welshman Rupert Davies) talks to a barman in a French bistro. Maigret's creator, Georges Simenon, thinks Davies is "the personification of Maigret."

● "Maigret," the B.B.C. series based on Frenchman Georges Simenon's mystery novels, has arrived here at last.



SERGEANT LUCAS is played by New Zealand-born Ewen Solon (above). The "Maigret" theme music was written by Australian Ron Grainer.

IT has won just about every award a TV series can and has been described by some experts as among the best television ever made.

The series is made partly on location in France, but the indoor scenes are shot in the studios of the B.B.C. in England.

After the first 13 of the series were made, Rupert Davies, who plays the French detective, Maigret, took two of the episodes to Switzerland to show Simenon and his wife.

Davies considered it an ordeal, but happily both M. and Mme. Simenon were delighted with the production.

Among its other laurels, the top award for television design went to Eileen Diss, the girl who puts the French (and particularly Parisian) atmosphere into "Maigret."

Eileen has succeeded so well that viewers can almost smell the garlic and the Gauloise cigarettes in every episode.

Eileen had spent only one short holiday in France before the "Maigret" series was planned, so when executive producer Andrew Osborn crossed the Channel every few weeks to select locations she went with him to beg, borrow, and buy the hundreds of objects which give authenticity to the studio sets in London.

These range from the ornate furniture, ornaments, and family portraits typical of the stuffy French provincial parlor (quite different from those found in a stuffy English parlor) to the labels, bottles, and advertisements of a French bistro, which say unmistakably, "This is France."

The finished productions are so smooth and fast that it is hard to realise the complicated planning that goes into them to make the most of limited time, money, and studio space.

On location in France there is no hanging about as in the costly film world, but there are hazards (apart from the weather) which

hold up even the best-organised units.

One fine day Maigret, having a moment off, went to sleep in a sunny field. A passing goat ate his new straw hat, which had to be replaced before the next sequence could be shot.

The worst accident was when Maigret's faithful sidekick, Lucas, jumped from a wall and broke his ankle

while chasing a crook through the streets of Paris. The script was hastily rewritten to incorporate the broken ankle.

● "Maigret" is telecast on Thursdays at 7.30 p.m. from ABN2, Sydney; ABC3, Canberra; ABHN5, Newcastle. It starts in Perth from ABW2, on Monday, October 21, at 7.30 p.m., and will be shown in other capital cities later this year.



MADAME MAIGRET is played by Englishwoman Helen Shingler. In the TV series the Maigrets are a happily married and devoted couple.

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No more 'touching-up' every hour. Coty 'Air-spun' cream powder really does stay morning-fresh because it really is 'airspun' to a smooth, light more-even texture different from any other cream powder. Result? It never cakes, never streaks, keeps its morning-fresh look long after ordinary powders have wilted.

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Coty 'Air-Spun' Cream Powder and Lipstick beautifully together.

You'll never search for powder and lipstick again! 'Duette' is the perfect little handful of essential make-up — Coty 'Air-spun' Cream Powder and Coty Lipstick. It's pearlescent-white and beautiful. Refillable, of course. Slip it into your pocket or handbag. In your choice of 10 Cream Powder Shades and 29 Lipstick Colours, 27/6



STANDARD SIZES,
CREAM POWDER, 10/6, LIPSTICK, 8/9.



KEEPING UP WITH THE CLAMPETTS

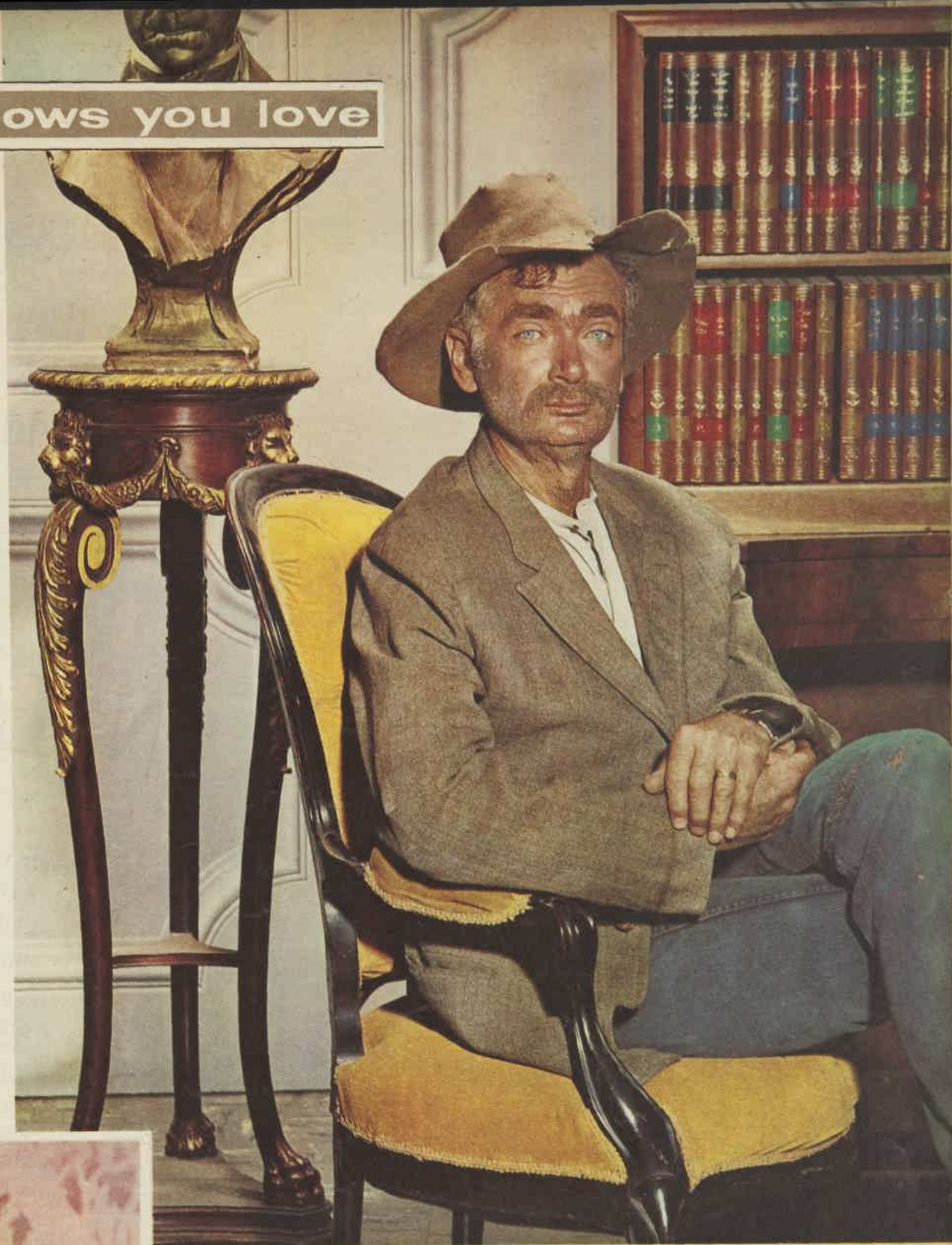
THERE are viewers who dote on the "Beverly Hillbillies" and viewers who don't, but the ones that don't are in a rapidly diminishing minority.

Jed, Granny, Elly May, and Jethro (not to mention Cousin Pearl and Jethrine), the hill-billy clan who become oil-rich millionaires and move to the gilded surroundings of California's Beverly Hills, seem to be the recipe for Instant Infatuation among most viewers.

In Japan, for instance, the "Hillbillies" is the most popular comedy show ever televised since TV started there.

"Beverly Hillbillies" is telecast from Sydney, ATN7, Sundays, 6.30 p.m.; Melbourne, HSV7, Tuesdays, 7 p.m.; Adelaide, ADS7, Tuesdays, 7.30 p.m.; Brisbane, BTQ7, Sundays, 7.30 p.m.

BUDDY EBSEN as Jed Clampett (right) of the "Beverly Hillbillies." Jed is a widower of 50-odd, the head of the backwoods Clampett clan. He fits his rustic character like a glove.



GRANNY, a character who "pesterates" the family, is played by Irene Ryan (left). She's a great cook, famous for her culinary specialty, possum innards.

RIGHT: Cousin Pearl (Bea Benaderet) and Elly May (Donna Douglas). Elly May, who favors blue jeans, is said to have tripled their sales throughout U.S.A.



A woman with long dark hair is wearing a red dress with white lace trim along the neckline and hem. She is looking towards the camera.

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The BRI is your protection.
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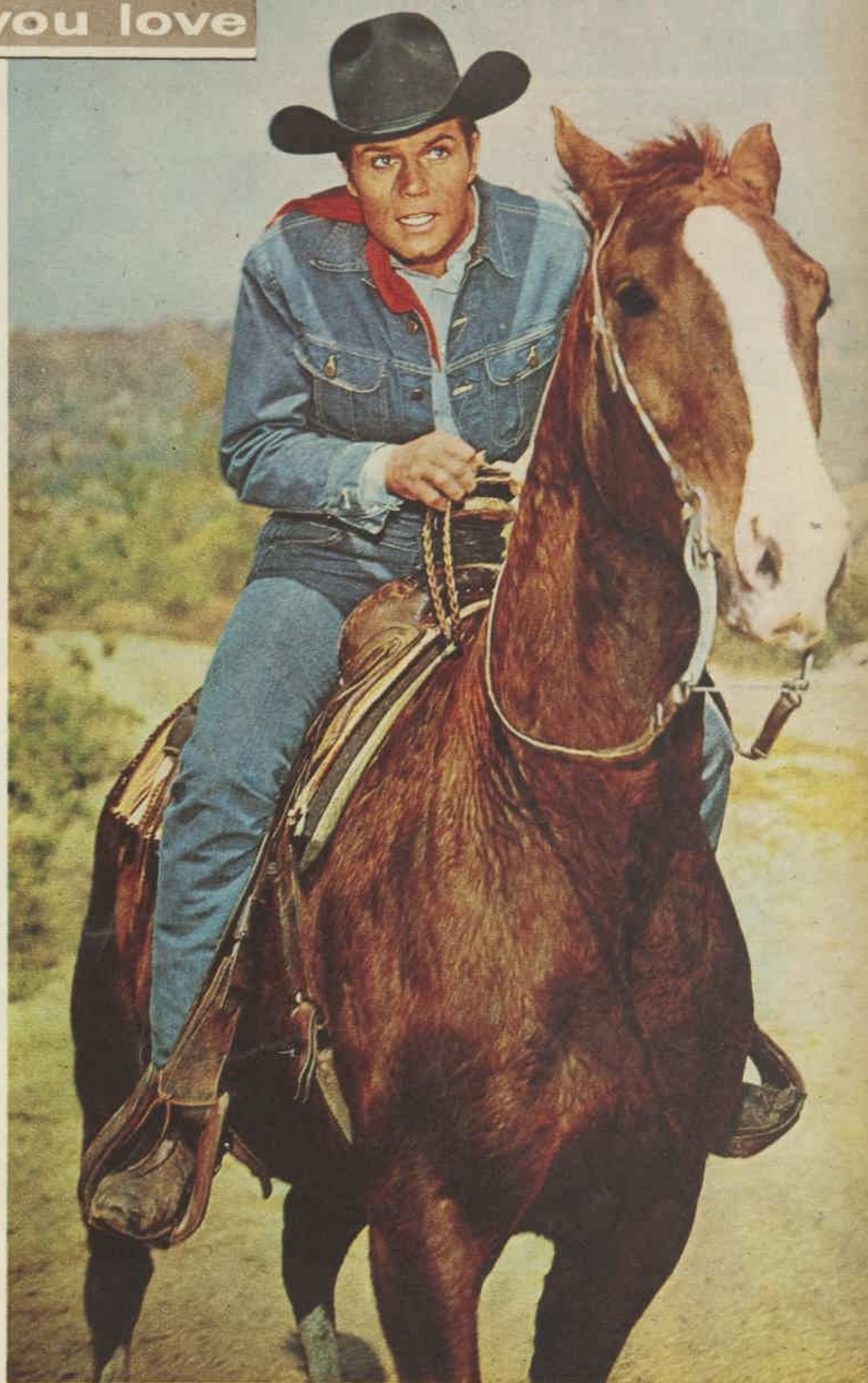
* Registered trade mark



RICHARD EGAN, Jim Redigo of "Empire," will be seen soon in the half-hour series "Redigo."



ROWDY YATES (Clint Eastwood, left) and trail boss Gil Favor (Eric Fleming) are two old-time cowboys. They are the stars of "Rawhide," an exciting cattle drive to end all cattle drives.



JACK LORD, star of the "Stoney Burke" series, is a "show-business" cowboy, a rodeo star.

THE WESTERN FRONT

WESTERNS have a special place in the hearts of Australian viewers, although they have certainly changed since early movies introduced them.

In those days they were full of dust and adventure, complete with Indians and shy, unloved heroines in gingham.

In these TV days Indians are a rarity, heroines are kissed lustily, and psychological warfare is waged on the range more frequently than war from the hip with the six-shooter.

Cowboys are different, too; there are moderns as well as those who go back to the days when the West was really wild.

"Rawhide" has the most traditional cowboys, but Richard Egan (Jim Redigo of "Empire" and its half-hour successor, "Redigo") is a modern—he rides the trail in jeeps and helicopters.

It's stretching things a bit to call "Stoney Burke" a Western, but it has horses and very good riding, even if there are no Indians.

—NAN MUSGROVE



"GUNSMOKE'S" Marshal Matt Dillon (James Arness) and deputy, Chester (Dennis Weaver).

BOND'S

Australia's greatest name in cotton

January BABY

LUCKY BIRTHSTONE: *Garnet*

LUCKY COLOURS: *Violet*

LUCKY FLOWER: *Rose*

LUCKY NAMES: *Christopher and Karen*

PERSONALITY: *Natural leader*

Our January baby is wearing Bond's Matinee Jacket. Style 12618, 12/11 and training pants, style 12010, 9/11

BOND'S

4 PAGE

Month by Month BABY CHART



Lucky names, colours, stones, flowers and a personality guide for your baby for every month of the year. This week: The January to June baby guide. Next week: Guide for July to December babies.

February BABY

LUCKY BIRTHSTONE: *Amethyst*

LUCKY COLOUR: *Yellow*

LUCKY FLOWER: *Daffodil*

LUCKY NAMES: *Cameron and Catherine*

PERSONALITY: *Sensitive and creative*

Our February baby is wearing Bond's Terry beach jacket. Style 45932 from 13/6 and pants, style 45031, 9/11

March BABY

LUCKY BIRTHSTONE: *Aquamarine*

LUCKY COLOUR: *Green*

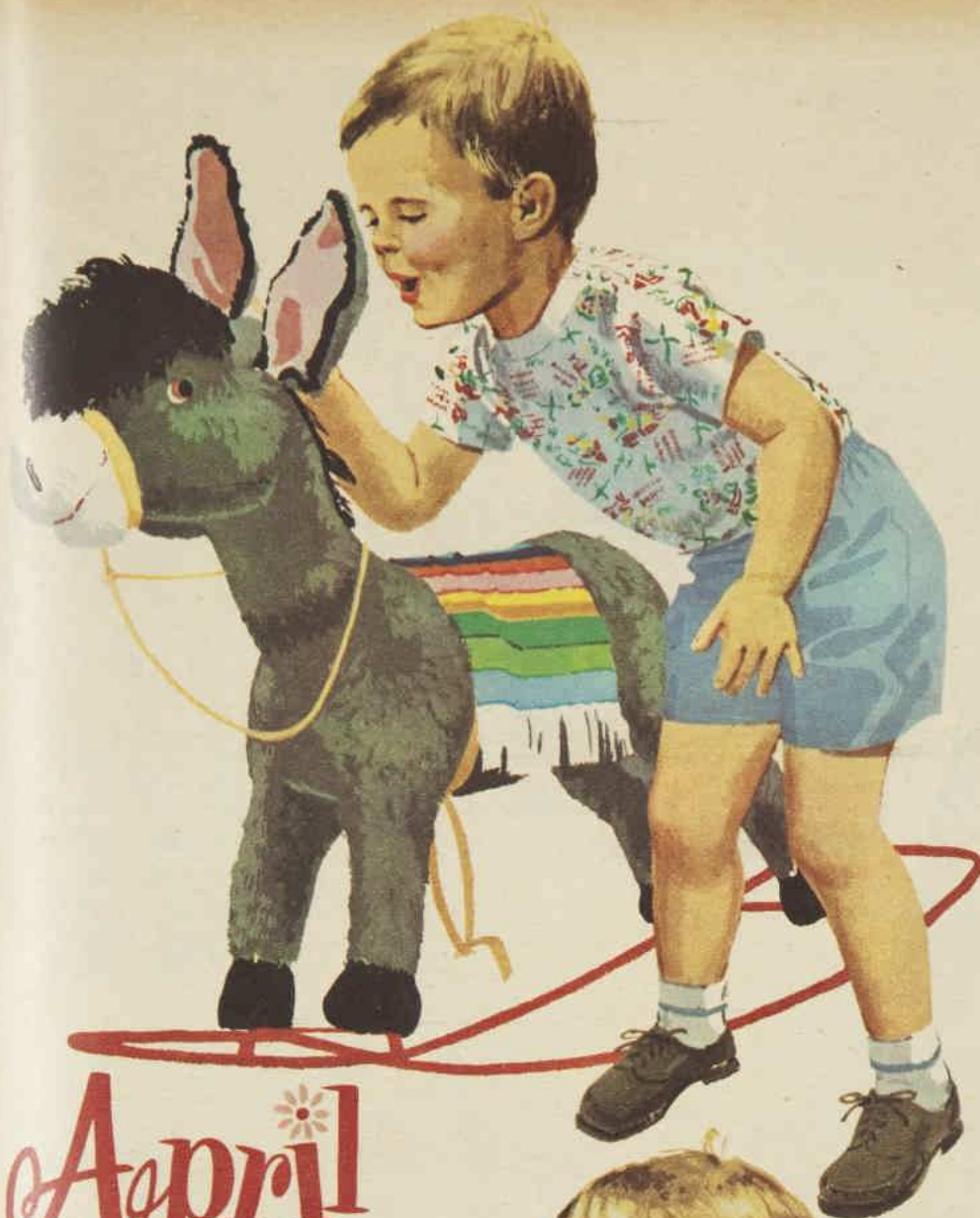
LUCKY FLOWER: *Daisy*

LUCKY NAMES: *Donald and Amanda*

PERSONALITY: *Loyal and ambitious*

Our March baby is wearing Bond's "Growear" 2-piece swimsuit. Fits 6 to 18 months. Style 95626, 19/11





April BABY

LUCKY BIRTHSTONE: *Diamond*
 LUCKY COLOURS: *Pink and Red*
 LUCKY FLOWER: *Camellia*
 LUCKY NAMES: *Geoffrey and Annabel*
 PERSONALITY: *Qualities of leadership*
 Our April baby is wearing Bond's
 printed T-shirt, style 15931, **10/6** and
 Sailcloth shorts, style 45057, **9/11**

May BABY

LUCKY BIRTHSTONE: *Emerald*
 LUCKY COLOURS: *All shades of Blue*
 LUCKY FLOWER: *Cornflower*
 LUCKY NAMES: *John and Fiona*
 PERSONALITY: *Affectionate but obstinate*
 Our May baby is wearing Bond's dainty
 smocked nightgown.
 Style 12303, **16/11**



June BABY

LUCKY BIRTHSTONE: *Pearl*
 LUCKY COLOURS: *Silver and White*
 LUCKY FLOWER: *Carnation*
 LUCKY NAMES: *Justin and Margaret*
 PERSONALITY: *Restless. Leanings towards art*
 Our June baby is wearing a Bond's
 Topper Set. Style 15631, **24/11**



From left: 874, Blazer Blouse, 'Co-ed' about 49/11; 1409, Jamaican Shorts, 'San Diego' about 39/11; 863, Shirt, 'Regency' about 39/11; 1489, Shorts, 'Sunset Strip' about 45/11; 866, Blouse, 'Carnival' about 49/11; 1498, Shorts, 'Tobago' about 29/11.

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"SHIP 'N' SHORE COAST CO-ORDINATES ARE THE ORIGINAL CREATIONS OF CASBEN PRODUCTIONS LIMITED, AUSTRALIA. GREATEST MAKERS OF SPORTSWEAR FOR WOMEN AND FOR MEN"

Mary is undaunted by the family's opposition — part two of our serial

The Wild Grapes

By BARBARA JEFFERIS

AFTER becoming engaged in London, MARY PAGE and CHARLES RUSSEL return to Australia intending to be married soon after meeting each other's family. Although Mary has been married twice before, she is nevertheless intimidated by her first meeting with the Russels.

ROWENA, an elder sister of Charles, had given up her University law course to look after the family when he was nine and their mother had died. MARGOT and HENRY, twins and partners in their own law office, and EDWIN, a doctor, all live in the family home. Others interested in Mary's sojourn with the Russels are MADGE, a loyal housekeeper who has been with them for years, and MRS. PIKE, who comes in when extra help is needed.

Mary mentions to Charles as he says goodnight to her after her first meeting with the family that she feels they are against the marriage, especially Margot. Rising late the next morning, she finds Rowena the only one home and is surprised to find out as they talk that there were other brothers and sisters who have died and whom Charles had not thought to mention to her. That night she meets Charles for dinner in town and they decide to marry as soon as possible. But she is startled at breakfast the next morning to hear him ask the assembled family about arrangements for a divorcee to be married in a church.

Later that afternoon, when Charles is out, she meets a woman near the tennis court who turns out to be his eldest sister, EDNA CRAIG. Wondering how many more relatives there will be, she then meets Edna's twins, LORNA and LANCE, and their cousin, HENRIETTA, who is surprisingly Margot's daughter. They are playing tennis with a friend, BILL FORREST, and infer they are all happy for Charles to have such a nice fiancée, although they are surprised Rowena hasn't scared her off as she has done to everybody else Charles has taken home. NOW READ ON:

MARY, going into the small sitting-room, found Rowena waiting beside the tea tray. "I'm so sorry I've kept you waiting."

"My dear, never apologise to me for that sort of thing," Rowena said, making room for her on the sofa. "Waiting for people to come and eat is part of the job of running a house. I don't mind it at all."

"I didn't know that Margot had been married," Mary said, taking the cup Rowena held out to her.

"Didn't you?" Rowena said without interest. "It didn't last very long. It's really quite naughty of Charles the way he hasn't bothered to tell you anything about his family. I suppose you've just seen Henrietta down at the tennis court. What did you think of her?"

"Well, I . . . I found her charming," Mary said, at a loss for the proper way to answer a question asked with so little interest.

"I try to make things up to her a little. Which is not as easy as it should be," Rowena said.

Mary waited, filling in time by leaning forward to help herself to a scone, being uncertain whether she should ask Rowena why, or let the subject drop.

"Have you ever noticed how we tend to dislike people more for the things they do to us deliberately?" Rowena asked. "It seems more difficult to help hating someone for being better-looking than we are, for instance, than for some bit of selfishness toward us that they could have avoided."

Mary was still silent, trying—and failing—to apply this satisfactorily to Henrietta's strangely smug announcement that "all poor old Mum could manage was me."

"I'm beating about the bush," Rowena said with a laugh. "What I really mean is that I don't grudge Margot her freedom and her job and her success at it, even though she has those things only because I gave them up for her — but I do grudge her having Henrietta. Not Henrietta herself, because to tell you the truth I'm not particularly

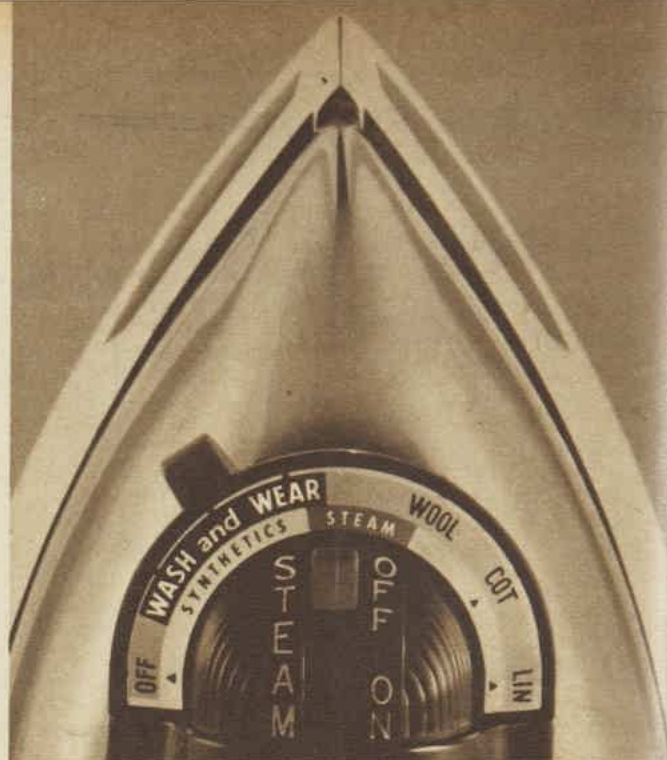
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As soon as she was by herself Mary looked in the old Bible and studied the Russel family tree.

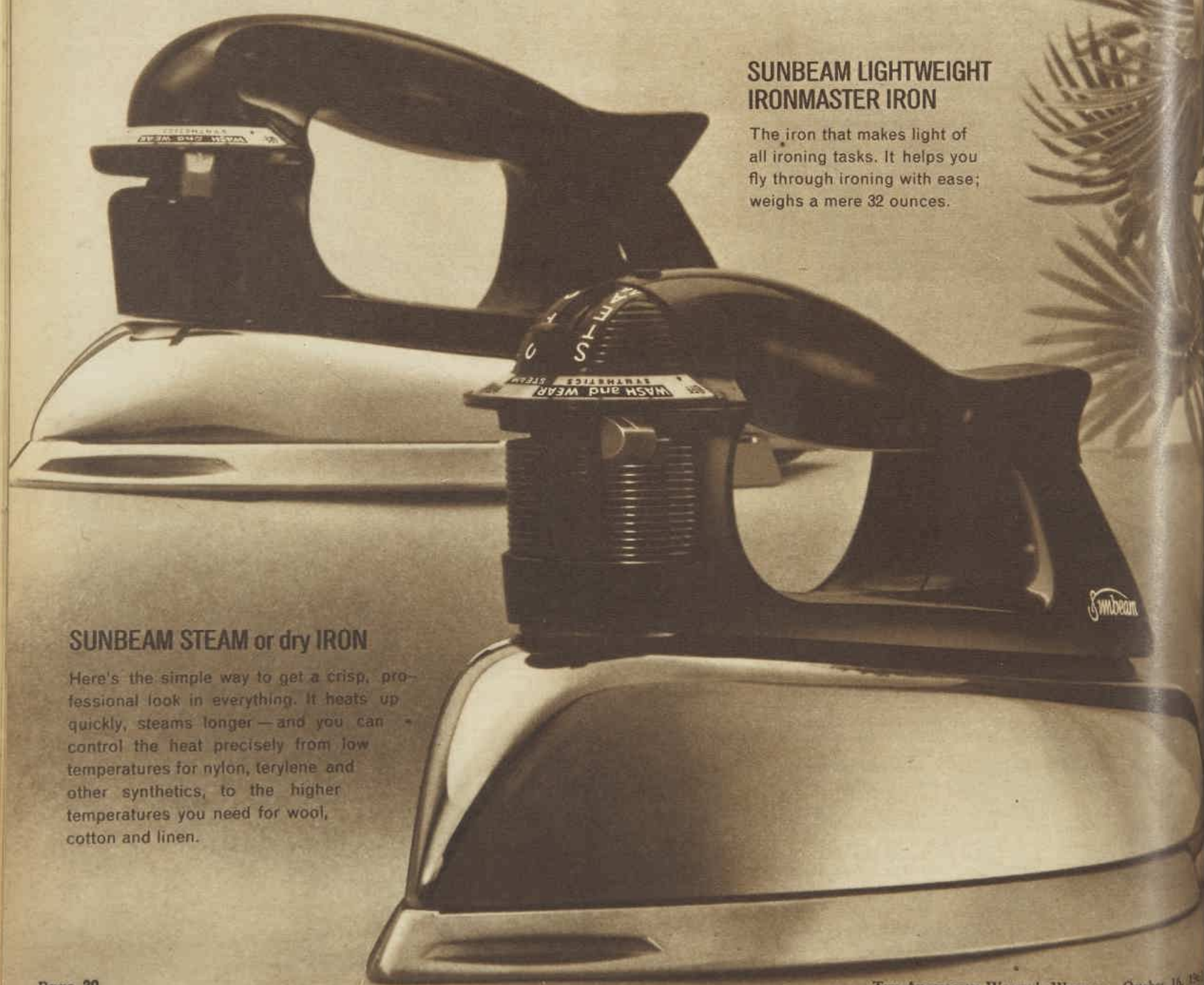


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LOVE IS THE STRANGEST THING

By AUDRIE MANLEY-TUCKER

Cupid will sometimes act in the most incomprehensible way when a girl is determined to catch her man . . . a gay, romantic short story

It was a Saturday morning, so I stayed late in bed. At half past nine, when I came downstairs, Mother had just made fresh coffee. She sat with her elbows on the table, holding a cup in both hands, her legs curled around the rungs of the kitchen stool.

She is only 39, which isn't terribly old, I suppose; when she sleeks her hair down and puts on a sheath dress she looks quite young. This morning her hair was curly and untidy, with the grey looking like cotton threads here and there, and laughter creases showing round her eyes. Early morning light is unkind, they say; it was a summer morning, with sunshine, which didn't help.

"Hi!" I said, quite loudly, before she came back from her far-away place.

"Hello." Absently she passed an egg and the timer, and poured me a cup of coffee. "It's our wedding anniversary. Your father forgot," she said with a sigh.

"No, he didn't; at least, he asked me to remind him. I remembered it last night and told him."

"Oh, Ginny!" she wailed. "What good was that? Much too late!"

"He forgot last year," I pointed out. "And because he was so sorry he gave you an extra nice present."

There was an awful lot of noise coming from the bottom of the garden; then I remembered that Mother had promised the twins they could turn out the shed to find jumble for the Boy Scouts' Sale of Work. Well, at least, they weren't in the house. Any girl who thinks it's fun to have 11-year-old twin brothers can have mine. "The Double Blessing," Dad calls them, quoting from the vicar's remarks when they were christened, though I don't think it means the same thing the way he says it.

"I was only two years older than you are now—18—when I got married," Mother was saying reminiscently. "My parents would never have said 'yes,' but for the fact that father had a steady job with prospects. It was a good thing they didn't know he intended to trade in his prospects for a partnership with Ted Earnley. Or that it was touch and go for a long time. Of course, he's done marvellously well since then . . ."

Mother, in this mood, could go on for hours. I watched the sand slipping through the glass. From the corner of my eye I saw Billy wheel out The Bicycle and prop it against the apple tree.

"Is The Bicycle going for jumble, too?" I asked innocently. I shouldn't have said it, I knew.

"Certainly not!" Mother snapped indignantly. "You know perfectly well I wouldn't part with The Bicycle!"

"It's terribly old-fashioned, all that black enamel and those high handle-bars," I pointed out.

She retreated into silent, pained reproach. Dad has often remarked that if the house catches fire Mother will salvage The Bicycle and nothing else. She's sentimental about its romantic history.

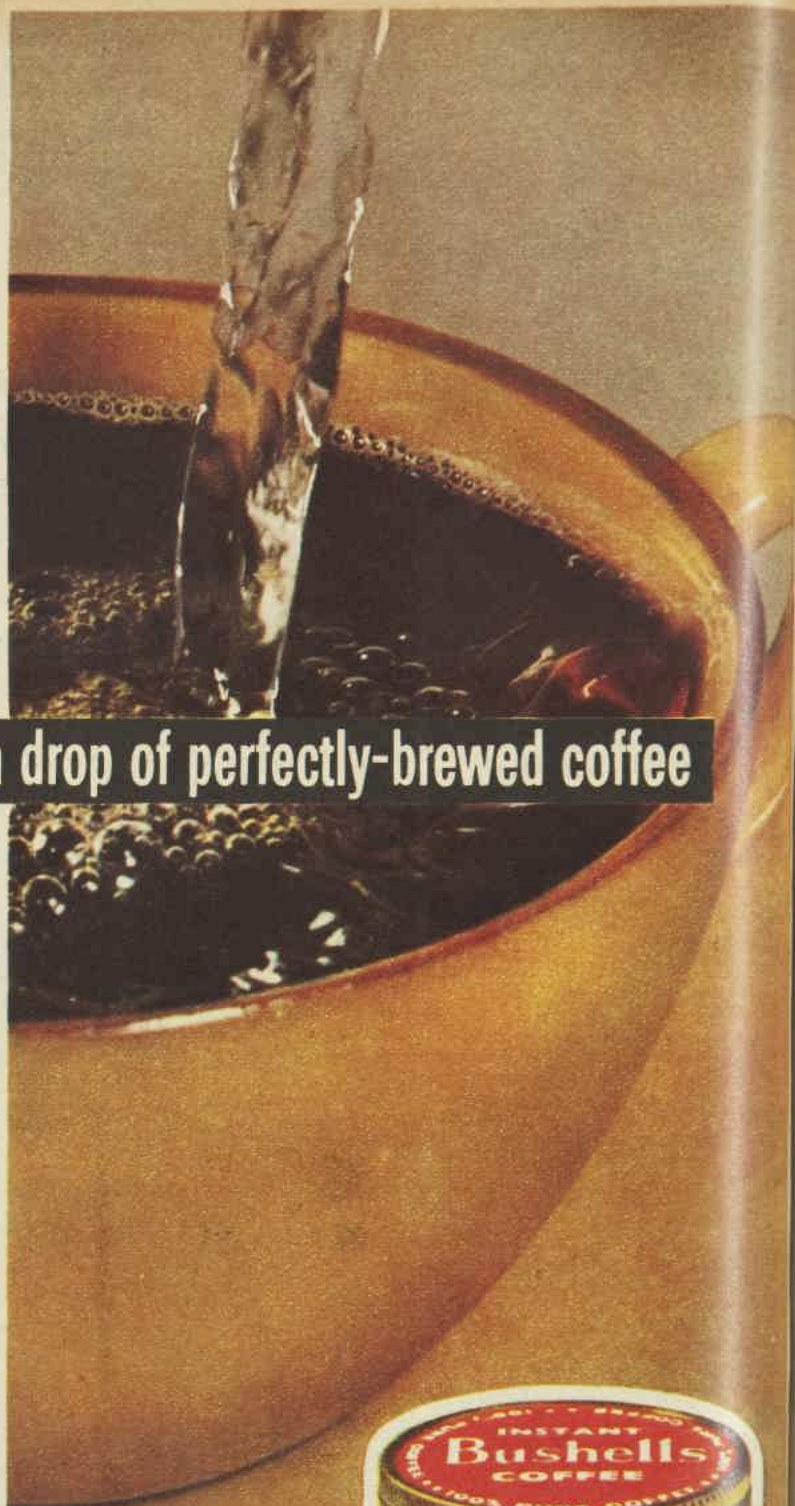
The Bicycle was a birthday present to Mother from her father. One minute she was riding downhill—no hands, I'll bet—and somehow she was suddenly sitting in a heap at the bottom, with her stockings laddered and a cut on her knee. And Father appeared out of the blue with a clean pocket handkerchief for the cut.

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"Are you hurt?" Johnnie anxiously asked Ginny.



Ron
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HAT TRICK

BY MARILYN
LONGMUIR

There was magic in the
air the day Jolinda wore
Mimi's enchanting creation
... a short short story

JOLINDA MARCH sold beautiful, extravagant, irresistible hats. Jolinda and the hats were to be found in Mimi's Boutique, a small but exclusive establishment in a certain little arcade.

It was a very successful little business. Mimi declared that the reason was because her hats themselves were concoctions of pure magic.

Much as Jolinda would have liked one of Mimi's hats, her budget just couldn't be stretched that far. So instead she would just try to smile as Mrs. Somebody-or-other bought her favorite hat, and endeavor not to feel even a little envious as she saw it disappearing out of the shop and her life for ever. Mimi's customers all seemed to spend enchanting, wonderful lives. They dropped exciting names and places as they gaily tried on hats.

Jolinda tried to be gay, too, but there were times when she had never been more miserable. She had even begun to think of leaving. Perhaps an office job would not affect her so much. Her life seemed so uninteresting when contrasted with Mimi's customers' lives.

It was one Monday morning when Jolinda had just arrived at the shop that the phone rang. It was Mimi. She had the flu. In between sneezes and coughs and wheezes she managed to tell Jolinda that she would be away till at least Thursday.

"You're sure you can manage," she sniffled.

"Why, certainly, Mimi," Jolinda said reassuringly.

"Just take your lunch-hour at the usual time, Jolinda, and close the shop. Thank you so much for carrying on for me, and as a special favor I'd like you to wear one of my hats out to lunch every day."

Jolinda put down the phone and sighed. Poor Mimi. She smiled slightly and looked around her. Hats stared down at her. There were gay hats, smart hats, happy hats, and just plain wonderful hats.

Of course, she wouldn't wear one to lunch. It was a ridiculous idea. If she wore one, though, she would like it to be the red one today. With her black suit it would be just fine, but, of course, she wouldn't.

The more she thought about it, though, the more fun she realised it would be. Perhaps it would prove once and for all if what Mimi said was true—that her hats were really magical.

Jolinda's lunch-hour seemed to come round very quickly. She put on the red hat. It did suit her. She hung up the sign, "This shop will be closed from 1 to 2 p.m.," stepped out, and shut the door.

One whole magical hour was hers if Mimi was right. The first person she saw was the young man who ran the bookshop opposite. He gave her a wave. She waved back and wondered whether he recognised the hat as one of Mimi's, but he was probably so wrapped up in his books that he hadn't noticed it at all.

It gave her a funny feeling wear-



ing the hat. It was all so unreal. It even seemed as if she wasn't really stepping on the ground at all. She was practically at the sandwich shop where she bought her lunch when she stopped. She couldn't go in there today—not wearing a hat from Mimi's Boutique. A hat like that should be taken out to lunch at an expensive place like "Seebons". So to "Seebons" they went. It was elegant and smart. It was the place to lunch at with one of Mimi's creations on your head.

She sat at a small wall table and tried to forget that she was Jolinda March, salesgirl, and rather that she was Miss Jolinda March lunching as was her usual custom at "Seebons". She had almost convinced herself of that when suddenly she saw the clock—five to two.

With a start, Jolinda remembered Mimi's Boutique, and Jolinda March, salesgirl, hurried out of her dream and back to the shop.

The young man, Martin Daly, who owned the bookshop, was still fixing books in the window. "Hi, Jolinda," he mouthed.

"Hullo," she mouthed in return.

By lunchtime the next day she had decided on one of Mimi's really elegant creations. It was black and exceptionally chic. If the red hat had made her feel somebody, the black hat made people think she was.

It was funny to have gone through life for twenty years practically unnoticed, then to find yourself receiving attention.

She caught a glance at herself in a shop mirror and was amazed. Where was Jolinda March? Where was that little insignificant girl who sold hats in Mimi's Boutique? There was a hint of mystery in this woman—a degree of confidence in her carriage.

Two o'clock came far too fast. This time she waved to Martin Daly herself as she passed his shop.

Came the third day. Mimi rang to say she would be back the next

day. That meant Jolinda had just one magical hour left.

She tried to decide. Which hat? They all seemed to beckon to her, but she had a feeling she had made her mind up on that very first morning. She had left her favorite hat till last. It was a golden yellow, but what a golden yellow! It seemed to radiate sunshine.

She put it on. She might have felt good in the little red hat, elegant in the black, but in this one—why, she seemed beautiful.

Jolinda walked out of the shop smiling contentedly. She saw Martin in the window again.

"Wait," he shouted.

Jolinda stopped and looked puzzled. He came racing out through the front door of his shop.

"Jolinda," he said all in a rush, "will you have lunch with me today?"

Jolinda and her golden hat smiled. "I'd like to very much," she said.

"It's strange," Martin remarked at lunch, gazing at her adoringly, "I'd never really noticed you till last Monday and I just can't understand why."

Jolinda smiled—the secret, warm, contented smile of a woman who knew she was loved.

"I liked your red hat on Monday, your black hat yesterday," Martin said, "but this is my favorite."

If it cost her every penny she possessed, Jolinda made a silent vow that she would buy the hat, but she never had to, because when she told Mimi the next day about it all Mimi insisted on giving it to her.

"You see I always told you my hats were pure magic," Mimi announced.

Of course it couldn't be true. Still Jolinda was never quite sure for the rest of her life if it was simply just a hat trick or did Mimi really mix magic into her hats.

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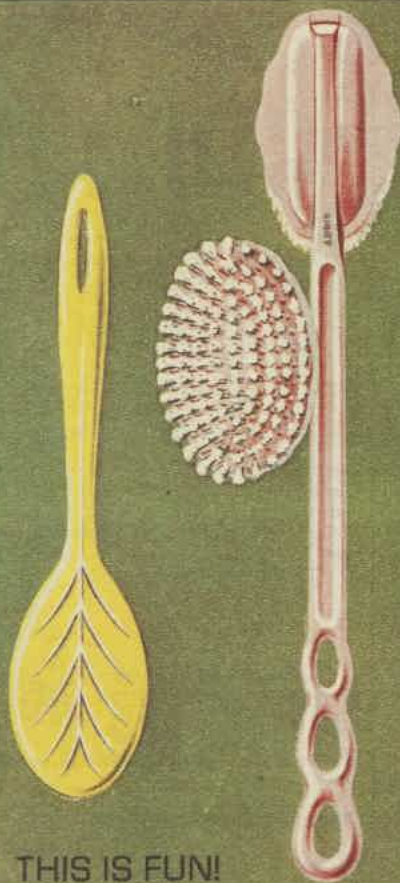
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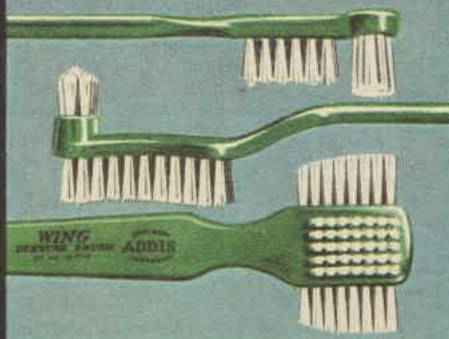
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Relentlessly the hand of fate
strikes at the unwary victim
... a compelling short story

BUSH JUSTICE

By JAMES PRESTON

FROM the lower end of the valley, where the river rushed fast and deep, you could see the slopes rising away on each side and the little timber camp nestling under Red Bluff. There was a single narrow street and a number of rough shacks clustered about the hotel. And down below, hidden by a bend in the valley, was the mill where the trees we felled on the slopes and snigged down the tracks were fed to the insatiable saw.

Ben stopped when we reached the narrow tree-trunk which served as a bridge, and looked back. A small figure on the verandah of one of the shacks waved and he lifted his arm in response.

"Look where you're going or you'll finish up in the river," I warned him as he stepped on to the log and glanced over his shoulder again.

He grinned. "When I do that you can pension me off." I grinned back and followed him across the log. It was smooth and round and ten feet above the water that eddied and rushed between the steep banks. But we were used to precarious positions high above the ground. That's how we earned our living, balanced on a slim board, sometimes twenty feet above the ground, while we felled the trees. And we were used to this track and the dangerous log across the river, because Ben and I had been working this area for a couple of months now.

He led the way across the river-flat and up the path through the bracken fern and trees which would some day fall under keen axes just as the older ones were falling under ours.

"She's growing," I said. Ben glanced over his shoulder and all the pride of a father for his only child was in the look he gave me.

"She'll be ten next month," he said. "I haven't told her, but I'm getting some things up from the city and we can give her a birthday, with a cake with candles on it."

I did not reply, but followed him as he walked on, and, although I could not see his face, I knew that there was a half smile on his lips and that his eyes would be seeing none of the bush about him. Because Ben loved his daughter more than life itself.



Gwen made her way through the bush as her father felled the giant tree.

I suppose, out of all the men in the camp and the few women who made up our little community, there was none closer to him than I was, but even I knew little of his past life. That he had lost his wife some years before, I knew.

I also knew that he had been foreman of a camp somewhere on the other side of the State, but how his wife died or why he left the other camp he never said. And no one asked him. Because he was like that. Frank and open and enjoying life as much as any man, always ready for a joke — that was Ben. But his past was locked away behind his steady grey eyes and brown face.

But he would always talk about his daughter, Gwen, and what he planned for her when she grew older. Yes, he was proud of her, just as he was proud of his strength and his almost uncanny skill with the axe.

He stopped beside a tree with a blaze in the bark. It was a big tree, as solid as they come.

We wasted no time. Once we had the springboards in place we cut a scarf in the side the tree was to fall, the keen axes biting into the wood with precise timing. And, as I worked, my eyes kept flitting to Ben, watching the smooth co-ordination of his muscular body. He was good, all right — an artist of the bush. But, then, every man in the bush was an artist in a way, taking pride in his speed and precision and striving for that perfection and delicate judgment which allowed a man to fell a tree on the exact spot he had chosen.

Once we had started we kept going. When the scarf was deep enough, I drove my axe into the trunk on the opposite side about four inches higher than the scarf, picked up the saw, and rested it on the axe-head. Ben grabbed it and together we turned the teeth inwards and began to saw. The teeth bit into the soft bark, and then the sapwood. Sawdust spilt out both ends of the deepening cut as our bodies swayed in rhythm to the moving saw.

The saw ate deeper and the sawdust coated our sweating bodies with fine dust. I still wore my flannel singlet,

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Style

Style leaders in contemporary patterns are to be seen amongst the wide RODD range of Table Silver. One of the most popular of these is "Stardust", shown above, with its smart lines and intriguing design. Priced from only £28.18.0 for a full 44-piece service, it carries the RODD 25-year guarantee. Matching and replacement pieces are always available.

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FASHIONS in the summer limelight



LUXURIOUS go-together separates (above) combine a superb white blouse trimmed with tufts of white feathers and a floor-length skirt in vivid orange-yellow silk. A ribbon bow is the waistline trim.



ON THE shifting scene (left), Saint-Laurent's slick daytime version made in a black-and-beige print and worn with sooty-black accessories. Note the soft collarless neckline and new sleeve-length — just above the wristbone.



THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN



BEACH TOP matched to beach pants (above) made with bikini bareness. The color, summer-sky-blue, and the material, check gingham, are a popular team. The camisole-type top is form-fitting and sleeveless; the pants are narrow and self-belted.

● Here are fashions for high summer — sleek city wear, sun and fun clothes, and new party lines. Watch your waist. Belted or not, the new summer silhouette calls for a slim figure.

CRISP, cool linen is the top daytime fabric in Paris, and it's ideal for summer's new era of de-luxe tailoring.

In Paris the shift has had the full couture treatment. The current design is straight, skimming the body without touching it. Worn with carefully chosen accessories, a shift is the smartest city dress in summer fashion.

A smash hit in fashion is the floor-length skirt, and it gives new allure to the stay-at-home girl. More floor-length drama is the patio and terrace suit.

The girl with a neat midriff is right in fashion. The bare midriff shows up best between a bare-armed tailored top and matching pants.

Keep tabs on the self-ruffled party dress designed to bare the shoulders and arms. Paris likes this look — it's flirty and young.

On both sides of the ocean, pink and blue are important summer colors. White is devastating against a bronze sun-tan — and white with vivid orange is a seasonable two-some.

— **BETTY KEEP**



ENCHANTING party-dress (above) made in light and airy white. The dress is firmly belted at the normal waistline in orange-yellow, the sleeveless top is finished with a self-ruffle trim.



LARGE blown-back beach hats (left) are made in the finest possible straw in all colors. A hat in this category is just about the most flattering foil for any summer-tanned face.

TAILOR'S DREAM in pink cotton (left) and the prettiest, freshest look for hot city days. Note the new look of a double-breasted fastener and large-brimmed hat worn far back to show the wearer's fringed coif.

Dress Sense

By BETTY KEEP

● The three-in-one maternity pattern illustrated on this page was chosen for a reader who asked for a quick and easy-to-make maternity wardrobe.

THE pattern includes a cool sleeveless shift, a pinafore dress and blouse, and a one-piece town dress finished with short sleeves and a neat collar.

Simple but smart, the double-breasted princess style is slightly flared at the hem.

Under the picture are further details and how to order.



2368—Three-in-one maternity pattern in sizes 10, 12, 14, and 16 for 31, 32, 34, and 36in. bust. Butterick Pattern 2368. Price 5/3, including postage. Address orders to Betty Keep, Box 4, P.O., Croydon, N.S.W. No C.O.D. orders accepted

"I have 3½yds. of 36in. pure silk with which I would like to make a two-piece outfit. I like all Parisian styles. I am slightly above normal height and fairly slim."

I suggest a two-piece with a slim skirt and what Paris calls a fisherman's shirt. A fisherman's shirt is a lightly fitted tunic with a high yoke and long sleeves, and reaches to below the hipline. Actually, the length can be varied to suit the wearer's figure proportions.

"I am making some trousseau garments by hand in a fine sheer fabric. Could you please advise me the strongest and neatest way to finish the seams?"

A French seam is the best method. To make a French seam, stitch edges together on the right side of the garment, taking a small seam allowance. Trim away the seam allowance to approx. ¼in. from the stitching, then stitch another seam on the wrong side of the work, taking ¼in. seam allowance.

"Could you suggest a maternity outfit suitable for the beach, picnics, and round the house?"

Slim slacks and a demure fit tunic would be a practical and smart maternity ensemble.

"Would a turban be suitable to wear to a wedding reception at 2.30 p.m.?"

Yes, it would.

"I am rather short-waisted, and with this figure fault I find it difficult to buy ready-mades to fit. What styles do you think would be best for me?"

Actually, the short-waisted figure is quite well catered for in current fashion, because the waistline is often bypassed. You will find the shift, the easy-fit princess line which curves but does not actually hit the waist, and an overblouse top and matching skirt are all flattering to figures in your category.

"What would be the best wrap to wear over a floor-length evening sheath?"

The most sophisticated cover-up is a slim floor-length coat in matching fabric. However, this is rather extravagant and I personally think a generous stole in matching fabric is a smart alternative. If you need extra warmth, line the stole in fine wool.



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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — October 16, 1964

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WHEN YOUR DOG DESERVES A PAT
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AT HOME with Margaret Sydney

● On a panel show recently, I heard Miss Margaret Valadian, the first aboriginal woman student to graduate from an Australian university, say something that interested me so much that I've thought about it quite a bit since.

THE members of the panel were discussing whether or not it was a good thing for aboriginal children to be adopted by white families and white children by aboriginal families.

The other members of the panel thought it was a good thing — a step toward assimilation and greater understanding between aborigines and whites.

Miss Valadian said "no," and then went on to explain that she felt that a white family who adopted an aboriginal child would be rather likely to make a great deal of him and spoil him.

She thought then that when he grew up and went out into the world and found he wasn't liked he would think this was because he was colored and not because he was spoilt.

This struck me as a very true and thoughtful point of view, and one with a much wider application than the one the panel was discussing.

We all tend to think that if someone doesn't like us it's because we belong to a different denomination or a different race, because we're better off or hold a position the other person envies, or are brainier or more beautiful or better dressed, or something of the sort.

I suppose we do that because it's more comforting than realising that we're disliked because we're in some way spoilt—too vain, too self-absorbed, not kind or not sympathetic enough.

Even the cats have their prejudices

IT often seems to me that people who can dislike other people just because they're of a different color or race are reducing human relationships to the animal level — and believe me I'm an expert on racial discrimination at the four-footed level.

Because people who are addicted to Siamese cats are also quite often addicted to taking them about in their cars, we occasionally have Siamese calling in for a visit with their owners.

Our three immediately show up, slightly huffy at the intrusion, watchful, critical, but quite willing to put on a show of politeness if the visitor behaves nicely.

In other words, they behave pretty much as the children do when forced to help entertain some boring old friend of Mum's!

But just let somebody turn up here with a nice tiger-striped tabby or a green-eyed Persian and they behave like fiends. It's an intruder — dangerous, undercutting their rights, stealing the bread out of their mouths.

Mike's cat, Bobo, is just as prejudiced. Though she's lived all her life side by side with the Siamese and gets on with them very amiably, she still won't sleep in a heap with them.

The way they act over each other's kittens reminds me of the way prejudiced people behave, too — the ones who find

all babies adorable no matter what color they are, and reserve their dislike for the grown-up foreigners.

If Melisande and Bobo have kittens at the same time, as they often manage to do, there's nothing but peace and goodwill while their offspring are small.

White or black makes no difference, and any kitten is perfectly free to plug into the nearest milk bar when it's thirsty and get a wash and brush-up while it's having a drink.

But when they get to the leggy stage and are almost due to go off to their new homes, then each cat begins to treat the other's kittens as inferior foreigners.

Without warning Melly will suddenly hiss one of Bobo's kittens over the head and then stare off into space as though she hasn't done it; and Bobo will growl like a lion and pin one Melly's kittens to the floor if it tries to eat out of the plate she's decided belongs to her kittens.

Cats are color-blind, they say, so it's something deeper and more primitive than difference of coat that makes them tolerate strangers of their own sort and turn on tantrums over strangers of a different variety. Whatever it is, it's remarkably like the blanket prejudice of people who say "I don't like Americans" or "I don't like Koreans," even "I don't like civil servants."

Assimilation is as tough as teething

"ASSIMILATION" has become one of the great catch-cries of this century, but we don't often stop to think how the "assimilatees" (I'm sure there's no such word!) feel about it.

It has to be, of course; where there are big movements of populations there have to be big adjustments by newcomers and old to fit people into their new environments.

But anyone who has lived all her life in one country, as I have, probably has very little idea of just how hard it is to adjust to a change with all its different laws and customs and ideas and habits.

I've heard it argued that assimilation is one of the causes of juvenile delinquency. It makes a certain amount of sense.

Where the parents have grown up in one sort of culture and then moved to another (perhaps to one where they don't even speak the language particularly well) the misunderstandings between them and their children must be very much greater than where parents and children have grown up with the same backgrounds and the same social ideas.

Assimilation must be rather like teething — something absolutely necessary that can't be avoided, but not particularly comfortable for the individual or the community.

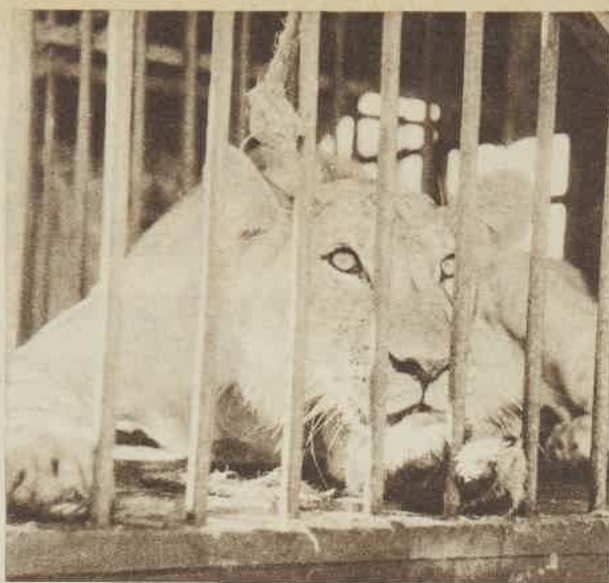
And in the end it's personal traits that count I suppose — whether or not the individual is "spoilt," and whether or not he's likeable in his own right. All these things count for a great deal more than where his grandparents were born or where his parents went to school.

FOREVER FREE

by
Joy Adamson

SECOND INSTALMENT

• Joy and George Adamson had been ordered to move the Kenya lioness Elsa and her cubs, Jespah, Gopa, and Little Elsa, from the reserve where they lived. But Elsa died, the cubs disappeared into the bush, and now the Adamsons have to find them again.



DRAMATIC attempts to catch the cubs succeed, and Jespah settles down to travel to his new home.



GOPA and JESPAH were both good tree-climbers. Note the tribesman's arrowhead stuck in Jespah's rump. Luckily the arrow had been shot by an African boy, so it wasn't poisoned. A man's arrow would have been.

"The cubs in trouble"

• George had left early on his now daily search for the cubs, who bolted into the bush after their mother's death, so I was alone in camp when two Game Scouts and an informer arrived to report that three lions had attacked the bomas of tribesmen on the Tana River and mauled four cows.

THE Africans had tried to drive them away with stones, fire, and wooden clubs, but the lions had persistently returned.

The Africans believed that the raiders were Elsa's cubs, and they begged George to come and dispose of them.

I immediately sent men to contact George, which they eventually did by firing shots. They all returned to camp and after lunch set off for the scene of the raids.

As the crow flies, the distance was only about fifteen miles, but for us there were only two alternatives: either to drive the Land-Rover, as though it were a tank, through forty-five miles of dense bush, or to make a detour of a hundred and

twenty miles along a very rough road and walk the last eight miles.

George decided to go through the bush.

After loading up the car with camp kit and two goats, he crossed the river with considerable difficulty and disappeared into the bush on the opposite bank.

What happened after that he told me when we met again:

When dark fell he was still four miles from his objective, so he spent the night in the bush and next morning abandoned the car and walked to the village.

In all there were eight bomas within a short distance of each other; they consisted of groups of small circular mud huts protected by a shoulder-high thorn fence some six foot wide.

The country surrounding the bomas was dense bush, which meant that a lion could approach the huts without being seen. The bomas were close to the River Tana, where the tribesmen watered their stock.

The tribesmen confirmed that during the night of March 13, 1961, three lions had mauled two cows before they were driven off, that on the following night they had mauled two more before being chased away, and that on the third night they had killed two cows at a different boma from the one they had previously raided, and had eaten one of them within three hundred yards of the hut.

George saw the spoor of a lioness; she had entered an almost impenetrable thorn

enclosure and then forced her way out of it.

He then tried to examine other lion spoor, but had difficulty in doing so, as most of the pug marks were obliterated by cattle tracks.

However, he managed to trace the lions back to the place on the river bank where they had drunk.

He continued down river expecting to find fresh spoor where they had probably drunk during the preceding night, and was not disappointed, for he came upon new pug marks recently made by three lions.

With two scouts and a guide he took up this spoor. About an hour later they were casting about in a dry watercourse covered with thick vegetation when suddenly about ten feet away

Continued on page 73



Underneath it all . . .
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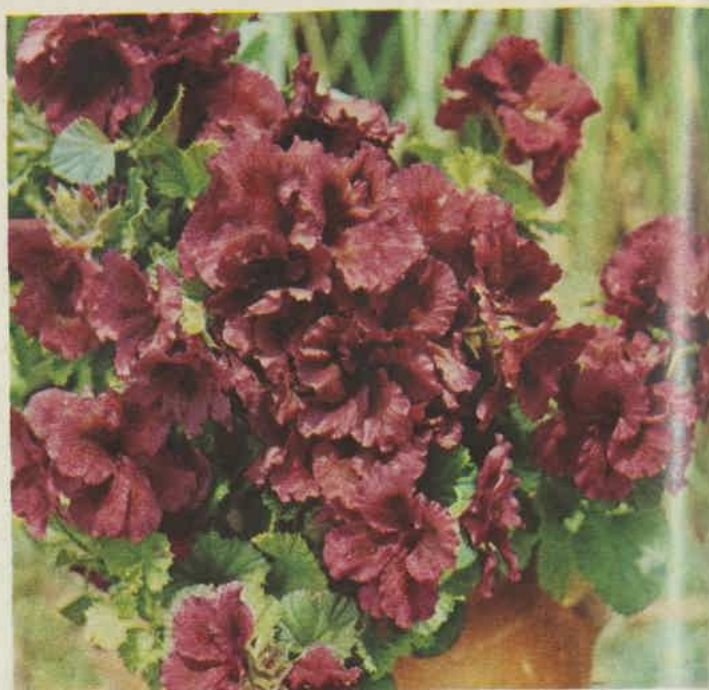
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THE MAGAZINE
OF BRIGHTER
READING 1/6

Everybody's

PELARGONIUMS



DEEP PURPLE, as this handsome pelargonium is called, has large ruffled blooms. It is a strong, bushy grower and has a long flowering period.

Gardening Book — page 203

● Pelargoniums are ideal for tubs, hedges, or a sunny garden focal point needing a splash of brilliant color.

IN England they're known as regals, in America as Pelargonium Lady Washington or Martha Washington geraniums. The difference is only in name.

From these countries and the European continent the showy plants have been imported into Australia and are marketed here as pelargoniums. They differ from the geraniums—botanically *Pelargonium hortorum*—in growth and flowering habit.

Geraniums have a more rounded leaf of softer texture, sometimes marked with color, and far smaller flowers.

Pelargoniums, as we know them,

have a stronger habit of growth and produce enormous heads of frilled and ruffled azalea-like blooms through the spring and summer. For instance, Riesenfalter's magnificent lavender and purple blooms are more than 4in. wide.

Colors of other varieties range from white without blotching or veining, as in Mont Blanc, to the deep reds and purples — almost black — of Madame Butterfly and Black Magic.

Pelargoniums need a sunny, well-drained situation and a potting medium of two parts light loam, one part peat moss, one part coarse river sand. Add a light dusting of hoof-and-horn meal.

If you grow the plant from cuttings (these can be taken after flowering), cut the top as soon as it strikes. This forces it to become bushy.

Over-feeding and over-watering when the plant is young produce too much leaf and few buds. Once the buds are formed, feed the plant regularly with a well-balanced fertiliser.

Should aphid or green-grubs attack, spray with equal parts of Zinco and Lane's Bug Getter mixed together.

After the plants have finished flowering, usually about February or March, cut them well back.

The following varieties are suitable for hanging baskets: Melissa (soft rose-pink), Madame Loyal (true pansy type, purple and white), Yucatan (a warm salmon-red), Gardener's Joy (white, blotched elongated and ruffled petals), Prime Minister Menzies (slightly ruffled red), Senorita (brilliant salmon), Josephine (pink and white, similar to the old Market Favorite).



ORANGE RICARD has rich coloring and is of compact growth.

Gardening Book — page 204



Lo-neck Pleat, 39/11; Overblouse, 49/11; Hi-neck Pleat, 39/11.

*It's Terylene Batiste
for the pleated look!*

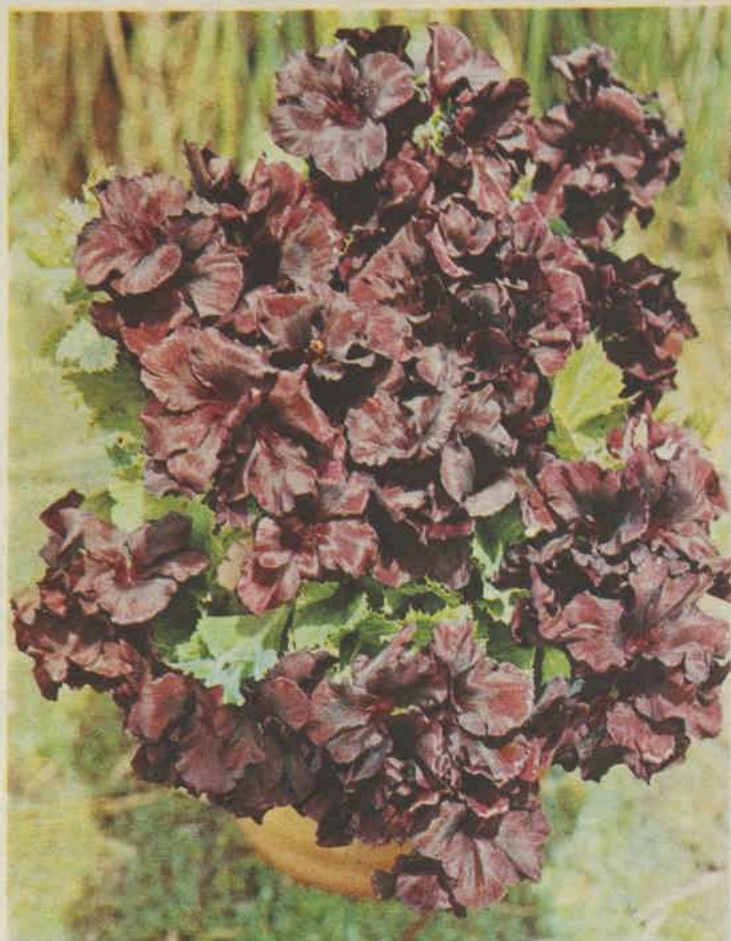
It's a picture-book look, a party look, an o-so-feminine look! It's Lady Pelaco's pleated look, styled for sheer flattery in new fine Terylene Batiste. Long pleats and little pleats, high pleats and low pleats, every pleat stays put for keeps and they don't even need ironing! Priced from only 39/11.

Lady Pelaco
LOVELIEST BY DESIGN



RIESENFALTER (Giant Butterfly) has the largest flower of any pelargonium introduced into Australia. They're shaped like the cattleya orchid.

Gardening Book — page 205



BLACK MAGIC, an American introduction, is semi-dwarf and long-flowering. This is the darkest of all pelargoniums, but the flowers are full of life.

Gardening Book — page 207

GARTEN INSPECTOR EHRMANN is a large-bloom variety. The plants are of compact growth, long-flowering.



S. AMERICAN BRONZE, of compact bushy growth, is covered with flowers that are highlighted with a white edge.

• Pictures taken at Green Fingers Nursery, Mona Vale, N.S.W.

Gardening Book — page 206



BREAK-O'-DAY has large white flowers, sometimes with a distinct strawberry blotch. Good branching habit and a long blooming season.

Gardening Book — page 208

Cut out and paste in an exercise book

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by KEMPTHORNE



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Be your own handyman



PLAIN TAILORED bedspread with matching curtains add up to a good-looking room.

BEDSPREADS ARE SIMPLE TO SEW

● With the holiday season ahead, now is the time to sew for your home. Why not start with an easy bedspread?

A BEDSPREAD is one of the easiest home furnishings to make, especially the simple throwover type.

Measuring is a very important first step.

The bed should be made up with sheets, blankets, and pillows. There are three measurements to take—length of bed, width, and depth from top of mattress to floor.

Measure length from top of mattress at foot of bed over the pillow and down the back, well below the pillow. To this measurement, add 12 inches for tuck under pillow and three inches for hems.

Width is measured across bed from a point on mattress edge to the same point on opposite side.

Measure the depth of the bed from floor to top of mattress.

To estimate yardage, add all length measurements to-

gether and divide this total number of inches by 12, then by three to give the number of yards.

Then add twice the depth measurement to top width and divide this total by the width of the material you intend to use. This will tell you how many widths you'll need. The usual answer here for a double bed is three strips if using 48in. fabric, or 2 strips for a single bed.

Bed lengths vary from 6ft. 2in. upwards.

The width of the material is always laid down the centre of the bed top. Any extra width is added on either side of the centre strip.

Cut all pieces on the true grain of the fabric.

When seams have been machined (selvedges must be removed or clipped at intervals to prevent puckering), end corners must be shaped.

Using the depth of overhang as a radius, just draw a curve from side of bed to foot, using tailor's chalk or pins.



SHORTENED THROWOVER with gathered undershirt is a gay variation.

Canned Fruits Contest

THE progress prize of £5 in our Canned Fruits Recipe Contest is awarded this week to Mrs. A. Goodwin, Newee Creek, Macks-ville, N.S.W., for the recipe below.

SECTION 3: Canned Pears FESTIVAL PIE

One packet pastry mix, milk or water to mix, 1 tablespoon custard powder, pinch salt, 1 cup sugar, juice of 1 orange, 1 dessertspoon butter, 1 cup pear syrup, 1 cup water, 1 cup roughly chopped canned pears, 1 cup coconut.

Topping: Half cup sugar, 1 dessertspoon butter, 1 cup cottage cheese, 1 1/2 tablespoons self-raising flour, pinch salt, 2 eggs, 1 cup milk, 1 teaspoon vanilla.

Make up pastry mix according to directions on packet, using milk or water to mix. Roll out thinly, fill into 9in. pie-plate; chill in refrigerator.

Filling: Blend custard powder, salt, and sugar in saucepan with pear juice and water. Stir over heat until thickened; add butter and orange juice, then mix in coconut and pears. Place in cool spot.

Topping: Beat sugar and butter together, then add cheese, flour and salt (sifted together), and eggs. Continue beating while slowly adding milk and vanilla.

Spread cooled pear mixture into pastry-case, carefully spoon custard mix on top. Bake in hot oven 15 minutes, reduce heat and continue baking further 30 to 35 minutes. Cool, then chill; serve with cream.

Then machine 2in. hem round bedspread. Thick cord can be inserted before machining (use cording attachment) to make spread stand out a little from bed.

Machine small hem on spread where it tucks down at back of bed.

GATHERED UNDERSKIRT

The throwover at right above with gathered under-

skirt is made the same way as the first bedspread, but it is shortened so it finishes just below mattress depth. Make no pillow allowance, so length measurement is estimated on length of bed, plus twice mattress depth, plus hem.

Cut strips of contrasting material to required length, joining them selvedge to selvedge in a continuous strip, until it is twice the length round 3 sides of bed. If using filmy fabric, allow 3 times the length. Gather along top edge, and hem at bottom, then attach to rectangle of calico which has been cut 1in. shorter and 3in. narrower than the wide mattress it rests on.

NEXT WEEK:
Owner-built swimming-pool.

Sluggish Liver?

Feel "off colour," cranky, listless with no appetite? Your sluggish-up system needs a gentle laxative. PINKETTES, the safe, effective, tiny laxative pills, have benefited thousands. They quickly dispel common upsets due to sluggish digestion, help you enjoy "regular" good health with brighter eyes and clearer complexion. Take PINKETTES tonight—and tomorrow feel bright! At all chemists and stores.

DRW/231

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Or fill in coupon below and post it to your nearest Home Planning Centre.

Please make all cheques payable to "Women's Weekly Home Plans Service." Cut this out, fill in details, and mail in envelope addressed to our Centre in your State.

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A mother's frank advice to her daughter

Although this letter is from a mother to her teenage daughter, it has a moral for boys, too

Sally dear,

Tomorrow will be your sixteenth birthday, and there are things you should know before you go one step further.

As your mother it's my duty to tell you. Because I'm your mother, I can't. I know that a girl-to-girl chat about sex from me would embarrass you so much you wouldn't hear a word. When you were younger I could have talked more freely, but then you were too young for boys.

When you are older I will be able to talk as friend to friend, but then it will be too late.

I can see the guarded look come over your face at the mention of sex. I can hear your impatient "Yes, I know already!"

Knowing "the facts" is not enough

Yes, you knew where babies came from, and how they came, when you were an uninhibited eight—I have never dodged any question you asked—and you have done the required reading.

You know. But knowing is not enough.

A mechanic may know every separate part of a motor vehicle, but unless he has driven one what does he know?

I want to help you form your views on sex now.

Your father and I know you are still a good girl in the conventional sense, but we also know you live in a world where cabinet ministers consort with call-girls, where the morals of high-school students are publicly investigated.

Everywhere those wide, wondering blue eyes look they see pre-marital and extra-marital sex paraded as being wildly exciting and almost inevitable.

At home we have tried to counteract this hot-house atmosphere with common sense and humor. But have we succeeded?

There have been times lately when I could have

wished you had been born a boy. At least boys can't get pregnant.

Oh, they can be forced into shotgun marriages. They can be required to support a child. They can acquire unhappy girl-wives who can neither cook nor clean, and father poor babies they don't want and can't afford. But at least they can't get pregnant.

It's not up to them to say "Yes" or "No."

This is one thing you must realise, Sally: that unless you are the victim of assault, what happens to you is, in the end, your own responsibility. You can always say "No."

A boy expects the average, decently brought-up girl to say "No," but that won't stop him from trying.

"It's natural enough. If the

light evening's entertainment.

Never fall for that "proving your love" line of talk. All you'll prove is that you're a ninny.

And laugh at the lad who says, "You're afraid of life—that's your trouble!"

A foolish and gullible girl has every reason to be afraid of life—the life that grows within her while she faces her parents and tells them she has betrayed their trust, the life expanding her body while her school-friends whisper about her, the life that might be death to all her hopes of a serene future and a happy marriage.

Sally, you need to know, too, that illicit sex is not going to be the ecstatic experience you might expect from observing the steamy screen of our local movie theatre.

Because it is surrounded by so many taboos, you assume, no doubt, that it's got to be breathlessly exciting.

But any married woman—any honest married woman—will tell you it takes time and trust and love to bring about sexual harmony.

For a girl, casual sex certainly isn't worth the risk it entails.

No great doors will open for you. In fact, you may learn later that you've slammed some doors permanently shut, for a body that has not learned to respond trustfully may never learn to respond at all.

Sex doesn't mean sophistication

There is a school of thought—or at least there was in my youth and I don't think things have changed that much since then—that held sexual experience would make you dangerously, irresistibly attractive. It turned you overnight into a sophisticated woman of the world.

Dear Sally, this, as Tony Hancock so beautifully puts it, is a load of old codswallop.

You'd attract boys, certainly, but the kind you'd attract would not be wel-

come in your home. And they wouldn't think you sophisticated—they'd think you something of a joke.

A promiscuous girl may think she's the sexiest thing since Cleopatra, but to the boys she's just another easy conquest.

Don't think boys don't gossip. Have you ever heard them talking about a girl who's "easy"?

You would only hear accidentally, because boys don't talk that way in front of nice girls. But if you did, your ears would glow like roses.

Another pitfall I feel you should know about is the university student who insists that abstinence is unnatural, that Man in his wild state mates at the onset of adolescence, that you'll get frustrated and odd if you don't.

You might mention, in rebuttal, that few native tribes will allow a boy a wife until he has graduated as a warrior or is an accomplished hunter.

In short, they don't allow him to have a family before he can provide for them.

And if it took as long for a tribesman to support a family as it does a civilised man you could be pretty sure that the mating age would be raised forthwith.

And as for you growing up frustrated and odd—not you, my Sally. You'll grow in wisdom and beauty, because you're that kind of girl.

Affectionately,
Your Mother.

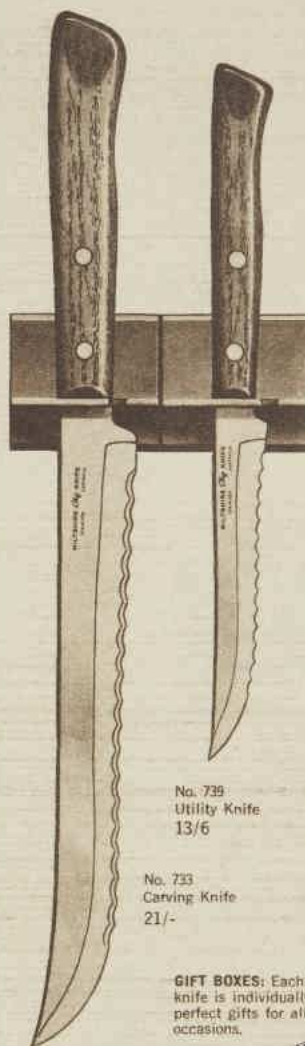
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This month buy one knife or a starter set of two or three, then add a knife and rack at regular intervals. You'll soon have a full matching set.

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Buy a box of Rhru Pills (1/9, or economy size 4/6) from your chemist or store today; take as directed.



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A reader's story

Traps in buying gifts for children

● Many people give unsuitable, and often dangerous, toys to babies and children because they don't stop to think before they buy their presents. This is the opinion of a N.S.W. mother of four, who on this page tells how the careless giver not only infuriates parents but causes heartache to their children.

I WONDER if adoring parents, doting grandparents, and generous relatives and friends ever really THINK before buying children's presents.

Much frustration, anger, and heartache could be avoided if people considered a child's age, temperament, and home surroundings before purchasing their gifts.

It is very trying for the mother and child alike when an unsuitable gift causes many tantrums and angry words.

What use is a football, for instance, to a boy who has a pocket-handkerchief-sized yard to play in and lives miles from a park?

A small girl, when presented with a teaset, naturally expects to be allowed to use water in the teapot and cups, and cannot understand the wrath which descends upon her when it is discovered that not only has she drenched her shoes,

socks, and frock but the lounge-room carpet or her bedspread as well.

It isn't that she has been naughty. It's all just a case of being given a too-old toy for a too-young head.

Again, if a boy is given a cricket or golf set and cracks his young sister or friend over the head with the bat or club (either accidentally or in anger at having neither the room nor sense to play the game properly), who is to blame?

Home-wreckers

A large box of dusty, highly colored chalks can wreck a lovely new home in a very short time if the person who presented the "weapons" has not thought to run up a piece of painted hardboard for the child to draw on.

And it's not surprising when there are more tears and tantrums at the point Mum declares "enough" and tosses the chalks into the garbage.

By the same token it is useless to give children huge tins of paints and then forbid them to paint.

The paints have quickly become their prize possession, so the only wise thing for parents to do if they want to keep their children happy is to get busy spreading newspaper around a table or bench and letting the children have their heads.

Miniature cars, dolls, and other small toys which easily pull apart can be the worry of a mother's life.

Have YOU ever sorted through umpteen dozen odd bits and pieces in a box trying to find the right part for the "toy of the moment," and, indeed, checking to make sure there's nothing missing, perhaps down young John's or Jane's throat?

It's much wiser and safer when buying a child a present to get something really solid that just can't be pulled into dozens of small, annoying pieces.

Hairy or loosely sewn and stuffed toys can also be a bad mistake as presents for babies or toddlers.

Have you ever tried to "finger" a ball of hair or stuffing from a protesting baby's throat? Or waited nervously while a doctor has searched with X-rays for an animal's glass eye or piece of wire in a child's tummy?

Anyone who has had such an experience would know only too well the importance

of looking very carefully at any toy which is to be given to small fry.

Bows and arrows, pellet guns, and sling shots should be given only to children more than 12 years old who have a hundred-acre paddock in which to use their missiles.

Picking tiny black pellets from an embarrassed child's body may seem amusing to some, but what if the pellets were in the child's face?

It's better to pass up the dangerous toys and settle for something nice and harmless like a thick book packed with reading.

This way there's no heartache for the children, because they're in no danger of having an unsuitable gift confiscated, and no ulcers for the mother.

Tricycles, scooters, etc., are beneficial to a child only if the child lives on a large block of reasonably level ground or close to a safe, supervised playing area.

Just try catching a child as he or she whizzes down the centre of the main highway or street on a pump-up scooter. You might think it's easy, but they can usually outpace you, and there's always the danger that you'll trip yourself.

The traffic makes this a terrifying experience, and many a child's dreams of breaking a speed record have been abruptly, sometimes tragically, ended this way.

Marbles are good for choking small children, knocking out eyes, or tripping adults who only need to step on one to ride to an agonising finish on their backs.

Marbles can also be left in pockets to wreck washing

machines or poked down drains to cause blockages.

It's decidedly better to buy the child some playing cards as an alternative, for then there's not the chance that you'll have an irate mum or dad after your scalp.

Sewing is a very interesting pastime for an older girl who understands what needles and scissors are for, but believe me, sewing is NOT for the smaller children.

Ruined curtains, bedspreads, clothing, or hairdos are just a few of the damages which can be wrought by a fiendish child on the move with a pair of scissors. And needles are nice for sewing, but not for sitting on.

Not welcome

Many a mother has quietly vowed vengeance on the person who presented her small child with a delicate glass object, for the result is nearly always severely gashed fingers for the child and more work and expense for the harassed mother.

So unless you want to risk being presented with a doctor's bill by Mum, don't give her small child such fragile gifts.

Finally, on behalf of all sensible parents, I beg that next time you feel big-hearted and want to buy a gift for a baby or child, think carefully of the dangers of unsuitable presents. Buy wisely, and your gift will really be appreciated by the parents and enjoyed by the children.

—**"MOTHER OF FOUR," N.S.W.**
(The writer has supplied her full name and address, but wishes to remain anonymous.)

Have you told YOUR story?

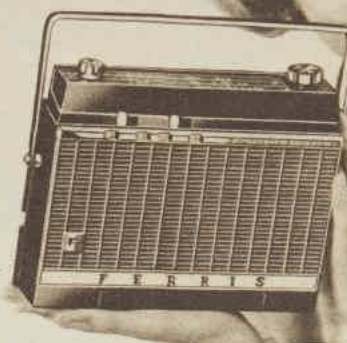
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Address contributions to "Home and Family," The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney. We pay from £5 to £15 for each one published.

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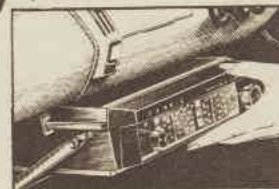


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Wipe on "158" and the dirt comes off. At the same time, the polish goes on. Seconds later, you've got a shine. Lady, when you have to hurry, get speedy "158".



1027A

DAVIS BEAUTY CLINIC



Excess
Baggage?

Dear Miss Harper,

As an air hostess I have to keep trim. Lately though I've been putting on weight at an alarming rate. To keep my job I must shed a few pounds fast. But crash diets make me feel terrible. Is my job worth it?

A.S., Toorak.

Answer: I don't know about your job but it's worth losing weight for the sake of your health. But keep your feet on the ground—here's a way to lose that excess baggage and eat well, too!

Just take two teaspoons of Davis Gelatine in half a tumbler of cold fruit juice or soft drink about 30 minutes before meals.

Because Davis Gelatine is high protein, you are satisfied with eating far less food.

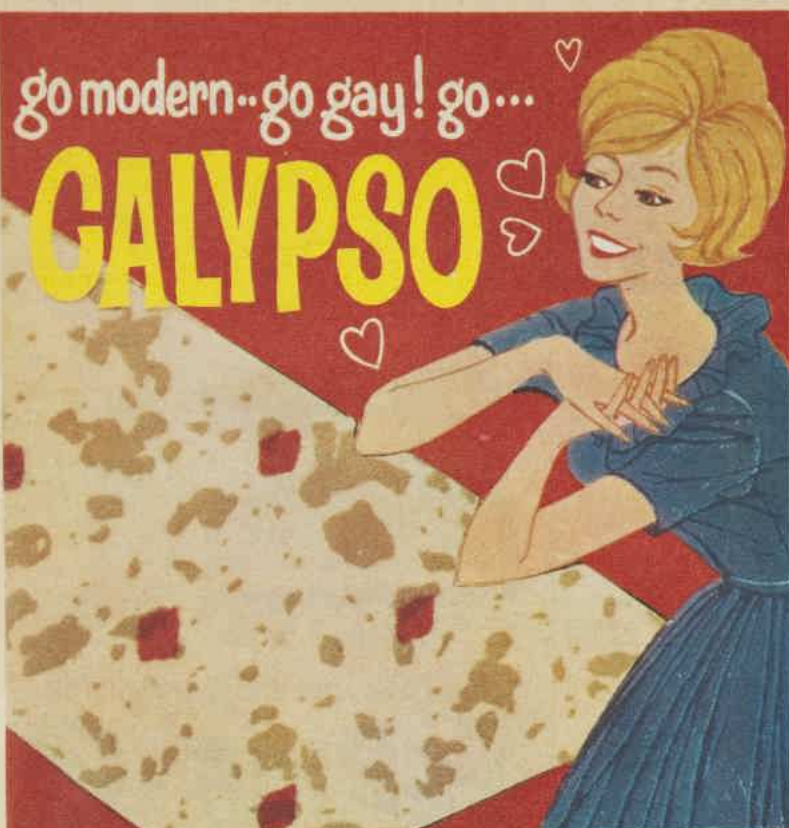
This method of weight reduction has been proven medically safe. A free booklet containing an easy-to-follow calorie counter, suggested menus and weight charts is available from Davis Gelatine. You'll find the questions and answers section in "Weight Control Companion," as the booklet is called, particularly helpful.

Sincerely, Helen Harper.

But I do suggest you write to Dept. "A," DAVIS GELATINE (Australia) Pty. Ltd., Box 3583, G.P.O., Sydney, N.S.W.



498/63



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Ask your store for a Rossella colour leaflet, or write direct to the Sole Australian Agents.

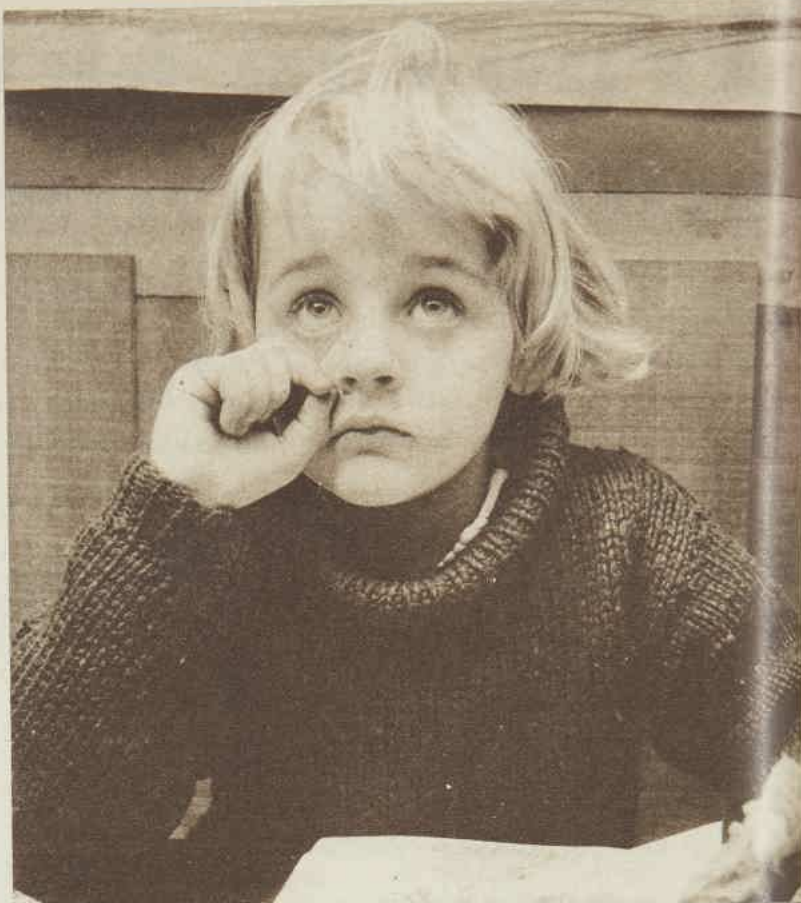


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Home and Family



Helping the unhappy child

● Once upon a time a sad little girl sat curled up in a corner, looking out the window and sucking her thumb. She had no friends to play with and nothing to do. Suddenly a beautiful fairy appeared and blew the sighs and gloom away with a magic wand — a bag of goodies. The beautiful fairy was really a mother.

By TINKA D. ENGEL
(c) Copyright

THIS is a fairy story, but it is in the heart of every mother who can't bear to face her child's gloom without a rush of sympathy and a desire to "magic" the mood away.

Nothing is more natural, but there are times when it may be better to curb the impulse. Children need to be unhappy sometimes in order to grow up properly.

Every mother knows this in her head but not in her heart.

To curb the natural instinct to solace and "make it right" is perhaps the hardest task for a mother. And to realise that it can't always be done, no matter how hard we try, is equally frustrating and painful.

We want our children to be happy, and when they are not we feel we have failed.

But living, even for a toddler, is made up of frustrations and pain as well as pleasure, and we must help our children to live with all the variations.

When little Jimmy bangs his knee, picks himself up and goes on playing—without mama's arms around him—he has learned something about how strong he is.

Self-reliance and developing strength in handling adversity are like money in the bank for a child. A fight with a friend, trouble in school, being in pain—all are realistic learning experiences.

The small miseries weathered and absorbed in early childhood ensure the later fortitude and courage essential to living in a tough world.

Should you comfort your child too quickly you would hamper his growing capacity to handle adversity, just as you

would hamper his physical development if you didn't allow him to walk because of the painful falls while learning.

This, of course, does not mean that you should never comfort or help him. You should rather hold back until you are sure your intervention is needed. Often just your presence is in itself comfort enough.

Little Janey, lying in a sobbing heap on the bed, simply needs to know her mother is in the room, sitting quietly by, more than she needs an enveloping embrace or a sympathetic inquiry.

It may be hard for you, but you can always reach out later if the misery seems too great.

If your child has a fight with a pal and can't seem to make up, you can suggest a new game for them to try together, but you have to remember that it is he who will have to make peace with his friend and play the game—not you.

If he's unhappy at school, you can discuss the reasons with his teacher and try to help remove them. But again, it is he who must live through the unhappy time.

The greatest help you can offer then may be simply to let him know that you accept his sadness as well as his joys, that you are with him even when he is troubled.

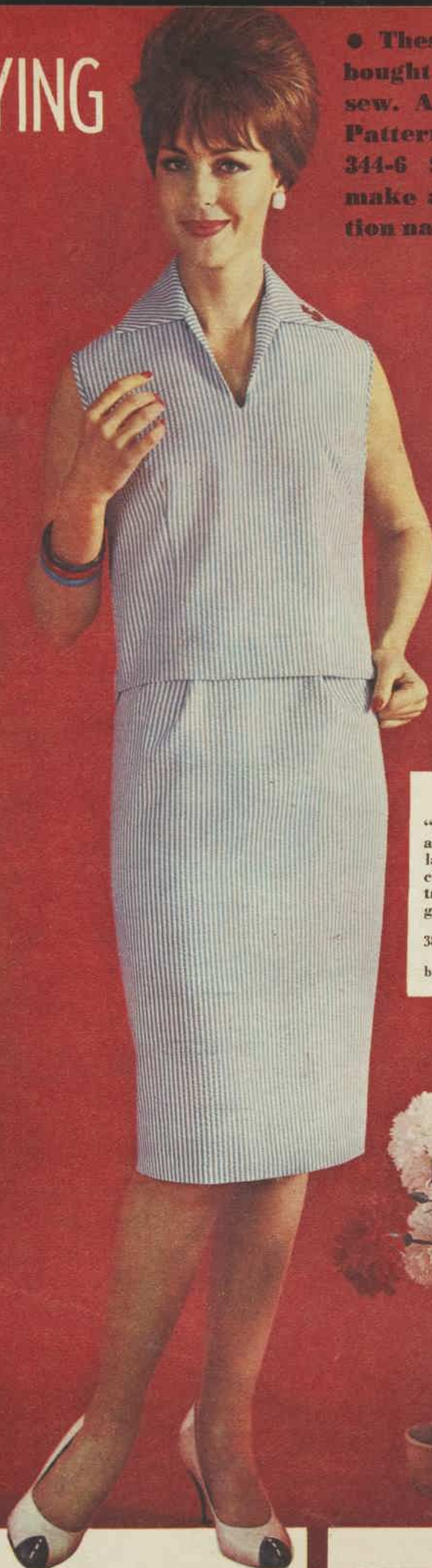
Knowing you are there behind him, he can learn that unhappiness is not so terrible. He can learn from it how to be strong.

SPECIAL BUYING OFFER FOR SUMMER

● These four summer fashions can be bought ready made or cut out ready to sew. Address mail orders to Fashion Patterns Pty. Ltd., Fashion House, 344-6 Sussex Street, Sydney. Please make a second color choice and mention name of garment. No C.O.D. orders.



"VICKI." — Feminine one-piece dress (above). Material is check cotton poplin, colors are pink and white (illustrated), aqua and white, lilac and white, and black and white. Ready to wear: Sizes 32 and 34in. bust, £5/1/6; 36 and 38in. bust, £5/6/-. Postage and registration 6/- extra. Cut out only: Sizes 32 and 34in. bust, £3/11/6; 36 and 38in. bust, £3/15/6. Postage and registration 6/- extra.



"WENDY." — Smart jumper suit (above). The top has an embroidered anchor motif on the collar. The material is striped cotton. The color choice includes pale blue and white (illustrated), red and white, navy and white, and black and white.

Ready to wear: Sizes 32 and 34in. bust, £5/1/6; 36 and 38in. bust, £5/6/-. Postage and registration 6/- extra. Cut out only: Sizes 32 and 34in. bust, £3/11/6; 36 and 38in. bust, £3/15/6. Postage and registration 6/- extra.



"CLAIRE." — Pretty shirt-waist dress (above) has a tucked bodice top, unpressed pleated skirt, and lace trim. The material is cotton poplin. The color choice includes pink with pink lace trim (illustrated), and spruce-blue, powder-blue, post-green, gold, and olive-green, all with a white lace trim. Ready to wear: Sizes 32 and 34in. bust, £5/14/6; 36 and 38in. bust, £5/16/6. Postage and registration 6/- extra. Cut out only: Sizes 32 and 34in. bust, £4/4/6; 36 and 38in. bust, £4/6/6. Postage and registration 6/- extra.



"DEBBIE." One-piece dress (above) has a fitted bodice and graceful skirt fullness. The material is self-patterned faille poplin. The color choice includes white (illustrated), Paris-pink, burnt amber, and aqua. Ready to wear: Sizes 32 and 34in. bust, £5/11/6; 36 and 38in. bust, £5/14/6. Postage and registration 6/- extra. Cut out only: Sizes 32 and 34in. bust, £3/19/11; 36 and 38in. bust, £4/1/6. Postage and registration 6/- extra.

you could win one of 6 Morris 850's

TONGALA WIN-A-MINI CONTEST ENTRY FORM

Post to 'TONGALA', P.O. Box 97, Prahran, Victoria.
CONTEST CLOSING NOVEMBER 15, 1963

Look at the list of 7 popular uses for Tongala Condensed Milk. These uses have been placed from 1 to 7 in order of merit by a panel of expert home economists. Now, using your culinary skill, see if you can place them in the same order as the experts.

- | | |
|---|--|
| <input type="checkbox"/> For COOKING, CAKES, etc. | <input type="checkbox"/> For BABY FEEDING |
| <input type="checkbox"/> For ICE CREAM | <input type="checkbox"/> For MAYONNAISE |
| <input type="checkbox"/> For PARTY DIPS | <input type="checkbox"/> In TEA AND COFFEE |
| <input type="checkbox"/> For FUDGE | |

REMEMBER TO ATTACH A TONGALA MILK LABEL TO EACH ENTRY*
Try Tongala Cream on your favourite sweets — it's ready to serve whenever you want it — delicious poured straight from the can or whipped. Now using your skill with the English language create an advertising slogan for Tongala Cream in not more than 15 words. (Example: Tongala Cream — the cream with the dairy fresh flavour.)

* The number stamped in the bottom of my Tongala Cream can is

PLEASE PRINT
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ADDRESS

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Grocer's Name

* Not required where such conditions contravene State Law.

CONTEST RULES

- No limit to the number of entries that may be sent in — but each must be accompanied by a Tongala Condensed Milk label and have the number from the bottom of a Tongala Cream can filled in on the entry form (except where this contravenes State Law).
- The closing date is November 15, 1963. No entries received after this date will be considered.
- Employees (and their families) of Tongala Milk Products Pty. Ltd. and their Advertising Agents are not eligible.
- Prizewinners will be notified by mail and a list will also be published in Women's Weekly.
- The judges' decision will be final and no correspondence will be entered into.
- The list of uses for Tongala Milk from 1 to 7 as selected by a panel of expert home economists has been deposited with Tongala Milk Products Bank. All entries will be judged. If more than 50 correct entries are received, prizes will be awarded on the basis shown in writing the advertising slogan for Tongala Cream.
- All entries remain the property of Tongala Milk Products Pty. Ltd. and may be used for advertising purposes.

ENTER THE

TONGALA WIN-A-MINI CONTEST

Just think of it! Filling in the coupon on the left could easily mean you'll win your own amazing Morris 850. And this great Tongala Win-a-Mini Contest gives you not just one, but six chances to win your own Mini-Minor. Don't delay — read the rules carefully, then send as many entries as you like — extra entry forms at your grocer's. Closing date is November 15th.



● Sunday night and all the family visiting? Or guests dropping in and staying on unexpectedly for supper? In no time flat you can whip up one of these suppertime snacks or any-time savories to tempt family and guests alike. Recipes are from our Leila Howard Test Kitchen.



CHINESE Sweet and Sour Pork — with oriental flavor and color appeal. Golden-coated pork teams with seafood in this savory supper dish.

ORIENTAL PRAWN-RICE

One pound long-grain rice, water, 1½ lb. green beans, boiling salted water, 3 onions (sliced), 4 stalks celery (cut in 1 in. lengths), 3 tablespoons oil, 1½ tablespoons flour, 1 teaspoon salt, pinch pepper, ¼ teaspoon ground ginger, 2 cups water, 1½ lb. tomatoes (skinned and chopped), 1½ lb. prawns (shelled); lemon slices, finely chopped parsley.

Cover rice with cold water 1 in. above level of rice; cover pan, bring rapidly to boil. Reduce heat and allow rice to simmer 20 minutes. Remove from heat and allow to stand 10 minutes, still covered, to steam.

Slice beans, cook in boiling salted water until tender. Drain, keep hot.

Heat oil in pan, add onion, cook until transparent. Blend in flour and seasonings, add cold water slowly, stirring constantly. Add remaining vegetables, cover, simmer 15 minutes. Add prawns, heat through.

Arrange rice in a border 1½ in. from edge of serving-plate. Arrange drained, hot beans on outside of rice. Pile prawns in centre of dish. Arrange lemon slices in decorative pattern on rice; sprinkle with parsley.

SWEDISH HAMBURGERS WITH CHEESE SAUCE

One pound minced steak, 3 oz. dry bread-crumbs, 1 onion, 1 cooked beetroot, 1 dessertspoon vinegar, 1 egg-yolk, 1 chopped gherkin, 1 teaspoon worcestershire sauce, bread slices, fat for frying, Cheese Sauce (recipe below).

Combine well breadcrumbs, minced steak, and finely chopped onion. Dice beetroot finely, sprinkle with vinegar, let stand 5 minutes; drain, add to meat mixture with egg-yolk, gherkin, and worcestershire sauce. Shape into flat cakes, fry in hot fat until well browned. Serve on bread slices, cut in rounds to fit shape of hamburgers, and fried until crisp and brown. Pour Cheese Sauce over each hamburger.

Cheese Sauce: One dessertspoon butter, 1 dessertspoon flour, ½ pint milk, 2 oz. grated cheese, salt and pepper, 1 teaspoon worcestershire sauce.

Melt butter, add flour, cook 1 minute. Add milk. Stir over low heat until boiling. Add grated cheese and worcestershire sauce, season to taste with salt and pepper.

More recipes on page 54

Savory snacks and suppers

RECIPES for supper dishes and simple savory snacks in this feature give special-occasion results for a minimum of effort.

For those guests who feel no meal, even supper, is complete without a sweet, there's a luscious ice-cream dessert which takes only minutes to make and can be prepared well in advance.

Level spoon measurements and the eight-liquid-ounce cup are used in all recipes, which, unless otherwise stated, are designed to serve 6 to 8 people.

SHERRIED MUSHROOMS ON TOAST

One pound mushrooms, 1 tablespoon butter, extra butter, 3 tablespoons sherry, 2 tablespoons finely chopped shallots, 1 cup beef stock, salt and pepper, hot toast.

Melt butter in pan, add shallots. Cook, stirring, 1 minute. Put peeled, stemmed mushrooms in pan outside down; set a small piece of butter in centre cup of each mushroom. Return to heat, cook 2 or 3 minutes, depending on size of mushrooms. Add stock and sherry, simmer until mushrooms are tender. Add salt and pepper to taste. Serve on hot toast.

CHINESE SWEET AND SOUR PORK

One pound pork fillet, 1 lb. shelled prawns (pieces of crab or lobster can also be added), 1 lemon, ½ cup flour, ½ cup cornflour, salt, pepper, 2 eggs, oil for frying, fried noodles.

Sweet and Sour Sauce: Two dessertspoons cornflour, 2 cups chicken stock, 1 teaspoon soy sauce, 2 tablespoons vinegar, ¼ cup pineapple syrup, ¼ cup pineapple chunks, 1 green pepper, 1 cup celery (cut in 1 in. slices), 1 cup chopped shallots, ¼ teaspoon grated green ginger.

Cut pork into 1 in. cubes, sprinkle pork and seafood with lemon juice. Combine flour and cornflour. Toss pork and prawns in flour mixture, seasoned with salt and pepper. Dip in beaten egg, then again in cornflour. If a thick coating is required, repeat egg and cornflour process. Fry in deep hot oil until golden brown. Drain well.

To make sauce, blend cornflour with stock, put in saucepan with soy sauce, ginger, pineapple syrup, and vinegar; heat, stirring constantly, until thickened. Add pineapple chunks, celery, chopped green pepper, shallots; simmer 3 to 5 minutes. Combine sauce with pork and prawns. Serve on bed of hot fried noodles.

SWEDISH GREEN SALAD

One lettuce, 1 bunch radishes, 2 hard-boiled eggs, 4 tomatoes, 2 tablespoons chopped chives or shallots, thin slices of pork, veal, or other meat.

Dressing: 2 tablespoons oil, 1½ dessertspoons vinegar, ½ teaspoon prepared mustard, ½ teaspoon salt, pinch pepper.

Wash and dry lettuce; break into pieces and put in salad bowl. Wash radishes, cut into paper-thin slices. Skin tomatoes and slice. Chop egg-yolks and egg-whites separately. Arrange tomatoes, chopped egg-yolks, whites, and sliced radishes on top of lettuce, sprinkle with chopped chives or shallots.

Mix ingredients for dressing until well blended, pour over salad.

Just before serving, toss lightly but well to coat salad. Serve with thin slices of cold meat. Serve Pickled Beetroot in a separate bowl.

PICKLED BEETROOT

Twenty small beetroot of even size, 1 quart water, 1 dessertspoon salt, 1 cup vinegar, 3 tablespoons water, 3 tablespoons sugar, few cloves.

Wash beetroot well, cut off leaves, leaving about ½ in. of stem. Place whole in salted boiling water, cook gently 20-40 minutes or until tender (depending on size of beetroot). Drain, cool, peel, cut in thin slices. Put in serving-dish. Combine vinegar with water, sugar, and cloves, pour over. Cover, allow to stand 2 to 3 hours before serving.

SAVORY SEAFOOD SPECIAL

Half pound mushrooms, 3 tablespoons butter, 3 tablespoons flour, ½ cup chicken broth, 1½ cups scalded milk, 3 tablespoons chopped green pepper, 1 tablespoon chopped red pepper, 3 egg-yolks, salt and pepper, 2 cups cooked lobster (or crab or prawns), 3 tablespoons dry sherry, patty-shells, paprika.

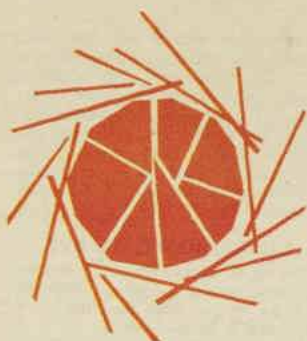
Melt butter over gentle heat, add peeled mushrooms. Cook 4 to 5 minutes, or until tender. Sprinkle flour over, blend in; stir in chicken stock and scalded milk. Put in top half of double boiler, cook, stirring, until sauce thickens. Stir in peppers; add beaten egg-yolks, one at a time, blending well after each addition. Season to taste with salt and pepper. Add lobster and sherry; cook, stirring, until lobster is heated through. Spoon into hot patty-shells, sprinkle with paprika.



SAVORY SEAFOOD SPECIAL — a deliciously rich, creamy sauce holds morsels of lobster, crab, or prawns. The complete recipe is on this page. Serve it from a chafing-dish at the table spooned straight into oven-baked, crisply hot tartlet-shells—and watch guests do an Oliver and ask for more.



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 speed through your cleaning with Reckitts
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 Instant Starch . . . it mixes
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SPRUCE UP THIS SPRING WITH RECKITTS HOUSEHOLD AIDS

Suppers and Snacks

Continued from page 51

LAYERED MAIN-MEAL SANDWICHES

Allow three slices of bread for each serving, butter or substitute, Ham Filling, Devilled Egg Filling (recipes, right), melted butter or substitute, Golden Cheese Sauce (see right), finely chopped parsley.

Butter bread, leaving one slice of bread per sandwich plain and unbuttered. For each sandwich spread one slice with Ham Filling, one with Devilled Egg Filling. Stack slices on baking sheet with plain slice on top. Brush top and sides of each sandwich with melted butter, bake in hot oven 10-15 min-

utes or until lightly toasted. Transfer to individual serving-plates, pour hot Golden Cheese Sauce over each sandwich, sprinkle with parsley.

Ham Filling: Mix together 2 cups finely chopped or minced ham, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup chopped ripe olives, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon prepared mustard, and $\frac{1}{2}$ cup mayonnaise.

Devilled Egg Filling: Combine 4 chopped hard-boiled eggs with $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon prepared mustard, pinch rosemary, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup mayonnaise, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon worcestershire sauce.

Golden Cheese Sauce: In small saucepan combine 2oz. melted butter

or substitute with $\frac{1}{2}$ cup flour and $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon garlic salt. Gradually add $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups milk (or chicken broth), $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon prepared mustard, 1 teaspoon worcestershire sauce. Cook until thick, stirring constantly. Add $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups grated cheese; cook, stirring until cheese just melts. These quantities will fill 4-5 sandwiches.

BACON-CHEESE ON RYE

Six thick slices rye bread, butter, $1\frac{1}{2}$ dessertspoons prepared mustard, 6 slices cheese (cut $\frac{1}{2}$ in. thick), 1 cup beer, 6 bacon rashers.

Spread bread slices with butter,

then with mustard. Lay on baking-sheet, brown lightly in oven. Remove from oven, sprinkle bread slices with beer until all is used. Cover each slice with cheese, top with a bacon rasher. Return to oven (or under griller); cook until cheese has melted and bacon is crisp.

HOT GARLIC PRAWNS

Two cloves garlic, $1\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoons salt, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup olive or salad oil, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup minced or finely chopped parsley, 2lb. large uncooked prawns, oil for frying.

Shell prawns, combine with crushed garlic, salt, oil, and parsley. Marinate several hours. Cook in small amount of hot oil about 2 or 3 minutes each side, turning once. (These are also delicious grilled over a barbecue; allow same cooking time, depending on size of prawns.) Serve

on cocktail picks, or spoon several on to hot, toasted rolls.

ONION SLICE BREAD

One loaf french bread, butter, finely chopped parsley, thin slices onion, white wine, grated cheese.

Cut loaf in even slices almost to bottom crust. Spread cut surfaces with butter into which a generous amount of finely chopped parsley has been mixed. Soak thin onion slices in white wine 1 hour, drain. Insert thin onion slice in every second slit in bread. Sprinkle top of loaf with grated cheese. Wrap in aluminium foil, set on baking-sheet. Bake 15 minutes in hot oven. To serve, cut through slits that have no onion.

Bread rolls, for individual servings, can be prepared in the same way.

TASTY CHEESE LOAF

Eight ounces self-raising flour, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt, pinch pepper, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon dry mustard, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. grated cheddar cheese, 1 egg, 2 tablespoons milk, 2 tablespoons water, 3oz. butter or substitute.

Sift together flour, salt, mustard, and pepper. Cut in butter or substitute until mixture resembles fine breadcrumbs, stir in grated cheese. Stir in beaten egg very lightly, add just enough of mixed milk and water to make soft dough. Turn into a well-greased loaf-tin, bake in moderate oven 45 minutes. Turn out to cake-cooler. Serve hot or cold, buttered, with cheese.

ROCKY ROAD ICE-CREAM

One small brick vanilla ice-cream, 1 dessertspoon instant coffee, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup chocolate pieces, 6 marshmallows, 1 pint whipped cream, Chocolate Rum Sauce (recipe below).

Dissolve instant coffee in few drops hot water. Cool. Soften ice-cream slightly. Blend in coffee and chocolate pieces. Cut marshmallows into four, stir into ice-cream mixture with thickly whipped cream. Refrigerate until firm. Spoon into serving-glasses. Pour Chocolate Rum Sauce over each serving.

Chocolate Rum Sauce: Four ounces dark chocolate, 1 teaspoon butter, 1 teaspoon rum.

Chop chocolate roughly. Place in top of double saucepan with butter and stir over gentle heat until chocolate is melted and smooth. Blend in rum. Serve hot, or allow to cool, stirring occasionally.

PRIZE RECIPE

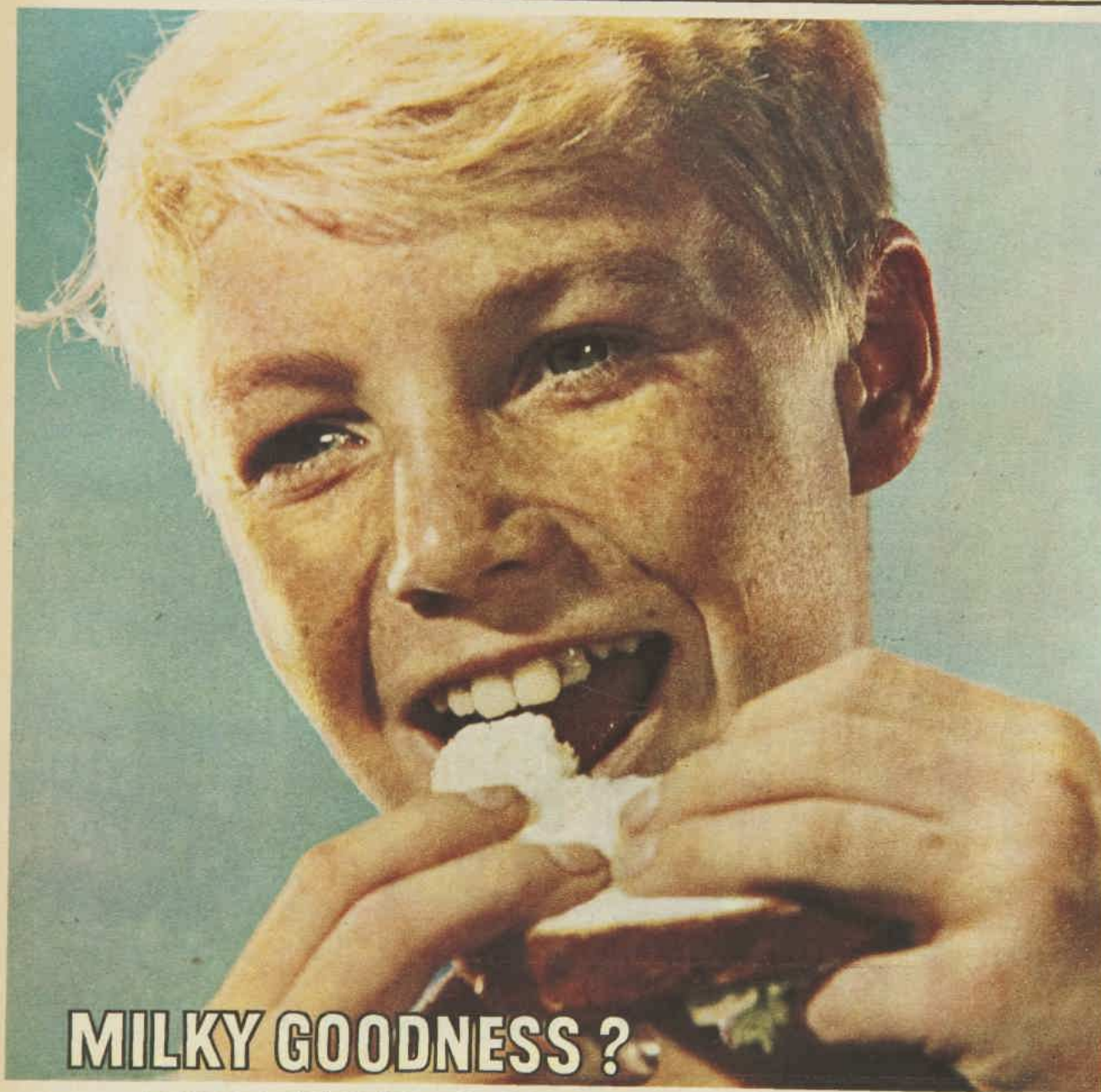
Tasty recipe for meat loaf wins £5

MEAT LOAF POLPETONE

Two pounds minced steak, 6 tablespoons breadcrumbs, 6 tablespoons grated tasty cheese, 1 tablespoon chopped parsley, 2 cloves garlic, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt, pinch pepper and spice, 2 eggs, milk if necessary, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup olive or salad oil, 2 hard-boiled eggs, 6 slices salami, 4oz. tasty cheese slices, 2 large tomatoes, $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups water.

Combine minced steak with breadcrumbs, grated cheese, parsley, 1 clove garlic (crushed), salt, pepper, and spice. Bind with beaten eggs, adding a little milk if necessary. Divide mixture in two, place half on a board smeared with a little of the oil. Press mixture out to an oblong shape about $\frac{1}{2}$ in. thick. Arrange 1 sliced hard-boiled egg, half the salami and half the sliced cheese over meat. Roll up as for swiss roll, pressing edges firmly together. Make a second loaf in the same way. Pour remainder of oil into large baking-dish, add crushed clove garlic and half tomato (chopped). Put the two loaves in dish and arrange tomato slices on top of loaves. Add water and bake in a moderate oven about $1\frac{1}{2}$ to 1 $\frac{3}{4}$ hours.

Prize of £5 to Mrs. P. Stevens, Union Rd., Penrith, N.S.W.



MILKY GOODNESS?

TIP TOP'S GOT IT!

Milk Vienna bread (one of more than 24 varieties baked by Tip Top) is actually milk-enriched for extra goodness and extra flavour... stays fresh, too, for days and days! It's the ideal loaf for all the family, all the time so buy some from your Tip Top Bread shop, or have it home-delivered tomorrow.

Tip Top MILK VIENNA
real honest-to-goodness bread



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TPN68/PPC



● Victorian lustre vases.

Collectors' Corner

● Antique expert Mr. Stanley Lipscombe answers readers' inquiries about a jug and two vases.

I have a jug which is 8in. high and is decorated with roses, tulips, and gold bands on a white base.—Thelma Tite, Adelaide.

This beautiful hand-painted jug (right) is early 19th-century porcelain, made about 1815-20. It is probably from Swansea (Glamorgan, Wales), but similar specimens were also produced at Nantgarw (Glamorgan). The Nantgarw factory was started by the celebrated "itinerant" potter William Billingsley in 1813. Billingsley was at Mr. L. W. Dillwyn's "The Cambrian Pottery," Swansea, from 1814 until 1817.

The porcelain of both factories was frequently decorated with "Billingsley-style" flowers. The beautiful but uneconomical Nantgarw material was white, glassy, and translucent. At Swansea a fine porcelain body was produced first, with a greenish translucency known as "duck's egg"; secondly, there was one with a minutely pitted surface and yellow translucency (c 1817).

The Spode, Derby, and Coalport factories in England produced jugs similar to yours. I would like to inspect your specimens before giving a definite opinion.



● Lovely hand-painted jug.

Could you tell me something about these vases, please? They are 13in. high and are hand-painted with birds and flowers on a bottle-green colored base.—Mrs. R. R. Rowland, Clayton, Vic.

Your pair of lovely Victorian lustre vases (above) in the "Bohemian" style with clear-cut prisms is mid-19th century. The technique is known as cased glass, where two or more layers of glass differing in color are used. When the design is cut through to the body color, it is called overlay.

HOME HINTS

● Each of the household tips below wins a £1/1/- prize.

Save empty cold-cream jars, remove all traces of cream, and use for mixing small quantities of paint.—Mrs. E. Smith, "Clinton," 376 Bowen Terrace, New Farm, Brisbane.

When you store timber you don't intend using for some time, brush the end grain with melted paraffin or rub with candle wax. This will seal the fibres against moisture. Place the boards between U-shaped supports hung from the rafters of your garage or shed.—Mrs. E. L. Richards, 92 Wichmann Rd., Attadale, W.A.

An attractive and inexpensive sun-blind can be made from a fine grass beachmat (about 3/- at chainstores). Sew brass rings along one bound edge and hang on a narrow pole. Cup hooks above window will hold the pole. The blind can be easily removed and stored during the winter.—Mrs. J. Reynolds, 174 Beach Rd., Mordialloc S.12, Vic.

To store herbs: Pick them just before they flower, in the early morning before the sun has been on them, when they are at their most aromatic. Gather the herbs in bunches, wash if necessary and shake dry. Tie the bunches loosely, cover with muslin and hang in an airy place for several weeks. When the leaves are dry and brittle rub them from the stems (which are discarded) and store in jars.—Mrs. M. Lange, 583 Morphet Rd., Seacombe Gardens, S.A.

Make cowboy suits for the children from old chenille bedspreads or dressing-gowns. Cut out the pieces and dye them before sewing. Trim with cushion fringe and some braid and they really look the part.—Mrs. B. Morrison, Bourke St., Bondi Junction, N.S.W.

When pinching out laterals from tomato plants, do not discard them. Plant out each one and you will have a further supply of healthy tomatoes a little later in the year.—Mrs. M. E. Fyfe, 681 Mt. Nelson Rd., Sandy Bay, Hobart.



Hairstyle by Charles Coppo



New Le Gay Hair Spray
highlights hair beauty...
holds so gently...

At last—the hairspray you've always wanted! New Le Gay... the spray that enhances the natural beauty of your hair and holds it to perfection. Notice the enchanting new softness and lustre which Le Gay's special conditioning ingredients give to your hair. New Le Gay is so clear and pure—and that hint of intriguing Le Gay perfume makes Le Gay hairspray a delight to use!



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FROM
YOUR CHEMIST

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fond of the child. But it makes me rather jealous that she's been able to have everything else, and a child as well. I think I might have made a better job of it—I've had enough practice, heaven knows."

"You've had a rotten go, Rowena," Mary said impulsively. "But surely now there's no need for you to go on sacrificing everything to . . ."

"Sacrificing" is too big a word," Rowena said with a quick little frown. "These things happen in families. Something begins it, something happens, and there is always one person who has to take the brunt. The first time it's the person who can best deal with it — and after that, well, a precedent's been set, and the load goes on falling in the same spot. I've been the official brunt-taker since I was five years old," she said and frowned

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again. "But let's not talk of that. I want to hear about the plans that you and Chick have made."

"We really haven't made any yet," Mary said warily. "But I expect we'll marry pretty soon — after all, there's no point in waiting, is there?"

"I do think you're so wise," Rowena said enthusiastically. "What you should do is just press on with your plans, and carry Chick along with you. Oh heavens, what a thing to say!" Rowena said ruefully. "I don't mean that you'll have to rope Charles and drag him to the altar—I just mean that Charles is so used to drifting along and letting someone else make all arrangements for him . . ."

"That can't be true," Mary said, speaking a little more sharply than she had intended. "Charles manages to do very well at his job — how could that be if he can't make a move without somebody else deciding things for him? And besides . . ."

"I'm sorry, yes, of course you're perfectly right," Rowena said generously. "We baby Charles . . ."

"Yes, you do," Mary said, still feeling resentful. " . . . and we forget that outside the family he manages to be quite a capable person in his own right. That's going to be annoying for you, Mary, but you're far too intelligent a person to make such an issue of that that it leads to any

trouble between you and Charles."

There was a little silence, while Mary wondered whether she was being warned, challenged, or legged. Perhaps, she thought, the proper answer is for me to show some fight. "I don't know whether I'm too intelligent for that Rowena, but certainly I am much too belligerent to let anyone from Charles' family or from mine come between us and what we've already decided that we want!"

Rowena laughed with appreciation. "That's the proper attitude," she said. "I only wish Margot was here to hear you say it."

They both turned, hearing a car on the gravel of the drive, and Rowena got to her feet. "That'll be

Frank and Edna coming in," she said. "I'll go out and tell them that there's tea here. You look after them, will you, while I go down to the court and see the kids."

While she waited for Frank and Edna—after a moment or two she could hear Rowena in conversation with them in the front garden—she went across to the bookcase and took down the family Bible which Rowena had pointed out to her when she explained that all the unwanted junk from the rest of the house was collected in this little room.

This was something she had been meaning to do as soon as she should find herself alone in the room for a short time. She was sick of being surprised by Charles' family and having to ask questions which underlined her ignorance. The Bible, she felt, would probably give her the family's dimensions in black and white once and for all.

The entries, in several different inks and two different hands, had been begun only with Charles' generation of the Russels; the first two entries were the names of his parents — Edwin Charles Russel, born 1882, married 1903, Mary Alicia Montgomery, died 1925. And under Mary Alicia Montgomery's name was entered the information that she had been born in 1885 and had died in 1934. Below this were listed the names of their eleven children—the birth entries made in what Mary guessed had been their mother's hand, the marriage and issue information added in Rowena's.

Norman Montgomery Russel b. 1905, d. 1923. Accidentally drowned.

Harriet Genevieve Russel b. 1907, d. 1907. Colic.

Edna Kathleen Russel b. 1908, m. 1933. Dr. Frank Craig (Elizabeth, 1942, Lorna and Lance 1948).

Frances Russel b. 1910, d. 1925. Scarlet Fever.

Rowena Mary Christabel Russel b. 1912.

Edwin James Russel b. 1913.

Margot Felicity Russel b. 1914, m. 1946. William Holt (Henrietta b. 1948).

Henry Frederick Russel b. 1914.

Alicia Joyce Russel b. 1915, d. 1916. Lost at sea.

Laura Hope Russel b. 1919, d. 1919.

Charles Edwin Montgomery Russel b. 1925.

THE hour she spent with Edna and Frank Craig in the little sitting-room as the afternoon waned—Rowena had gone down to the children at the tennis court and had not come back—was the pleasantest she had spent with any of Charles' family. They gave her what she had mistakenly expected from the others, the comfortable feeling of talking with people who were prepared to like her, who wanted to get to know her, and who were in no hurry to make judgments and arrive at settled attitudes.

"We'd got a totally different impression of you from Rowena," Edna said.

Mary laughed, hesitated, and then felt that the moment when she could say, "What impression? Do tell me what she said," had gone by.

"What an uncomfortable way of putting it," Frank said, seeing her perplexity. "Ed means that she'd been led to expect something a great deal shinier and more world-weary."

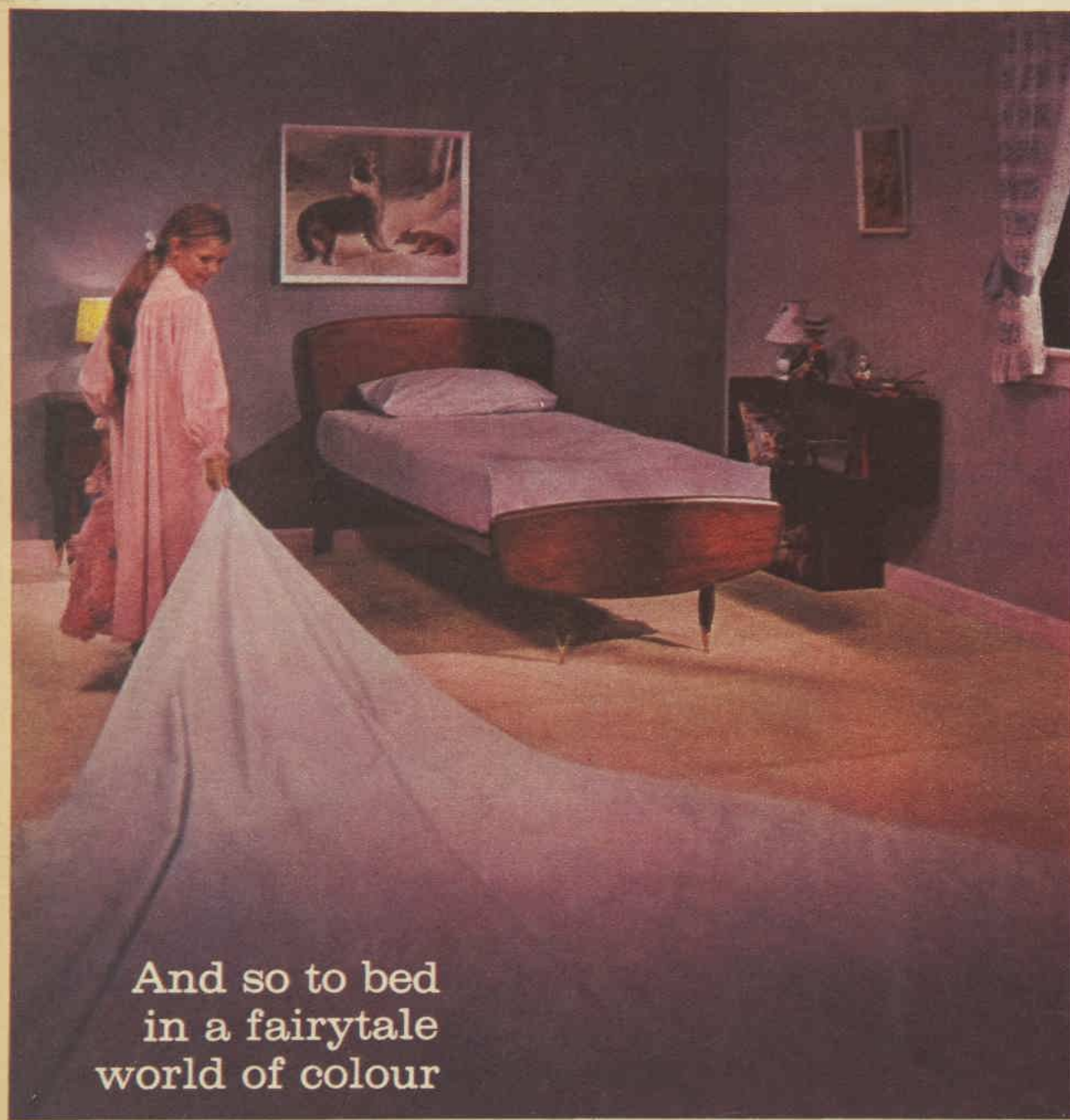
Edna laughed. "Is that supposed to be a more comfortable thing to be told?" she said.

"Mary knows what I mean," Frank said, and she found that in a sense she did. The Russels—the other Russels—seemed to her to have a genius for suggesting that she belonged to a world at once more sophisticated and more trivial than their own. This she found particularly difficult to deal with because of her own persuasion that, emotionally at least, the reverse was very much closer to the truth.

"Rowena is the sort of cross most families have to bear," Frank said.

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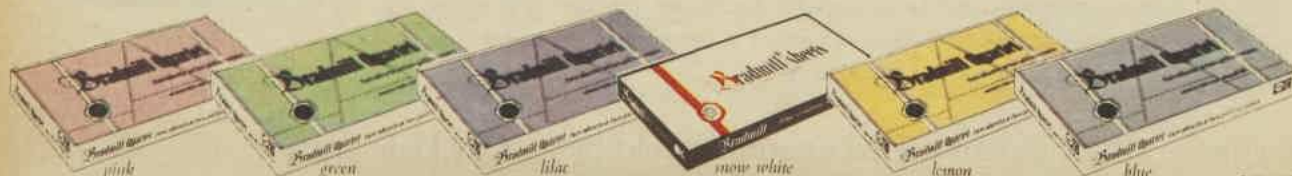
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surprisingly. "Let me give you one piece of advice, the accumulated wisdom of my twenty-nine years of being related by marriage to the Russel family. The only way to get on with them is to keep away from them."

Edna laughed. "Frank trots that out as though it's a great discovery," she said, "but surely it's true of any family, isn't it?"

"Of course it is," Frank said. "Families are for children, not for adults. That's the great Russel tragedy, that they all flock together like a bunch of underdone chickens."

"Not a Russel lover, you may have gathered," Edna said, looking at him with pride.

"You're darn right," Frank said. "They're all a little mad, except Ed, and she's proved her sanity by getting out."

"No really, this isn't at all fair," Edna said. "You ought to leave Mary to make up her own mind about us. We are a difficult family. Frank is perfectly right — families are for children, I mean the close sort of family life where everybody must be concerned with everybody else's doings and probable directions. For some reason, and it's no good blaming Rowena entirely for this," she said, silencing Frank before he could begin to speak, "for some reason Edwin and Ro and Margot and Henry have chosen to perpetuate the nursery situation, with all its pother and peck order. It has its consolations, of course — it makes life fairly comfortable and fairly simple."

"And Charles?" Mary asked.

EDNA shrugged. "Oh, Charles has just been dragged into this by the scruff of his neck. For a long time this whole family managed to give the impression that it was dedicated to nothing but the nurturing of Charles. It wasn't true, even when he was a child — it was dedicated to the preservation of something else altogether. The thing about Charles is that he has managed to live through all this without getting too hopelessly involved. He's nice — I'm very fond of Charles — but that's really in spite of the way he's been brought up."

"How old was he, I've forgotten . . ."

"Nine when Mother died."

"And you were already married?"

"No, I wasn't," Edna said.

"Mother died in March of that year — Frank and I were married the following September." She was silent for a moment, then, "It's very hard for me not to be on the defensive about this — you know, family of young children left motherless. The popular view is that I shirked my responsibilities by getting out."

"The fact was that Rowena couldn't get her out of the house quickly enough," Frank said.

"But why?"

"Oh, that's a long story," Edna said, and Mary could see that she had no intention of telling it.

"Rowena told me that she was in her final year of law when all this happened."

"She was," Edna said. "Everybody wanted her to finish, and it would have been quite possible. She was twenty-two then. Edwin was in fourth year Med, and Margot and Henry were in their second year. So it wasn't a family of young children, except for Charles. Even if I had, at that stage, intended getting married straightaway, there really wasn't any need for Roey to disrupt everything, but no one could convince her of that. We had the house, and there would have been enough money to keep things going and to get a good housekeeper in to look after Charles and keep things running here. And I suppose, if it had come to that, I could have come home and put up my plate here and started a practice."

"Law? Or medicine? Mary wondered, but she wouldn't ask it. There is no end to the things I don't know about this family, she was thinking."

"I was a resident then, at the Children's Hospital," Edna said, answering the unasked question. "But I was on the point of giving that up anyway. No, Rowena didn't have to give up everything. For some reason it suited her to do it, and she made Charles the reason."

Continued from page 56

She'd had the most extraordinary passion for Charles ever since he was born."

"Well, I suppose that's understandable enough," Frank said, and Mary was almost certain that she had caught a glance from Edna which had prevented him from finishing the sentence.

"Yes, Rowena has always absolutely doted on Charles," Edna said. "So I suppose in a way it's understandable if she's a bit opposed . . ."

"Then you admit it," Mary said, delighted that this family opposition should at last be brought into the open.

"I admit nothing," Edna said

THE WILD GRAPES

with an uneasy laugh which suggested she felt that she had gone too far. "All I'm saying is what you must have discovered for yourself already — Roey's a bit difficult, she's always been difficult, she was a rather difficult child and . . ."

"She must have been a completely repulsive child," Frank said. " . . . she had good reason to be."

Edna said, finishing her own sentence, not commenting on Frank's.

"Rowena and I never got on well together, even in our nursery days, and we don't get on well together now. But I'm sorry for her — she hasn't had an easy time of it."

"She's had exactly what she bought," Frank said. "Of all the

people I've known, Rowena is the only one who gets absolutely and entirely her own way."

"Rot," Edna said easily. "Nobody does that."

"The odd thing is that it isn't Rowena's attitude that worries me," Mary said. She was enjoying this talk, with its absence of tension and of pin-pricking. "It's Margot. Margot's the one who makes me feel that any moment the Russel family will close over my head and I'll sink from sight without leaving even a ripple."

Edna laughed. "You must be wrong, you know," she said. "Margot is a honey — quite the nicest of the family, and quite the brainiest."

"Oh?" Mary said in surprise, and then colored slightly. She'd been remembering Rowena's assessment of her, which she had accepted without question. "This is awful of me," she said, "but I have to keep pumping people because I find you such a complicated family to swallow at one bite."

"The moral is, don't swallow," Frank said. "I told you, most of them are more than a little crazy. Edna's in no position to advise you, but I am. They're not a family given to loving their in-laws. No Russel can really believe that anyone outside the family ever really measures up."

Mary laughed. "Well, I've been warned," she said. "The small boy playing tennis with your children

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with me that you're an exceptionally
revoluted family."

"He's got something there," Frank
said. "Edwin's all right, he's fos-
sioned, so he finds it easier to let
Rowena do his thinking for him.
He's underrated in the family, be-
cause he practises medicine instead
of law. I doubt if they even know
how good he is in his profession.
He's more than good—he's way out
in front. His patients don't like him
much—he has no bedside manner,
of course. No patient is any more to
him than a nose, a throat, and two
ears."

"He was devoted to both our
parents," Edna said. "I think he felt
their deaths more than any of us
—especially Father's."

"Tell me about your parents,"
Mary said. "I haven't heard any-
thing about them—Charles doesn't
really remember them very well."
"He wouldn't remember Father
at all," Edna said, "because I think
he was only a few months old when
Father died. He was rather a quiet
little man. I get the feeling, looking
back, that the family swamped him.
He couldn't have been as quiet as he
seemed because he was very suc-
cessful and had the reputation of
being quite deadly in court."

EDNA thought for a
moment, and then went on, "I
don't remember that he ever really
took much notice of his family.
The garden was his thing, and he
had glasshouses and summerhouses
everywhere. Some of them Rowena
had taken down during the war—I
don't remember why. Whenever
he was at home he simply potted
in the garden from dawn till dark,
with Rowena shadowing him. She
was his favorite, and she was hor-
ribly jealous of anyone she thought
might cut her out. You must take
everything I say about Rowena with
a grain of salt," Edna said with
humor. "After all I was the eldest
—the one she thought might be
trying to cut her out with both our
parents. You mustn't regard me as
an unbiased witness"



"I'll remember that," Mary said
with a smile, thinking that Edna had
been cut out to such purpose that
it was only today that she had dis-
covered her existence. But the pro-
cess, she supposed, might well have
been a painful and scarring one that
made her evidence not altogether
reliable.

"What about your mother?"
Mary asked. "What was she like?"
"She was marvellous," Edna said.
"Yes, I'll go along with that,"
Frank said. "She was quite a per-
son."

"She was like Rowena to look at,"
Edna said. "She had the same sort
of elegance, the same dark hair and
rather dramatic blue eyes. But
temperamentally they weren't at all
alike, would you say, Frank?"
"Not at all," he said.

"She was one of those basically
easy-going people. She never seemed
to want to make anyone do any-
thing or be anything or think any-
thing they didn't want to. The
house had a centre while Mother
was alive. Then it just fell apart.
I suppose that's natural enough,
what else could you expect? She
was a very good mother—I can't
imagine why we've all turned out
so uncomfortably. She was fond of
all of us, and quite impartial. No-

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body could have been fairer in her
dealings with her children, and it's
only since I've had children of my
own that I realise just how difficult
that is."

"That's interesting," Mary said.
"I don't know why, but I'd some-
how got the impression that she
had a favorite."

There was a short silence. "You
mean Rowena?" Edna said.

"I did mean her," Mary said, real-
ising that she had been tactless.
The jealousies and resentments of
one's childhood are not necessarily
dissipated by middle age, and al-
ready Edna had told her that she'd
been ousted by Rowena from the
elder daughter's traditional position
with her father.

"That was not favoritism," Edna
said slowly. "That was something
else. Certainly Mother tried to shield
Rowena more."

"But why?" Mary said with in-
terest. "Did she need more protec-
tion than the rest of you?"

Edna frowned, hesitated, and then
said very lightly, "Most families are
riddled with skeletons when you get
to know them. Why don't you ask
Charles about it? I'm sure he
knows."

Going down the hill in the dusk
toward the first lights of the city,
she felt the irritation drain out of
her and the familiar excitement be-
gin at being alone with Charles.
"I get so rattled by being left with

your damned family that I quite
forget I'm still in love with you,"
she said. "Whoever thought it was
a bright idea for me to spend this
ten days getting to know them?"

"You did," he said, turning to
smile at her.

"For Pete's sake, don't let me
get any more ideas." There had been
a certain strain about their coming
out—a small strain, certainly, and
one perhaps so familiar to Charles,
she supposed, that it almost failed
to register with him at all and cer-
tainly left him with no sense of
guilt. Charles had come home late
from the races, and had then told
Rowena that he and Mary would
be out both for dinner and the rest
of the evening.

Rowena had been more patient
about it than put out, but she had
taken the trouble, after Charles had
gone to change, to point out to Mary
that the sort of seats from which
Charles was prepared to watch a
play could not be picked up at the
very last moment.

The implication was that Charles
had had the seats in plenty of
time to let his family know what
his movements would be, and that
only Mary's presence and Mary's
influence had led him into forget-
ting to consider others. The unfair-
ness of this, she was inclined to
feel, was that in their off-guard
moments all the members of his
family took care to tell her that he
had always been careless, selfish,
and inconsiderate, and told her in
such a way that they made these

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traits of his sound like positive virtues.

"Darling, you're still making too much of all this," he said, dropping his hand from the wheel of the car to take hers. "There's no law that says you have to like my family. There's not even a law that says you have to pretend to like them."

"I get so furious at the way they treat you."

"What way?" he said, surprised.

"I don't know really — as though you're an idiot, not entirely responsible."

Charles laughed. "Leave them alone," he said. "I've always found that rather a useful attitude."

"I know you do," she said. "That's what makes me so cross. You bask in it. In my many marriages," she said, adopting the

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lightest tone she could manage in an effort to make a point which, for her, had the greatest weight. "I've found that such an attitude has the most deleterious effect on wives. Wives, especially new ones, are supposed to be the ones who turn handspikes trying to be doormats."

"It sounds so strenuous." "But fun," she said. "When the landscape's littered with other highly trained and experienced doormats, what's left for the poor sorrowing wife to be?"

"One of those metal things — footscrapers?"

Mary laughed. "I'd dearly love to know why you've waited till you're thirty-six before thinking

seriously about getting married . . . but I don't want you to tell me," she said hastily, as he began to speak.

Later, after they'd dined and watched a play that had made a comfortable background for their pleasure in being together, they went home, at Charles' suggestion.

There were lights from the wing of the house where Margot and Henry had their rooms, and lights streaming out over the garden from Edwin's room upstairs, but the lower part of the house was in darkness except for a lamp burning in the hall, and no one disturbed them while they made coffee and drank it comfortably in the kitchen.

THE WILD GRAPES

But later, when Mary had argued against their going to her room because it was close to Rowena's, and when they had gone upstairs and shut the door of Charles' room behind them, there was a sudden tap, unheralded by any footsteps, and they heard Rowena's voice. "It's Ro," she said. "Would you like something, Chook. some coffee or perhaps a cup of tea?"

"No thanks, Roey dear," Charles called. "We've had something. Sorry if we woke you, banging round in the kitchen."

"You didn't wake me," Rowena said. "Look, I want to talk to you, can I come in for a minute?"

"Not now. For heaven's sake go

away and stop being a nuisance," Charles said, his tone taking most of the sting out of the words.

There was a moment's silence, and then Rowena said, "Sorry darling, of course I thought you were alone," and they heard her move off toward the head of the stairs. This time they could hear her footsteps on the parquet of the landing.

"Pulse one hundred, temperature practically zero," Mary said with a grimace. "I wish we'd stayed out." "Don't give it a thought," Charles said, moving to take her into his arms.

"No, wait," she said. "I'll bet we haven't finished with the interruptions yet. Edwin will be along in a minute, just to borrow a match, or Margot, to see whether you've remembered to clean your teeth."

Suddenly it seemed better to her to burst out with what was bothering her, better and wiser than to let it lie behind all their conversations and eat into the contentment of the time they spent together. "Charles, I have the feeling that there's something very odd going on around me. They're watching me — all of them, Rowena, Margot, Henry, and Edwin, especially Edwin — as though they think I'm not to be trusted, as though I might suddenly break out in whoops or spots or something."

"Why on earth Edwin?" Charles said. "No, truly darling, you're imagining this. I've never seen Edwin take anything but a very momentary interest in anyone, except Rowena — he's quite devoted to her in his fishlike way. No, Edwin ought to be the least of your worries."

"Then you admit I have got reason to worry," she said quickly.

CHARLES laughed. "I admit nothing," he said, "except that I'm damned if I'd have let you come here, if I'd known it was going to rattle you like this." "So you think I'm imagining the whole thing," she said. "Making it up?"

"No, of course I don't." "You do," she said, "and you're terribly patient and forbearing with me, which is sweet of you. In fact, damn it, I think you're humoring me. But there is something odd in your family's attitude to me, even if you can't see it. And what does Rowena have to be protected from? Edna sort of hinted at it this afternoon, and then sheered off it and said I should ask you."

"Oh, that," Charles said, lighting a cigarette for each of them. "The family make such a mountain out of that that I suppose I should have told you about it before. It never seems very important to me. It's a rather horrible little story. Back in the dim ages, when Rowena was about four or five, she killed a baby."

"What!" Mary said, horrified. "Oh, it wasn't a deliberate act of murder, like hitting it on the head with a hammer," Charles said. "I think World War I was still on at the time it happened. The family had been in England — Father had some sort of legal job with the Army — and they were coming back by ship."

"Who?" Mary asked. "Well, both of them — I think Father was there, though I'm not sure of that — and Edna and Rowena and Edwin and Frances, I suppose, and Margot and Henry."

"And what about the eldest one — Norman?" "He might have been there, I suppose, or he might have stayed behind here at school when they went to England. I don't know. I'm not too strong on early family history."

"Anyway, there was this baby — a girl, only a few months old. I think she'd been born in 1915 and it was some time in 1916 when they sailed for home."

"Ships weren't so comfortable then, and they'd all been off color coming through the tropics, the baby especially, and it cried a lot. According to Edna — it was Edna who told me about it — Mother used to say, as mothers will, 'Oh, do be quiet, or I'll put you out the

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porthole. Well one night when the older ones were all at dinner in the saloon, Roey did."

"She put the baby out through the porthole?"

"Yes. Nobody knew about it for an hour or more."

"That's the most dreadful thing I've ever heard of any child doing," Mary said.

"Now for heaven's sake don't start exaggerating," Charles said protestingly. "Rowena was five, she was little more than a baby when she did it."

"The world is full of five-year-olds whose contentment has been dented a little by the birth of younger brothers and sisters," Mary said. "They don't all push them through portholes into hundreds of fathoms of water. No, this is too awful! It puts Rowena in an entirely new light. What a dreadful thing for her to have to live with."

"Yes," Charles said quietly. "But I still have the feeling that the family's made too much of it — there's been too much of the poor Rowena attitude . . ."

"But I haven't seen any of that," Mary said, bewildered. "Rowena seems to me the strong one — the one who's given up everything to carry the whole burden of this family."

NODDING, Charles said, "Oh sure. But somehow the rest of them have managed to give the impression that, by letting Roey sacrifice everything for them, they're letting her make up for what she did. Maybe that's not so, but somehow they manage to give me the impression that because of this thing that happened so long ago they've got Rowena tied to them hand and foot."

"That's why you don't particularly like any of them."

"That's putting it a bit strongly."

"That's the impression I've got since I've been staying in the house."

"I've got no particular time for Margot or for Henry. Edwin's all right."

"And Edna?"

"No, actually Edna I rather do dislike," Charles said. "I've never been able to forgive her for the way she just walked out of the house and left Roey to pick up all the pieces when Mother died."

"I wonder if she did," Mary said tentatively. "She was talking about that time yesterday. I got the impression that she probably would have been willing enough to do the job, or at least her share of it, only Rowena wanted her out of the way so she could take over."

"Of course she'd put it like that, to square her conscience," Charles said. "Anyway, it would have been a raw lookout for me if Edna had taken over the family's affairs."

"Not necessarily," Mary said in fairness.

"Oh yes it would," Charles said. "Look, I don't care if you hate the rest of my family so much that you never want to see them. But if you can I would like you to

Continued from page 60

make some reasonable show of getting on with Roey . . ."

"But I do," Mary said. "Rowena's been very nice to me, and I much prefer her to the others in this house."

"Fine," Charles said. "That's all that's needed. I could never entirely walk right out on Rowena, for the simple reason that she's devoted an uncomfortable amount of her time and care and attention to me."

"Uncomfortable for me, I mean. But it can't be helped. Apparently Rowena latched on to me from the moment I was born . . ."

"When was what?" Mary asked.

"Thirteen," Charles said. "I was

a horrible little boy, and I used to resent her devotion bitterly, but at the same time I played it up for all it was worth. It's only since I've grown a whole lot older that I've seen what she was up to. At least, I think it was what she was up to all the time—she was making up, through me, for what she'd done."

"Later, I suppose she was making up to herself, through me, for not having married and had children of her own. I don't suppose that's been very satisfactory for her. I don't suppose women can really take short cuts like that—there can't be any secondhand maternities."

"What a lot you really do know about women, after all," she said.

"Just try me," he said lightly. "I know everything."

"All I can say is," she said, trying to match his mood, "that you're a fearful liar, or else you base your theories on remarkably limited field work."

"And that reminds me," he said, drawing her closer to him. Then he noticed that she was shivering slightly, and bent to look into her face. "What is it?" he said. "What's the matter?"

"I can't help seeing the sea," she said. "The one that must have been rolling and swelling in Rowena's mind ever since she was old enough to feel remorse."

"Forget it, darling," he said. "Don't make a thing of it. It

happened a million years ago, before we were born."

And in the end she did forget it — except that the thought of it came back to her again as she ran the gauntlet of closed doors and went down the front stairway from darkness into the soft grey dawn light from the ground-floor windows on the way to her room.

She woke again at half past eight, went quickly through the house to the shower, then dressed and went out on to the side verandah, where she found Margot and Rowena, still in dressing-gowns, at a leisurely Sunday morning breakfast.

"You put us to shame, and after your late night, too," Rowena said, making room for her at the little table that carried fruit and coffee and the cold remains of some toast.

To page 62



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She rejected Rowena's offer of eggs, and Margot's suggestion that she should go to the kitchen and make herself more toast, poured herself coffee, chose a handful of ripe apricots from the bowl, and started to eat them, staring contentedly out into the sun-bright garden.

"It's going to be a wonderful day—not really hot," Rowena said. "What are you going to do?"

"Swim, I think," Mary said. "Charles said something about it. That's if it doesn't interfere with any of your plans, Rowena."

Rowena laughed. "But of course it doesn't," she said. "I don't have the sort of plans that are upset by people doing what they want to do."

"Perhaps you'd like to come with us?"

"Perhaps," Rowena said care-

Continued from page 61

lessly. "We'll see what Chippy wants when he gets up."

"You'll have quite a wait," Margot said. "If they follow form, none of them will appear before eleven."

How much pity changes one's attitude to people, Mary was thinking, watching Rowena covertly from time to time. Rowena had been the one she liked best—the one she still liked best—of Charles' family.

But quite unconsciously she'd been, like the others, prepared to see Rowena as the family's strong centre, the safe one, the grown-up one, the firm rock, the sane dependable core.

Now, after the hideous story Charles had told her, pity forced her to begin seeing Rowena quite

differently; she had lost her superior position in the family, gained humanity, become a person instead of a family symbol. Why don't the others see that? she wondered. Perhaps Charles is right, perhaps they've simply needed a symbol, and they've coldheartedly used this wretched business of the baby to turn Rowena into what they need.

"Your face, my friend, is as a book where men may read strange matters," Rowena said, misquoting.

"Oh!" Mary said, surprised, and smiled guiltily. "I was just thinking—I've got this one rather awkward thing to do before we go swimming, if we're going. I've got to ring Mrs. Fraser."

"Mrs. Fraser?" Rowena said.

THE WILD GRAPES

"Yes. I promised her, by letter, that I'd go to see her. It's not going to be much fun, but I think I ought to do it before I go home."

"Put me in the picture," Rowena said. "Who is this not-much-fun Mrs. Fraser?"

Mary colored, and cursed herself for doing it. "One of my many mothers-in-law," she said, discomfort making her unable to avoid the awkward, unnecessarily joking tone. She noticed Margot's cruel little smile. Any time I make any sort of fool of myself Margot chalks it up, she thought.

"But I'm lost," Rowena said in a surprised tone of voice. "How did Clive Page present you with so many

mothers-in-law—did he have step-mothers and things?"

"Rowena," Margot said heavily, as though warning a small child who had already gone too far.

"Mrs. Fraser was my first husband's mother," Mary said, her fury at being forced to say it making her tone unnaturally portentous.

"Your first . . . but . . . why didn't Charles . . . I'm sorry, Mary darling, I truly am sorry . . . what you must think of me for . . . but why doesn't anyone tell me these things?" she said, looking distractedly across the table at Margot.

"It isn't possible you didn't know," Mary said levelly.

"Of course it isn't. Come off it, Rowena," Margot said.

"I had no idea that Mary had been married before—before the last time, I mean," Rowena said.

"It isn't possible that you didn't know," Mary said again. "It just isn't possible, Rowena, because there have been so many references to it—in fact, nobody has been able to resist dragging it up a dozen times a day, ever since I arrived," she said, and quite half the bitterness of her tone was against herself.

W

HY am I making so much of this? she asked herself. Why does it matter whether she knew or not? Why do I have to be so defensive about the fact that I've been twice married before?

"I've been married twice. Everybody else knew that, and took care to remind each other of it continually. You say you didn't know—well, now you do."

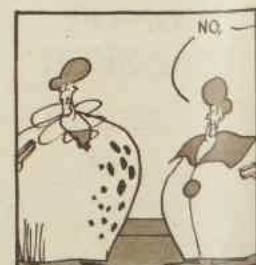
"But darling, I can't see how it matters so much. Truly I'm sorry if you thought I was tactless, but I simply didn't know. But you don't, for heaven's sake, think I'm being critical about it? Oh, you poor lamb, it must be awful to have been unhappily married, but unbelievably awful to have been unhappily married twice."

"But I wasn't. My marriage to Ian Fraser was so happy it was just a . . . a revelation." She had chosen the unnatural high-toned expression purposely, meaning to use it as a means of slapping at Rowena Ruzel.

But, empty as it was, the sentence boomeranged, knocking her completely off balance. Suddenly, without will or warning, the bright

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IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY By RUD



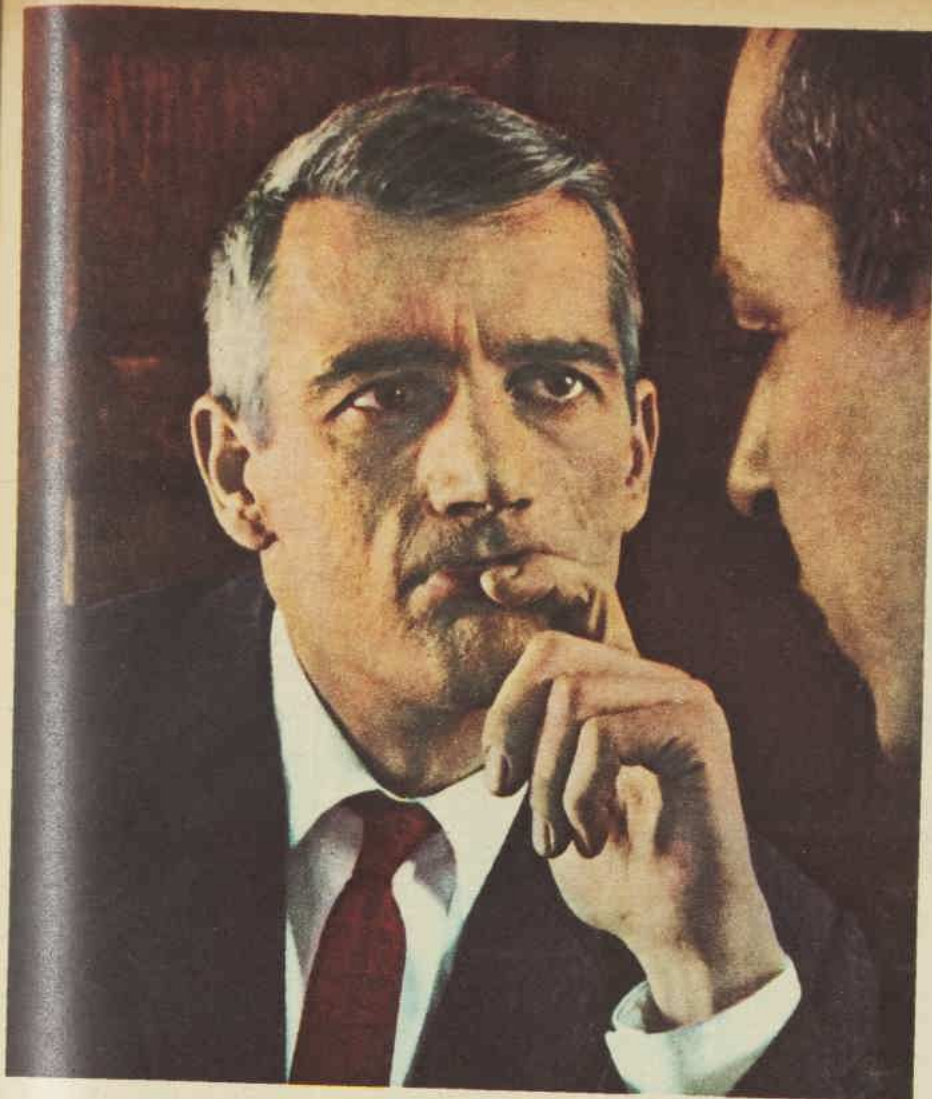
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garden faded and she was back in a house sunk in the water-color twilight where they had lived; she could see Ian solidly, in the way she had never been able to make her memory show him to her, and she was torn and nailed once again by the knowledge that he was dead.

"Excuse me," she said, getting up hastily, brushing against knives and the handles of cups in her hurry to get out past the table so that she could walk off into the garden. What is Rowena doing to me? she thought. I haven't wept for Ian for many years, but any moment now if I can't get away . . . As she went she heard Rowena say something in a quiet voice behind her, and then Margot's loud, clear response, "How very fortunate that Chuck wasn't here."

Dressing for her visit to Mrs.

Continued from page 62

Fraser the next day—how does one dress for a first visit to your mother-in-law before last? she wondered, choosing and rejecting time after time—she was no longer angry over the little scene with Rowena. Rowena must have known, but whatever her motive she had done Mary a good turn in the end. She had made an opportunity to tell Charles all about it—not only of the breakfast-table conversation but of her own wildly emotional response to it—knowing that if she didn't Margot or Rowena very soon would.

This, she had already learnt, was one of the worst aspects of being en famille with the Russels—a detailed and perfectly accurate

account of what you said to A would be known by B within a very short time. It was this, perhaps more than anything else, which underlined her feeling that the Russels were a team solidly opposed to outside influences.

Charles had awakened, as Margot had predicted, at eleven o'clock, and had irritated her from that moment until they finally left the house after lunch by his air of not particularly caring whether they went or not, and by letting Rowena and Margot and Henrietta make and break and remake his plans for him.

But on the beach, before they went into the water, when she had

burst out with the story of Rowena's real or pretended ignorance of her first marriage, and with an account of her own embarrassingly emotional behaviour, he had turned to her with sympathy, not touching her, and had said the things that she had wanted him to feel.

"Mary, you don't have to tread so carefully about this. I'm not jealous about what you felt for Ian Fraser. If I'd been around first maybe you would have felt it for me. I don't know. But if you had you wouldn't have felt for me the way you do now. Right? You had a short marriage and a gay one. Do you mind me putting it like that? It was all over a very long

time ago," he said when she didn't answer. "You've got me, so I'm talking about this just as carefully as you do. The point is, as far as I'm concerned, that I'd be a fool to be jealous of someone who's been dead for thirteen years."

This had made her laugh because of its "I'm all right, Jack" air. But what could be more realistic or more reassuring, she thought. It was this enormous confidence in Charles, this lack of doubt about his own deserts, that made him seem so secure, so adult, and so free of every sort of vapor when they had known each other in London.

But Charles at home, in the bosom of his family, had begun to seem to her a different person altogether.

Now she was not so sure about this. I curse his family for their attitude to him, she thought, but it's just this attitude, and his safe position at the tail end of a large, adoring family, that makes him confident and reasonable.

And so they had swum and sunbaked and forgotten Ian and Rowena, and had come home late and rather burnt and so tired by the sun and the water and their lack of sleep on the previous night that Mary had gone straight to bed and slept without bothering about the next day's awkward interview. And now, dressing for it, she felt that some of Charles' confidence had rubbed off on her.

I WON'T think about it until I get there, she thought. I expect it's going to be just as hard for her as it is for me. But no, I'm going to stop feeling other people's feelings for them. I shall march in there as bold as brass, pay my duty call, announce that I am going to marry again, and march boldly but somehow I'll wipe him out—I'll finish with Ian by doing this awkward thing.

Her visit to Mrs. Fraser turned out rather differently. She had expected a dumpy, homey, grey-haired, grieving mother, sorrowing about the past, stories of Ian as a little child, perhaps a picture of him in his uniform. She had found instead a woman in her middle fifties with a quick manner and a brittle-looking elegance which made nonsense of her expectations. Why will I never learn about the different generations? she thought. Why do "mothers," to me, have to be a million years old and beyond all fashion, passion, and doubt?

They were at cross purposes almost from the start. "You're amazingly like Ian was," Mary said, careful with her tenses.

"Yes, people always said so," Mrs. Fraser said. "It was embarrassing, really, just how often we were taken for brother and sister."

"Really?" Mary said, baffled to find a suitable reply to this absurdity. The truth was that Ian had talked to her as little of his family as she had talked of hers, so that now she had no lead into the mood that she herself thought the proper one for so awkward a meeting.

"I used to want to see the others—to get to know Ian's brother and his sisters," Mary said. "Now I don't think I want to—there isn't any point in it."

"Not really," Mrs. Fraser said, and led the talk away from Ian and into the ramifications of his family—her son and daughter-in-law, her daughters and their husbands, their homes, their jobs, their hobbies, and their children.

"It's hard for me to imagine you as a grandmother," Mary said, trying to bring the conversation back where it belonged.

"But I assure you I'm a perfectly satisfactory grandmother," Mrs. Fraser said, and Mary was aware of a measure of reproach. She was not to be allowed, she saw, to think that Mrs. Fraser's life was in any way incomplete because she had not provided her with grandchildren.

"If Ian and I had had a child . . ." she began, but Mrs. Fraser interrupted her, urging her across the room to admire the view from the window across parks and trees

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toward the river and the city: she talked quickly all the time, explaining the conveniences of a flat now that her children were no longer with her, listing her charities and her societies, talking of Mary's homecoming and of her own recent trip abroad (she had been in London, Mary discovered, without bothering to see her), and of those things that had changed and those that had not changed in the years while Mary had been away from home.

She is totally unlike Ian, Mary thought, resenting the way the interview was being engineered into something quite different from the one she had planned.

"Ian used to say . . ." she began again but this time Mrs. Fraser had slipped away from her to fetch the coffee percolator from the kitchen.

"I have some of Ian's things here," she said, opening her handbag as Mrs. Fraser came back into the room. "There's his watch and his fountain pen, his R.A.F. badges, some photographs and his studs—just a few small things I thought you might like to have."

MRS. FRASER turned the things over with a slightly distracted air until she came to the studs. "I suppose Neil might like them," she said, naming her elder son. "I don't know about the other things . . ."

"You don't want them?"

"I expect the boys would like them—Ian's nephews," Mrs. Fraser said, laying them aside. "Stephen in particular is very interested in his uncle—always wanting to know all about his training and what sort of planes he flew and how he died."

"You know that it was a power dive, and the plane broke up?" Mary asked, deciding to construe Mrs. Fraser's last remark as a request for information.

"Of course, of course," Mrs. Fraser said. "I had letters—one from his commanding officer, and of course yours, too, my dear."

FROM THE BIBLE

● "I will not leave you comfortless."

—John 14:18.

God knew the need of His followers, and promised that He would send His spirit to comfort them.

"It was such an ordinary day—so ordinary in every way," Mary said, determined that it should be remembered now. "We'd had our breakfast in the ordinary way, and I was tidying things up, still in my dressing-gown, when they came to tell me that Ian and the plane had been smashed to pieces in a great hole in the ground. I'm sorry," she said, looking up after a moment or two. "It was cruel of me to say it in that way."

"Perhaps it's best not to talk about it at all," Mrs. Fraser said. "It's thirteen years. Grief doesn't last so long."

"Hasn't yours?"

"Not in the way you are meaning now. Life has to go on, the gaps have to be closed," Mrs. Fraser said sententially.

Of course she's right, Mary thought, not liking her for it. Ian's certainly dead here. At least she's being honest about it. What good is this doing anyone, what's the point of it all? I suppose I'm trying to make a sort of lemony pleasure out of this. At least she's honest enough to let the dead bury themselves. And, after all, how can I remember now what truth there was in any of the things I thought I felt when I was twenty? Why can't I be content with being Charles' mistress, without trying to present myself as Ian's widow, too?

"I can't really remember Ian now," she said, speaking half her thought.

"It would be surprising if you could, after all this time," Mrs. Fraser said sensibly.

Continued from page 64

"I'm going to get married again, very soon."

"But that's wonderful news," Mrs. Fraser said, showing a warmth none of Mary's other words had drawn from her. "My dear, I'm terribly glad. You're much too young to go on being alone. I do hope, this time, you'll be truly happy."

"Ian and I were truly happy," Mary said, feeling that it was necessary. "I wonder whether that can happen twice."

"I know you were—I could tell from Ian's letters," Mrs. Fraser said.

"I want to have children," Mary said, as though that made an acceptable explanation.

THE WILD GRAPES

"Of course," Mrs. Fraser said. "But you're not marrying for that reason, are you?"

"How can you tell me a thing like that? I know it's a large part of it, and I can't see that it makes much sense in times like these."

"Oh, times are not nearly as bad as the newspapers try to make us think," Mrs. Fraser said, not paying it much attention. "You haven't told me who it is you are going to marry."

"Charles Russel," Mary said, and then they talked for a time of the Russel family, some of whom Mrs. Fraser knew.

"I can't tell you how I dreaded coming here today," Mary said with a smile, when at last it

seemed possible for her to leave.

"I didn't really look forward to it either, but I'm glad we did it," Mrs. Fraser said. "I mean . . . how people would have talked, if we'd been living in the same city without knowing each other!"

When she left she walked down through the parks, over the river, and up through the city streets that she had not walked, alone, since she was little more than a schoolgirl. She had an insane feeling that she kept seeing faces she knew, that if she went into a milk-bar or a bookshop she'd be served by somebody who had served her all those years ago. This is a small provincial city with too many tickets on itself and a rotten

climate, she told herself; but the warmth and the trees and the clear hard summer light and the relief of having buried Mrs. Fraser went to her head so that she arrived back at the Russels' house at peace with the whole world.

"Well, poor old you, how wonderful that that's over," Rowena said as she went in. "Now surely you're not going to feel that you have to go and visit Mother-in-Law Page."

Battle, she was to feel, looking back on it, had been joined at breakfast the next morning. She and Rowena had been later than the others, who all had some sort of schedule to meet on weekday mornings, and when they went in to take their places at the table Charles had tossed her his copy

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of the morning paper, indicating a notice in the small ads columns. "What was your idea?" he said, as she bent to read it. The advertisement he was pointing to read: An engagement has been announced between Mr. Charles Edwin Montgomery Russel, youngest son of the late Mr. and Mrs. Edwin Charles Russel, of Glen Osmond, and Mrs. Mary Page (formerly Mrs. Ian Fraser), younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Raymond Brandshaw, of Finfinarra, via Yunta, South Australia.

"Finfinarra has one r," she said coldly, unable to think of any other comment she could make without displaying her fury that the announcement should have been made at all, and that it should have been made in such a form. And yet Charles had passed it to her, say-

Continued from page 65

ing, "What was your idea?" Then who...?

Rowena had leaned across to read Henry's paper, displaying the same page. "Darling, what a queer way of putting it — almost like a boast," she said, sitting down.

"Who did this?" she said, stung by Rowena's words.

"But didn't you?" Margot said. "Naturally we thought..."

"I did not. And I presume you didn't, Charles?" she said, looking at him.

"No, I don't know anything about it," he said. "But cheer up, there's no harm done."

"Well, exactly," Rowena said. "Why are we making all this fuss? You are engaged to Charles, aren't

you? Come to think of it, I don't know that anyone's actually said so in black and white..."

"They have now," Henry said, "and that's where the real mystery lies. Haven't the papers got some rule that they won't take births and deaths and marriage notices without the interested parties signing the advertisement form?"

"That only makes it worse," Mary said. "Please, I want to know who put this ad in."

"Don't be a goat," Charles said, getting on with his breakfast. "You surely don't think one of the family filled out a form and signed your name to it and mine. What would be the point?"

"I don't know," Mary said miser-

ably. "I wish I did. And how am I going to explain that — to my family, not that I imagine they read the engagements column, or to Mrs. Fraser, for instance, or to any of my friends? And come to think of it, how did you find it? Which of you turns avidly to the engagement column the minute you get your hands on the morning paper?"

"Madge," Charles said.

"Yes, she came bursting in with the papers, fell on Charles' neck, and congratulated him," Margot said. "Never mind, Mary, it's made Madge happy. I guess she feels the announcement removed the irregularities and made the whole thing legal..."

"When you go to clear the breakfast dishes, get hold of Mr. Henry's paper for me so's I can cut it out," Madge said later in the kitchen, where the announcement was also under discussion. "He always leaves it on the floor beside his chair."

"If I had a penny for every bit of paper I pick up in this house..." Mrs. Pike said. "Margot's room yesterday! Tissue paper on the floor and the chairs!"

"Not like something you've got to sweep up," Madge said soothingly. "You can clear up paper in a jiffy."

"What about the principle?" Mrs. Pike said.

"What's it matter," said Madge, who didn't have the same uncomfortable sort.

"All that money going on her back," Mrs. Pike said.

"She's got to dress nice—in court and that," Madge said. "And how would you know what it cost?"

"It's not my place to empty the rubbish basket without I look first to see what's there. Things can fall in. Nice trouble I'd be in if I went and threw out something I wasn't meant to. If she doesn't want me looking at her dress docket she'd better think to put a match to them. And that Charles, too," Mrs. Pike said, wound up. "He's got more suits hanging there than Mr. Pike has bought in all the years since we got married. There won't be no more new suits for him for a while. She's no manager, you can see by looking. He won't know what's hit him when he has to pay her bills."

"He'll have to pull his haunches in a bit, same as any other man when he gets married," Madge said. "He won't mind. Just by looking at him you can see he's fairly bursting to pay her bills."

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THE announcement of her engagement—or not the announcement so much as the malice which she felt must lie behind it — strengthened Mary's wish to go home to Finfinarra without finishing what Charles had called her ten-day familiarisation course with the Russels. They argued about this with heat, and it annoyed her that Charles regarded as his most powerful argument the fact that Rowena would be "terribly hurt" if she went.

In the end he simply withdrew from the argument and went off to play squash with Henry — a move which she thought would probably be the pattern of his future behaviour when they disagreed. Margot, coming into the room to hear the tail end of this late-afternoon discussion, confirmed her thought by saying, "We've never found it's any good trying to fight with Cholmondeley. He simply removes himself, and comes back when things have quietened down."

But before he went, and before Margot had come in to interrupt them, she had found that Charles knew who had sent the offending notice to the newspaper.

"I didn't know at breakfast time. I've only just found out."

"Who did it?" she said.

"Look, it's not important," he said. "Let's skip it, shall we?"

"It is important to me," she said.

"In fact, it's getting more and more important every minute, now that you're taking this attitude. It was Margot, wasn't it?"

"No, it wasn't Margot," he said. "And it's no good going through the family person by person, because I'm not going to answer Yes or No."

"How can you take an attitude like that? Surely I've as much right to know as anybody — more, I'd say. Well, at least we've established that it was a member of your family," she said when he didn't answer her.

"Have we?" he said lightly. "I didn't say that."

"Oh, go to hell," she said childishly, furious that he should consider her anger a sort of joke, and that he should take sides, protecting one of the others against her legitimate curiosity.

"Maybe I'll play squash instead," he said carelessly. "You might tell Royce we've gone, and that we'll be back late for dinner."

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THE WILD GRAPES

"If we come." It was at this stage that Margot came into the room. "It was a lousy thing to do," Mary said, seeing no reason why she should be quiet about it just because Margot was there. "Yes, it was," Charles agreed. "But it's done now, and it's not so important that it's worth tearing the place apart over it." "If you won't tell me I'll find out somewhere else," Mary said obstinately.

"You do that," Charles said. He got up from his chair, kissed her with an absently soothing air that maddened her, and wandered off, leaving her with Margot. "Will you tell me who put that notice in?" Mary asked her as soon as Charles had gone. "No," Margot said. "But I'll give you some awfully well-intentioned advice. 'Don't make an issue of it. You're giving it altogether more importance than it deserves.'"

"But this is being forced on me," Mary protested. "How can I not make an issue of it, now that I see that Charles thinks it's his sacred duty to protect the door?" "Chick never does things because they're his sacred duty," Margot said. "He does the things that will make life easiest for him."

"So the implication is that somebody else comes first, that somebody in the family, if they put their mind to it, can make life more uncomfortable for him than I can. Who?"

MARGOT laughed. "It's too late now for shock tactics," she said. "You should have used them at breakfast time this morning. You want a second piece of old Mother Margot's advice to young lovers? Don't pull your punches with us. If you're going to live in this family you'll simply have, in self-defence, to speak your thoughts while you're thinking them."

"But I am not going to live in this family," Mary said. "That's the thing that everyone seems to overlook."

"No, I suppose you're not," Margot said, and Mary noticed that her tone was slightly startled. "Nevertheless, it might be a good idea if I started speaking my mind. Why are you so opposed to Charles marrying me?"

"But I don't know that I am," Margot said with a smile which showed she was in no way rattled by the question.

"Oddly enough, I think I believe you now — I wouldn't have a couple of days ago. I had you taped as the leader of the opposition. Now I'm not sure. But don't try to tell me that there isn't opposition. If you Russels are so keen on speaking your minds, why not tell me if somebody's got some convincing sort of argument against my marrying Charles?"

"Any cause or just impediment?" Margot said.

"Any impediment, just or unjust," Mary said. "It's the pin-pricking that I find so difficult to cope with. Why should Rowena say, 'If Charles marries,' as though it were still in doubt; why should Henry, in the midst of paying me a compliment, say, 'Of course, all

Charles' girls are decorative,' if he didn't mean to imply that I was one of a long, long chain that comes and goes . . ."

"Oh, don't take any notice of Henry, he's an awful dope," Margot said fondly.

"No, but that's the point. He's not an awful dope," Mary said. "He doesn't say that sort of thing accidentally; nor does Edwin, just accidentally, find it such a surprise that Charles should think of marrying; and neither, since we're not pulling punches, do you just accidentally find it necessary to make so many cracks about how bored my family must be with marrying me off over and over again."

"I've got a nasty tongue, and I apologise," Margot said. Mary waited, but neither reasons nor explanations were offered.

"Rowena knew perfectly well that I'd been married to Ian Fraser, and made that uncomfortable little scene for some reason of her own," Mary said.

"But it was uncomfortable only because you made it so," Margot said, defending her sister. "Roy's got a bitchy streak, the same as anyone else. Why didn't you laugh? Why couldn't you turn it back on her in some way?"

"But this is exactly the thing that I don't understand," Mary said, genuinely puzzled. "Why should I have to defend myself

against any of you — against you or Edwin or Rowena or Henry?" "My poor child," Margot said, laughing sympathetically. "Of course, there are only two of you. You've never had the experience of living inside what is popularly called a close family."

"I'm beginning to think a close family is nothing but a very close sort of hell," Mary said, not caring whether Margot found the remark offensive.

"You are so right," Margot said. "Then why stay in it? Why haven't you got out?"

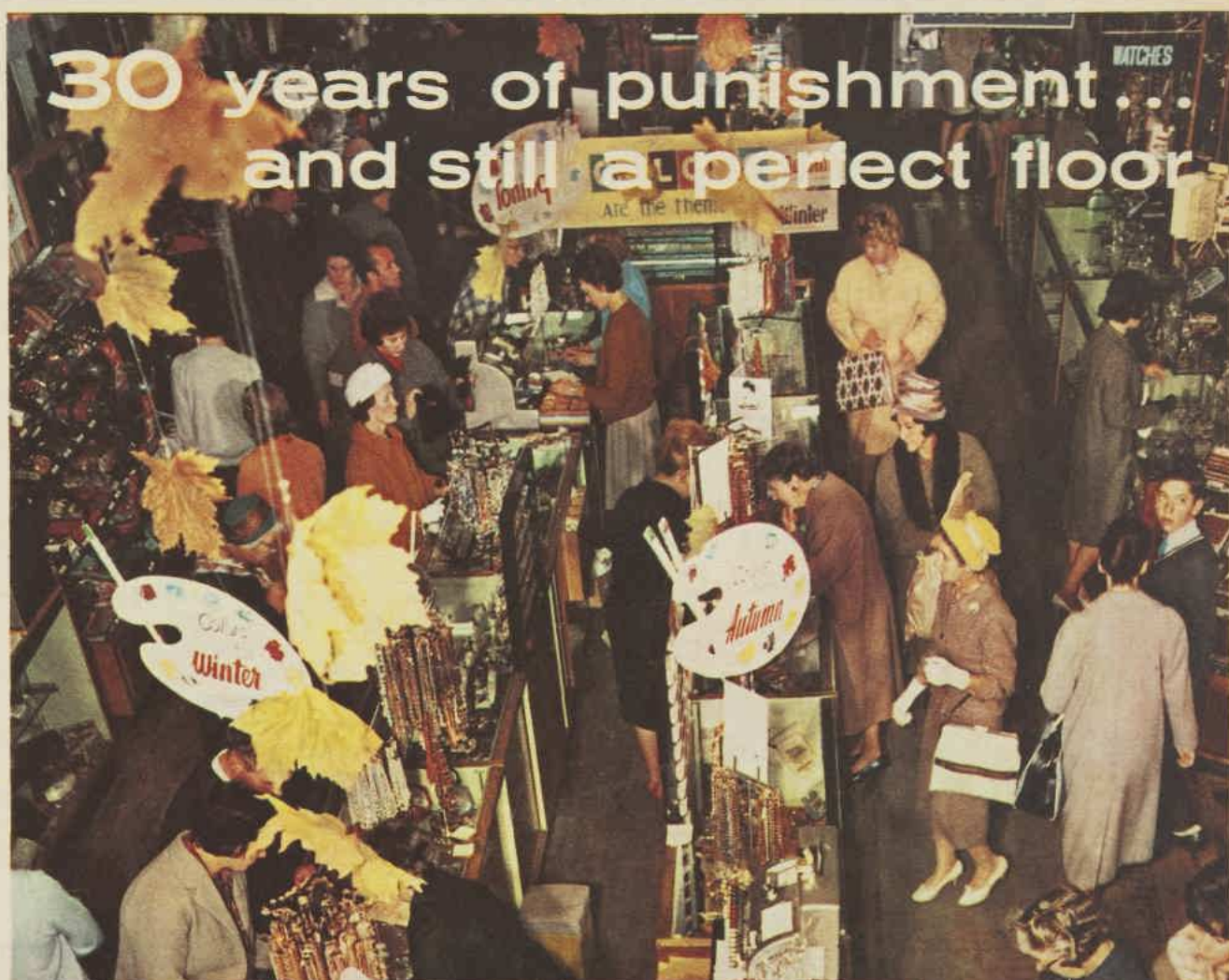
"You get trapped by circumstances," Margot said vaguely, and then, on second thoughts, "No,

that's not it — it's Henry that's kept me tied down here. Having a twin is a remarkably tying-down business — at least it has been for me. We work together, you see," she said, as though that explained it. "It's a case of where Henry goes I go — and Henry doesn't care to go anywhere. He's very much attached to Rowena, of course."

"To Rowena?" Mary said, surprised. "I would have thought Henry's only attachment was to you."

"Well yes, of course," Margot said. "Henry's a quite remarkably selfish person." This, Mary felt, was intended as a statement of fact, and not as any criticism of him. "He doesn't function well if I'm

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 Page 68 THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — October 16, 1964

not around, and he's quite tolerably irritable and unsettled when—well—during those odd times when my attention is very much centred elsewhere else for a time. However, those times tend to be less frequent nowadays, which is nice for Henry. But he is attached to Ro, in the rather touching and demanding way in which only sons are sometimes bound to their mothers. This is the one thing about him that I find rather less than satisfactory. So that's one of the reasons why Henry and I have gone on living here—plus the fact, of course, that the house belongs jointly to all of us, and settling all that business up would have been such an undertaking.

"But you married," Mary said. "You must have moved out for a while then."

"Well no, I didn't, and that was what was so unfair to poor old Bill."

"Bill?" Mary said. "Was that your husband? I don't even know his name."

"Bill Holt," Margot said. "We were married just after

Continued from page 67

the war, and Bill came into the firm, for a time. When we got married, we simply moved upstairs. You probably haven't seen the upper floor of the wing Henry and I use. I think Ro's got it closed up, but there's a self-contained flat there, rather a nice one. Except it wasn't really self-contained, with Henry drifting in and out all the time. Poor Bill found that a bit of a burden. It wasn't by any means a successful marriage, which made me decide not to try it again. And, of course, it had the worst effect on Henry. Poor lamb, I'll never forget his fury when I got so large with Henrietta that I didn't go into the office any more. That's how the child got her name—it was an attempt we made to appease poor Henry."

"How old was Henrietta when you were divorced?"

"But I wasn't," Margot said. "What could have given you that idea? Bill died eleven years ago, when Henrietta was three. There was never any question of a divorce. Things were never particularly bad between us, nor particularly good. But I wouldn't have divorced Bill, no matter what had happened. I have an old-fashioned idea that marriages, once made, are supposed to last for life. I'm sorry," she said, "that was quite unintentionally rude of me. It's a matter for individual decision in every case. Don't think I'm making any sort of moral judgement. I can't see any

THE WILD GRAPES

reason for getting married unless you mean to have children, nor any reason for artificially prolonging a relationship where children aren't intended."

"You would have had more, then, would you, if your husband had lived?"

"Well, one more, anyway, just to prevent Henrietta being ruined. I dote on her, of course, and Henry spoils her so."

"Then why send her to boarding-school?" asked Mary, who had suffered many years of it because of distances.

"Because this is no environment for her, as you surely must be able to see," Margot said. "And, let's be honest, to get her away from Edna's children, whom I don't like. Oh, I know I'm not succeeding," she said, seeing Mary's smile. "No doubt Henry's already told you that she's going to marry Lance. I don't find that nearly as amusing as I should. The family's produced enough oddities already, without doubling chances."

BEHIND

all this, Mary was thinking as she watched her, there is still something that I don't understand. Margot is still a beauty, she makes a great deal of money; she's keenly intelligent (Charles claims she makes all the legal bullets Henry fires), and yet she forces herself to be satisfied with such a thin and narrow sort of life. And yet, is it? Or is it that it would only dissatisfy me, because I want more—or less—or totally different things? "You don't use your married name?" she asked.

"I didn't make any decision not to use it," Margot said. "I'm Holt to Henrietta's friends, and Russel where I'm connected with the law. The family firm's a very unsexing business—it's Russel Son & Sons. The Son was Father, the Sons was intended for Edwin, Henry, and Charles. Then Edwin defected into medicine, and when Charles chose to be a stunt man that left only Henry and me to carry on together."

"And another thing," Mary said, "since I'm unloading all my grouches on you, I very much dislike this whole family's attitude to Charles' work. Charles is not a stunt man, and he has just as much right as anyone else to have his work taken seriously."

Margot laughed. "Phooey," she said. "Business Management is pure stunt, and Chuck would be the first to admit it. It's sleight of hand and they get so damned quick at it they deceive themselves."

It annoyed her that Margot spoke of Charles as some hare-brained teenager who didn't and couldn't know what was good for him; but behind that attitude she could see Margot's real affection for him, and that lessened her annoyance. The last half-hour has totally altered my attitude to Margot, she thought. I suppose it's a further mark of immaturity that my first impressions are nearly always wrong.

"Margot," she said, making one last try at it, "tell me who it was who sent that notice to the Advertiser."

"But, my dear, what makes you think I know?" Margot said.

"Of course you know," Mary said. "The one thing I have learnt in the last week is that every Russel knows down to the last letter what the other Russels are thinking and saying and doing."

Except perhaps Rowena—she doesn't seem to have quite the spy system of the rest of you."

"Oh, you mustn't ever underestimate Rowena," Margot said.

It was being borne in on her, gradually, that she had underestimated Rowena—not so much as an opposition to her project of joining the family, but as a more complex and a more subtly aggressive character than she had at first realised. She had taken Margot's and Charles' directness as an index to the rest of the family only to find now that Rowena (and perhaps Edwin?) rarely if ever matched their words to their thoughts.

Edwin's attitude to the others interested her. He took an avuncular sort of interest in Charles, treated the others with unvarying politeness, and reserved for Rowena the whole of his thought and care.

"I find you a very difficult family to understand," Mary said to him one morning, finding him pottering in the garden.

"No good coming to me, I'm an E.N.T. bloke, not a psychiatrist," he said.

"What puzzles me is what keeps so many grown men and women together?"

"Ah!" he said, straightening and looking up toward the bare brown flanks of the summer hills. After a moment he bent down and started working at the base of the stonework which Mary, on her first night at the house, had taken to be the stand of a water tank.

"What are you planting?" she said.

"Ficus," Edwin said, showing her one of the plants. "I've tried a dozen different sorts of creeper over the years, but I can't get anything established here."

"Why do you bother?" Mary asked. "The stonework looks rather nice, among the trees."

"It needs covering," Edwin said. "There used to be an old well here. Years ago we had it bricked up, but the bricking up made such an eyesore of it that I got a man in to cover it with stone."

"Is there still water in it? Wouldn't it be useful in drought years?"

EDWIN

nodded, but only said, "It was always a bit of a worry to us, especially when there were young children about."

"Edwin, tell me about your parents," Mary said.

"I was very fond of both of them," Edwin said formally. "Father, I think, was a most admirable man—quiet and unobtrusive, but very widely read and to a high degree responsive to the needs of others. They were, I believe, an exceptionally happy couple which, you'll agree, makes it seem rather more than odd that the marriage rate is so very low among their offspring."

"Yes, that's not at all according to the book," Mary said, hoping he'd go on.

"He was a good father, in an—as I've said—unobtrusive way. He had an ability to let people be themselves, he didn't expect his children to do what he had done or to think what he thought."

"Then he didn't mind when you forsook the law for medicine?" she asked.

"He never knew I'd done it," Edwin said. "I was only

eleven years old in the year that Father killed himself."

"Charles hadn't told me. Why, Edwin? What made him do it?"

"Can one ever really hope to know that," Edwin said. "Suicide can be as much an act of faith as an act of despair, it can be an exchange of the dreary prose of conforming to the rules for the poetry of making free decisions."

"Those are just words," she said in protest. "Just empty words. There are desperate reasons behind suicides—there have to be. Debts, insanity, incurable diseases..."

"None of those things, I assure you, in my father's case."

MARY

frowned. "And yet you say that he was happily married?"

"Yes. It was very dreadful for Mother—especially as she could never know the reason for it. I know perhaps more about it than anyone else, since by chance I was the one who spoke to Father just before he died. No, nobody will ever know the reason," he said with finality, "and that is the way that Father intended it should be. But it was very hard for my Mother and, of course, for Rowena."

"She was your Father's favorite child, Edna told me."

"Yes, Father was always very concerned for Rowena," Edwin said. "Poor Roey had a wretched childhood, she was not cut out for being one of

a large family. She could tolerate the boys—she was really rather fond of my eldest brother, Norman, but she was very jealous of Edna, and, of course, of Mother, and I don't think she's ever really had very much time for young Margot."

"But those jealousies are natural enough," Mary said.

"It happens in all families, I grant you," Edwin said. "The only interesting thing is to what degree. Rowena was a tempestuous child," he said in a tone which suggested that her awkward temperament was a matter for pride. "She was a crier, you know. She could cry at will, quite without disfiguring her face, and she used to watch herself in a mirror while she cried. This was just for the pleasure of it, not to get attention."

"She sounds a horror," Mary said, not caring whether he minded.

"Oh, yes, quite objectionable in many ways. It's extraordinary how much Rowena has changed since she grew up. It would have been a lesson to me, if I'd had children and therefore needed it, that one should never despair over the behaviour of the young. Pressures alter them so much—even those pressures which one would expect to have quite the opposite effect."

"You mean the business of the baby that was drowned coming from England?"

"Well, that and other things," Edwin said. "So you

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know about that, Charles has told you. Rowena will be glad, she was wondering if you knew."

"Were you there? Do you remember it?" she said.

"I'm not very certain whether I do or not," Edwin said. "Anyway, it's the sort of thing that really would be very much better forgotten. I've been told that I was in the cabin at the time. I do rather vaguely remember some time of crisis and wild alarm and questions and consternation, and I think I remember Rowena being carried off screaming to our parents' cabin, but that may have been on some other occasion altogether, because Rowena, at five, was rather given to screaming. I wish she could still do it," he said with a comic smile. "I'm sure if she could do that or perhaps go back to her trick of turning on floods of tears it might stop her getting those terrible heads of hers."

"Does Rowena suffer from headaches? I didn't know," Mary said.

"Well, come to think of it, she has been rather free of them lately," Edwin said, surprised at recognising it.

AS a child, chafing through long terms away from home, Mary had brightened her school days by keeping an account of the time left before she would be going home again to Finfinara. Now she was dismayed to find that she was doing exactly the same thing over her visit to the Russell family.

Rowena had decreed that they should give a party on the night before Mary left, and her plan had been received lukewarmly by the others.

"But my goodness," Rowena said, "we're not ashamed of her, are we? We've been keeping her hidden here as though she's not fit to be shown to our friends."

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Has Rowena realised to just what extent she had been doing that? Mary wondered.

"Rowena has all her fingers crossed, hoping we'll change our minds," she said to Charles on an occasion when Rowena, not by any means for the first time, had said if instead of when in speaking in her hearing of their marriage.

"Oh rats," Charles said. "Rowey's happy enough about it. I thought you had Margot cast as leader of the opposition."

"I had," Mary said. "Now I think I've changed my mind. Up to a point I find that Margot and I think the same way about many things."

"I can't say I've noticed it," Charles said. "I wish you'd stop worrying about all this. If you're going to start getting your knife into Ro..."

"I haven't got my knife into anyone," Mary said coolly. "It's rather the other way round, don't you think?"

"Women!" Charles said resignedly, and for the first time it occurred to her that perhaps he was getting a certain amount of this, too, from the other side.

"Darling, I'm sorry, don't let's fight about it," she said. "It would have been nice if I could have got on well with them, especially with Rowena—but she doesn't like me, and it can't be helped."

The question of the party had raised another aspect of their household arrangements that had bothered Mary.

"Henry, it's the first of the month," Rowena had said to him at breakfast on the day the party was first mooted. "I've got Edwin's cheque for the housekeeping already. Will you add a tenner each to yours and Margot's when you give it to me. I want to do this properly—I'm not going to try to squeeze a cheese-paring sort of party out of the housekeeping."

Charles, Mary noticed, was not asked for anything. Was

this, she wondered, because he was not supposed to pay for his own party, or was it, as she suspected, that he didn't have to pay his share of the running of the household, either? She had noticed that, when they had run into Margot late at night in town and had shared a taxi home, Charles had not argued when he found that Margot already had a pound note in her hand, ready to pay the driver. This had worried her, but she kept reminding herself that it was really no business of hers.

BUT the question of the housekeeping cheque was too much for her curiosity, and she said to Charles, "This must be an expensive house to keep up. When we're married, will it make it awkward for them—not having your contribution any more, I mean?"

"I don't make one," Charles said. "For some reason the suggestion that I should have always acted like a red rag on Roey. Henry was the last one to bring it up—Henry's actually rather a mean man, and he was feeling poor at the time—but there was such a king-sized blue over the idea that nothing came of it."

"I must say I'm on Henry's side," Mary said.

"Me, too," Charles said. "The thing is perfectly ridiculous, but Rowena won't have it any other way. She has this strong idea that the world owes me a living. If the world won't oblige, she will. All the money Mother had, and I imagine it was quite a decent sum, went to Ro. She insists on ploughing most of that back into the house. I doubt if the contributions the others make really cover their share, but Rowena plays the whole thing so close to her chest that no one can find out."

This information worried Mary perhaps as much as

THE WILD GRAPES

anything she had learnt since she had been in the house. It was very well to blame Rowena for it, but you can't keep a grown man on apron strings without a certain amount of co-operation on his part. If they conspired to treat him like a child, then it must be that he really didn't mind being treated as one. All that sisterly interference, all the names—Chick, Chuck, Charlie, Cholmondeley, Ch...—were they the product of affection or just an overweening desire to diminish him?

Surely, she thought, there was an easier way of having a child than by marrying one. Or is it perhaps that I'm the childish one, is it really that I'm simply jealous of Rowena and Margot, and even of Henry and Edwin, and that I'm turning my jealousy into criticism of Charles? For the fact is, she thought, that there's nothing childish about Charles in any basic way—he is not, in love, unstable or dependent or demanding; he is able to match a mood as often as he expects his to be matched; he is not unresponsive of his own masculinity, he has remarkably few forebodings of any sort.

The fact is, she thought, that what is really going on is an unseemly battle between Charles' women, and Charles doesn't even really know that he's involved in it. But then I suppose the booty never does know. I'm fighting somebody for Charles—very possibly it's Rowena and very possibly it's something else, but the main question at issue—the one I can't answer either by blaming Charles or by blaming myself—is in what way he'll come down in the showdown.

To be continued

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washing, working,
when other suds
are dead and
gone!
that's why

THE CLEANEST CLEAN UNDER THE SUN IS **FAB** CLEAN!



WRONG Mr. Tony Nelson (left) and Mr. Bob Seppelt watch head steward Garfield Skewes fill glass in hand. Other deliberate mistakes: glass on table too full; white-wine glasses for claret.



WRONG Cutlery isn't in order of use; table napkin is wrongly placed; there's none in left place. Placing of dessertspoon and fork is optional—position in place at right is allowable.



RIGHT Cutlery is in order of use — from left side, fish, entree, dinner, dessert forks, napkin; from right, oyster fork cradled in soup spoon, fish, entree, dinner knives, dessertspoon.

DINNER "DON'TS"

At a most unusual dinner party in Adelaide recently the table was so badly set and the guests so shockingly served that onlookers were rocking with laughter.

It was a mock party staged for a contest between 25 waiters, members of the Wine Service Guild of South Australia, who scored points for naming all the mistakes.

The guild was formed in July for members of the hotel and catering industry.

On the table the centre flower-piece was a gladioli arrangement 18 inches high — too high for the diners' comfort.

Knives, forks, and spoons were neatly placed out of order.

In serving the wine, Garfield Skewes, head steward at the South Australian Hotel, a waiter of 20 years' experience, quietly broke all the rules he could.

At the table were four well-known men, Mr. Tony Nelson, Mr. George Dicker, Mr. Bob Seppelt (acting as host), and the S.A. president of the Australasian Hotel and Catering Institute, Mr. Bob Michael.

With table napkin tucked under his arm instead of over his forearm, the waiter deliberately—

Removed cork from wine bottle without first cutting the foil around the top.

Produced a bottle with no label and tried to convince host it was the wine ordered.

Held glass in hand to pour wine. It should be left on the table.

Drained a bottle of vintage claret, observing as he did that "this claret has a nice crust, sir." "When claret has a "nice crust" it may be necessary to leave as much as an inch in the bottom.)

Filled glasses to the brim instead of only two-thirds full.

Served still burgundy iced instead of at room temperature.

When the table was reset correctly a headwaiter commented that the side plate with butter-knife was optional, but these were normally placed on a formal setting nowadays, since many diners liked fairy bread with their meal and butter also was usually requested.

According to the more rigid etiquette of earlier days, no butter was served at dinner and bread, if used, was torn with the fingers.

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"The cubs in trouble"

Continued from page 41

he saw a lioness lying asleep, partly concealed by the trunk of a tree.

A scout who was a few paces behind signalled to George and tapped his rifle. Even the clatter of the bolt as he loaded it failed to wake the sleeping animal.

In a whisper the scout urged George to shoot, saying that it was a full-grown lioness.

It would have been very easy to put a bullet into her brain, but something made George hesitate.

Suddenly the lioness sat up and looked straight into his eyes. She wrinkled her face into a snarl, and, giving a low growl, dashed off.

Simultaneously he heard two other lions break away.

He felt convinced that these were not our cubs, but was glad all the same that he had not fired, for how could he be quite certain?

He called the cubs by name, but there was no response.

Facts which helped to strengthen his belief that these raids were not the work of our cubs were the cunning

manner in which the lions had attacked the village and forced their way through the particularly strong thorn fence, and also the apparent ease with which the two fully grown cubs had been killed. All this suggested the work of experienced lions.

George told the tribesmen to report any further raids immediately, and then returned to camp.

Discussing the raids, we concluded that it was so improbable that Elsa's cubs would be involved that we decided to take up the search again in our own area.

Help from honey hunters

On the following morning George and Nuru (an African who worked with us), walking along the river bank, met a party of honey hunters.

These men hang hollowed sections of tree-trunks, which look like barrels, on the boughs of trees frequented by bees.

After a swarm has oc-



ELSA'S CUBS, Jespah, Gopa, and Little Elsa, taken shortly after their first birthday but before they raided the tribesmen's homes.

cupied this prefabricated hive, the honey hunters wait until the bees have produced their honey and then smoke them out and take their store (honey is often the only form of sugar known to primitive tribesmen).

A gentlemen's agreement exists between honey hunters by which they respect one another's hives and they risk severe punishment if they steal from another honey hunter.

The honey hunters proved informative and helpful.

They told George they had seen the spoor of five lions at a drinking place higher upstream.

He went off in this direction and, near the mouth of the elephant lugga, saw two cubs resting on an island in the river; but they bolted before he could focus his field-glasses.

Simultaneously, he heard more lions breaking away.

Following their spoor, he came upon the carcass of a young buffalo which must have been killed the night before. Five lions had feasted on it.

George felt sure these must have been Elsa's cubs and their foster-parents.

He called to Jephah, and went on doing so for a long time, and thought he heard a faint moan from the far side of the river, but no cub came in sight.

He searched for a couple of nights and no lions appeared, but a terrible

thunder-storm drenched the poor men to the skin and washed away all spoor.

Lying awake in my tent, I heard a lion roaring upstream and later the heavy breathing of an animal near the goat truck. Then the cloudburst reached me, and made spooring impossible.

George now had to go at once to Isiolo to attend to some court cases.

All through the next night a downpour continued, and by the morning the river was only just fordable.

Nevertheless, an informer managed to get across. He brought a message from the headman of the Tana settlement stating that their stock had again been raided by lions.

Threat to kill lions

I sent to Isiolo to tell George the news, and received the message that George would go to the Tana village as soon as the court cases were over.

Meanwhile the corporal in charge of the game-scout post up river was to go there at once and take the thunder-flashes which George had sent back. These were to frighten off the lions until he got there himself.

George also sent instructions that no lions were to be shot before his arrival.

I passed on these instruc-

tions to the corporal, and he set off with the thunder-flashes, but, stopping on his way to buy tobacco, he heard that the local chief at the Tana had not only told his people to kill the lions but had also sent for more game scouts of the neighboring district to deal with the situation.

The corporal, instead of then making his way as rapidly as possible to the Tana to convey George's orders and to keep away the lions with his thunder-flashes, returned to camp to

give me an account he had just heard.

I was horrified at the loss of time.

This happened on March 24.

On the following day, as it was getting dark, I heard a lion roaring from the Big Rock; it was answered from farther away by another lion. Next I heard the roars advancing toward the kitchen lugga.

Hoping that our cubs might be in the company of this lion, I told the men to prepare a meal for them.

While this was being done I was startled by a chorus of roars. It sounded as if there were lions on every side of the camp.

Hurriedly we secured the meat inside my truck, and I advised the men to barricade themselves as best they could inside their thorn enclosure; I did the same myself and went to bed.

There was no question of going to sleep, for during the entire night we were kept awake by growls and whuffings which only at dawn ebbed away in the direction of the Big Rock.

In the morning I went to Elsa's grave, and while I was there noticed some movement on the Big Rock. Looking through my field-glasses I saw two lions basking on top of the rock.

Continued on page 75

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I walked toward them and distinguished three adult lions and three cubs exactly the size of Elsa's children.

They were on top of the ridge, outlined against the sky. They were resting quietly together, one lioness licking the cubs, who were rolling on their backs and playing.

The idyllic family scene made me feel happier than I had felt since Elsa's death. Though I could not be quite sure that these were her children with their mother-parents it seemed too great a coincidence that a pair of lions with three cubs exactly the same age as hers should suddenly have appeared near the camp.

When I returned to the tents I was greeted by two game scouts with a letter from George. This is what he wrote:

"Got to the settlement on the evening of Sunday, 26, after travelling forty miles over bad roads and eight through thick bush. Managed to get a carcass and sat over it close to a boma which the lions had raided. No lions came that night."

"Yesterday evening I again sat up over a carcass in a clearing half a mile from this other boma."

"About 11 p.m. without any warning Little Elsa suddenly appeared and pounced on the carcass which was fastened to a tree stump. She was followed immediately by Jephah, who had an arrow, fortunately not poisoned, sticking in his rump. Both started to eat."

"Presently I saw Gopa lurking in the distance. Finally he also came to the meat."

"They were extremely thin and looked starved. They showed no fear when I talked to them and finished off the

"The cubs in trouble"

diminutive goat in an hour. They frequently came up of their own accord to the bowl of water I had placed close to the back of the car.

"I am confident that they recognised my voice and I am sure that they will come again tonight. There is no doubt that it is the cubs that have been raiding the bomas. We will have to pay lots of compensation."

Fierce lioness to blame

"Send Ibrahim (an African who worked with us) with your Land-Rover at once with all the goats, some more food for me, also my small tent, table, chair, and my boxes."

"I must immediately take on a gang of local men to cut a track, and then we will have to move the whole camp and get a lorry here with crates and finally move the cubs out of this district."

"But the most urgent thing is to send the goats with Ibrahim. If the river is too high he will have to go the long way round, but he must get here today."

"The cubs are very hungry and will certainly raid another boma unless I feed them. There is no doubt that all the trouble has been caused by the Fierce Lioness who must have chased the cubs away from Elsa's camp."

"Yours, G. Please send all my ammunition."

When I read this I felt as if all my blood were draining away from me.

It now seemed almost certain that the pride I had seen in the morning, and had taken to be Elsa's cubs,

Continued from page 73

was the family of the Fierce Lioness, Elsa's old rival.

This was an anticlimax to the happiness I had felt a few hours earlier, when I believed the cubs were safe and well, and near, and exonerated from raiding the Tana bomas.

How they had managed to survive on their own for several weeks, I could not imagine.

They were too young to know how to hunt wild animals successfully, and they must have gone through a ghastly period of starvation before they came upon the goats which they would regard as their natural food.

The angry reception from the enraged tribesmen must have terrified them.

On the other hand, the tribesmen could not be blamed for defending their stock. The only hope now was to pay such heavy compensation that they would not be in too great a hurry to get rid of the cubs, and at the same time to find a safe place for the family with the least possible delay.

Since there was no longer anything to keep me in camp, I set off with Ibrahim, with a scout as a guide, five goats, and all our essential camping material.

We jolted along over very rough tracks; the country around looked as though some giant had amused himself by throwing rocks about at random. Now and then we passed small African settlements nestling among enormous boulders; the round earth huts resembled mounds and blended perfectly into the landscape.

We reached the Tana just before dark.

The scout had to guide us on foot over the last eight miles, for the bush was so thick that it was impossible to see any distance ahead or to avoid obstacles.

The poor man got mercilessly scratched by thorns.

I dropped all my kit and drove on to join George, arriving at about 9 p.m. Usually sparing of compliments, he greeted me approvingly with: "How the devil did you manage to get through this bush in the dark?"

While we waited for the arrival of the cubs, intermittently switching on a powerful spotlight to guide them, George told me about Jephah's wound.

On the night of March 25 a number of tribesmen set out to kill the lions. They cornered one of them (in fact, Jephah) in the thorn enclosure which protected a flock of goats. The lion had killed two of the goats, but before it could get away with its spoil was surrounded by a band of angry tribesmen armed with bows and poisoned arrows.

Boy's arrow not poisoned

The lion took cover in the thick thorn fence, and into this the Africans shot about twenty arrows.

Luckily the fence was so thick that the arrows did not penetrate. Only one shot loosed by a toto (African boy) found its mark. Fortunately the arrowhead was not lethal, as the toto was too young to be trusted by his elders with the deadly poison.

The arrowhead had luckily not penetrated deeply into Jephah's rump. The barb and three inches of the shaft could clearly be seen running under the skin, one inch of the shaft hung downwards.

George hoped that its own weight might cause the head to fall out, and as Jephah could easily lick the wound there was a good chance of his keeping it free from infection.

It did not seem to hinder his movements, nor could it be causing him any pain, since George had often seen him lie on it.

The cubs were very friendly and did not object to his presence, but, of course, there was no question of Jephah allowing him to remove the arrowhead.

George had promised very generous compensation to the owners of raided stock.

He told me that far from showing any hostility, the tribesmen seemed very glad to get the compensation and the chance of earning good wages, which provided unknown luxuries.

I drove back to the others, and as we were all too exhausted to pitch a tent we quickly put up my camp bed and I slept in the open, hoping that it would not rain.

Next morning I was woken up by the plop of a doam-palm nut which fell close to me. I took this as a good omen, for if it had fallen on my head it could easily have killed me.

Later that day we made plans for solving our immediate problem—catching the cubs.

George would sit up at night inside his Land-Rover on routes which he thought the cubs would take to reach the bomas; he would have meat placed ready for them.

Continued on page 76

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I would do the same at the camp, while the scouts, equipped with thunder-flashes, would protect the various bomas.

Should any of us see the cubs we would warn George by firing shots; one if the scouts sighted them, two if I did.

When it got dark George left for his vigil, but on this night the cubs took a different route, raided a boma and mauled a sheep; before they were able to feed they were driven off by the scouts' thunder-flashes.

Next night the cubs tried their luck at yet another boma and mauled two goats; again before being able to eat they were chased off. The night after that they tried to raid two bomas, but were driven off before doing any damage.

I had to leave the Tana

then, and on my return George greeted me with the news that although he had tracked every day and sat up every night he had not once seen the cubs, but each night they had raided a boma.

Jespah raids woman's hut

He was very worried, because in spite of their recent forays they had, so far as he knew, not eaten for ten days, since they had always been driven away from the bomas before they could eat their kill.

Unless they had killed a dikdik in the bush they must be ravenously hungry, and he feared that sooner or later they would injure someone.

The fact that they never attacked the same boma on two successive nights made

it impossible for George to anticipate their moves.

Twice Jespah had even got into a hut. On the first occasion a woman asleep inside with her goats round her was woken by a bleat from her pet billygoat and saw Jespah's jaws clamp round its throat.

She shrieked and Jespah dropped the goat and tried to make his escape. In the melee the hut collapsed; fortunately no one was injured.

Undaunted, Jespah on the following night entered a hut occupied by a youth, also surrounded by goats. The boy woke up to find Jespah's rump protruding from under his bed as he tried to rake out a goat which had taken shelter there.

Continued from page 75

The boy yelled and kicked, and Jespah decamped.

George looked worn out with sleepless nights.

One evening at about 9 as George was sitting up over the meat he suddenly saw Jespah and Little Elsa. They were terribly emaciated and the arrow was still in Jespah's rump.

Neither, however, seemed nervous, and Jespah licked the cod-liver oil out of the pie-dish which George held out to him. They ate ravenously and did not leave till 5 a.m.

After this we thought it likely that Gopa had deserted his brother and sister.

George spent the rest of

the day paying out heavy compensation to the tribesmen; in the evening he waited at a place close to where he thought the cubs were lying-up. It rained all night; the cubs did not appear.

Instead, they had gone to the spot where they had seen him the night before, and not finding him there had raided three bomas, killed two goats and mauled six others. In the morning the trackers who were following the spoor caught sight of two bolting cubs.

Decision on cubs' new home

Meanwhile, a 14-mile track through the bush away from the Tana had been cut. It was very rough.

To collect all the things we required to capture and move the cubs, I set off for Isiolo. We had great difficulty in crossing the river, and our troubles were not improved by the arrival of a drunken headman.

While at Isiolo I heard from Major Grimwood (a friend and George's senior) that, after negotiating with a number of game reserves, he had obtained permission

for us to take the cubs to the Serengeti National Parks in Tanganyika.

I was most grateful to him and extremely pleased for the Serengeti is famous for lions and an abundance of game; I felt that we could not have found a better home for Elsa's cubs.

I wrote to the Director of the National Parks thanking him for his generous offer and pointing out that for a month or two at least the cubs would still need our help since they were only sixteen months old.

Of course, I also mentioned that Jespah had an arrow in his rump.

Then, having got the truck problem settled, I speeded up the completion of the three box-traps, ordered pulleys, ropes, can batteries, a further supply of tranquillisers, photographic materials, and drew a lot of money from the bank.

When I finally arrived back, complete with three crates and lorry, George told me that the cubs had come to him during each of the nights I had been absent, and that though they had tried to make some raids they had been driven off before any damage was done.

He said that Little Elsa was limping badly, probably from a thorn in one of her

Continued on page 77



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***** AS I READ ***** THE STARS

By ELSA MURRAY: Week starting October 9.

- | | |
|--|---|
| <p>ARIES
MAR. 21—APR. 20
* Lucky number this week, 5.
Gambling colors, lilac, grey.
Lucky days, Fri., Saturday.</p> | <p>* This week is an improvement, but you don't really get a break until November 9. Lay solid foundations for future success, especially on Friday, but take chances.</p> |
| <p>TAURUS
APR. 21—MAY 20
* Lucky number this week, 3.
Gambling colors, blue, pink.
Lucky days, Sun., Monday.</p> | <p>* The week could be tricky, but a lucky stroke could lead to lasting success in some project. October 11 is a good day to begin any enterprise.</p> |
| <p>GEMINI
MAY 21—JUNE 21
* Lucky number this week, 6.
Gambling colors, purple, red.
Lucky days, Thur., Saturday.</p> | <p>* Contact with a stranger may overseas could lead to a permanent association. Rumour improves after a sticky beginning. A good week for those beginning to build their human.</p> |
| <p>CANCER
JUNE 22—JULY 22
* Lucky number this week, 7.
Gambling colors, spots, lilac.
Lucky days, Thur., Saturday.</p> | <p>* There could be a hangover from an emotional tangle, but love, marriage, and romance improve considerably. A good time for wedding bells. You could form lasting friendships.</p> |
| <p>LEO
JULY 23—AUG. 22
* Lucky number this week, 4.
Gambling colors, rose, black.
Lucky days, Thur., Friday.</p> | <p>* Watch out for loss due to miscalculation and inflated confidence. Events give you support and opportunity to advance your status through solid hard work. October 11 is propitious.</p> |
| <p>VIRGO
AUG. 23—SEPT. 23
* Lucky number this week, 4.
Gambling colors, tricolors, blk.
Lucky days, Thur., Friday.</p> | <p>* Tensions could ease and the tempo of living slacken a little. Don't trust friends with money. October 11 permits you to stabilise finances. Romance could lead to a lasting union.</p> |
| <p>LIBRA
SEPT. 24—OCT. 23
* Lucky number this week, 7.
Gambling colors, green, red.
Lucky days, Thur., Friday.</p> | <p>* This could be one of your best months, up to October 20. Use a little caution now, but full steam ahead for the next few weeks. A good week for romance.</p> |
| <p>SCORPIO
OCT. 24—NOV. 22
* Lucky number this week, 6.
Gambling colors, lilac, red.
Lucky days, Fri., Saturday.</p> | <p>* The going is a little rough, but a fortunate influence helps to make things a little easier. Love affairs and marriage matters are luckily expected this week.</p> |
| <p>SAGITTARIUS
NOV. 23—DEC. 20
* Lucky number this week, 1.
Gambling colors, green, yellow.
Lucky days, Sun., Monday.</p> | <p>* There could be some trouble, but any damage done could be repaired. These employed could receive some concession. A good time to invest in real estate.</p> |
| <p>CAPRICORN
DEC. 21—JAN. 19
* Lucky number this week, 4.
Gambling colors, blue, tan.
Lucky days, Thur., Friday.</p> | <p>* October 9 could lead to lovers' quarrels, but the week improves. The ruling star receives special treatment—and it could mean assistance to finance and success.</p> |
| <p>AQUARIUS
JAN. 20—FEB. 19
* Lucky number this week, 1.
Gambling colors, green, grey.
Lucky days, Sun., Tuesday.</p> | <p>* You benefit more than other signs this week. Conditions governing personal matters are strengthened, you can think more clearly, and you can control the tendency to scatter your money.</p> |
| <p>PISCES
FEB. 20—MAR. 20
* Lucky number this week, 2.
Gambling colors, orange, red.
Lucky days, Thur., Friday.</p> | <p>* You could suffer a violent emotional storm, but the week calms quickly. A good week for all those who handle words and ideas—writers, authors, editors and TV folk, copywriters, etc.</p> |

[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a feature of interest only, without accepting any responsibility whatever for the statements contained in it.]

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — October 16, 1963

"The cubs in trouble"

Continued from page 76

gals, but as she was as wild as ever he could do nothing to help her.

The cubs were now, however, in excellent condition. Jispah still carried the arrowhead in his rump, but it did not appear to cause him any discomfort or interfere with his movements.

They had recovered their trust in George and were quite at ease as he walked amongst them while they fed, refilling their water bowl and their pie-dishes of cod-liver oil.

This was certainly an improvement, but we still felt as though we were living on a volcano.

True, the cubs, even when desperately hungry and driven off their kills, had never attempted to injure anyone; true, the tribesmen had shown great patience and been very helpful — indeed, they seemed well pleased with their compensation and the ready market provided for their surplus goats — nonetheless it was worrying to reflect that the bush all round us was swarming with herds of goats and sheep and that these herds were in the charge of small children.

The sooner the cubs were captured and removed the better for everybody.

To this end we cleared an opening in the bush close to the place where they were in the habit of lying-up during the day. There we placed the three crates side by side.

George suspended their trapdoors by ropes running through pulleys fastened to a straight tree-trunk which he had secured horizontally above the crates by driving both ends into the forks of the two trees between which the crates stood.

Having done this he brought the ends of the three ropes together and applied them into a single rope; this he tied with a slip knot to a tree about twenty yards in front of the crates where he intended to wait inside his Land-Rover.

Thus, if the three cubs

entered separate crates all he had to do was to release the rope and all three trapdoors would fall simultaneously.

The first thing to do was to accustom the cubs to feed in the crates and then wait for the critical moment. For eleven nights now they had come more or less regularly to be fed by George.

At last it looked as though we might capture the cubs fairly soon.

"Twiddle it," they said

We also wanted to remove the arrowhead from Jispah's rump.

George had asked the elders who could still remember tribal warfare how they used to extract arrows embedded in flesh. They said that they twiddled the shaft and thus loosened the barb.

We didn't think that Jispah would allow us to do much twiddling, so George invented a device consisting of a larger copy of the barb with razor-sharp edges.

This he hoped to slip under the arrowhead and then pull both out together without enlarging the wound more than was necessary. To do this would involve confining Jispah in a crate and then using a local anesthetic of the freezing spray type.

George hoped that it could be done after the three cubs were trapped and before they started the journey to the Serengeti.

So, to get the spray, find a trapper, and get some chains for our four-wheel-drive vehicles, I set off again for Isiolo.

Luckily it only took me one day to make all my purchases.

As no professional trapper was available, I rang up Julian McKeand, who had previously been with us and Elsa on a foot safari and had since become a white hunter. He agreed to help.

We had already launched the Elsa Appeal, donations to which go to help animals who live in areas where their presence clashes with the interests of human beings, with the result that they must either be removed or destroyed.

The fact that since we had started the fund Elsa's children were themselves doomed, unless our improvised and experimental efforts succeeded, seemed to me a bitter irony.

In any case, we took Julian's advice and loaded our lorry with the cumbersome communal crate, capable of holding all three cubs, which we filled with as many goats as it would hold.

It rained all day, and during the night the rain poured down as though it were coming through a hose. I wondered how we should ever make our way to the camp, for all along the road cars were slithering about in and out of deep ruts, their drivers fighting to avoid landing in a ditch or colliding with other vehicles; sudden cloudbursts made the situation still worse.

I travelled on the lorry with the men and the goats, Julian in his Land-Rover.

Long before we reached the river, the roaring of its torrent told me that we were not going to be able to get across, and, indeed, nearly nine feet of raging water was flowing between the steep banks. All we could do was to camp beside the river for the night.

Next morning we saw that the water instead of falling had risen still higher.

I sat in my tent reading the mail I had collected in Isiolo.

In it I found a collection of newspaper cuttings with the most terrifying headlines: "Elsa's cubs may have to be shot."

"Death threats to Elsa's cubs."

"Elsa's cubs: sentence of death."

I was terrified.

I knew, of course, that if the cubs scratched anyone,

even slightly, they would be sentenced to death; mercifully they had not done so, but it was vital to move them as soon as possible, and meanwhile we had to remain inactive, facing the unforgivable river.

I tried to hide my anxiety, though I felt sure — and later I found this to be true — that the headlines were the result of a misunderstanding.

Suddenly the rain stopped. Back at the Tana, George took us to see the box-traps for catching the cubs.

We were all very much impressed when, as soon as he released the rope, the three doors crashed down simultaneously like guillotines, leaving a small gap to accommodate a protruding tail if necessary.

No professional could have designed a better way, and I felt very proud of him.

He told us that the cubs had come every night and that each had entered a crate to eat the meat he had placed in it. Jispah had even spent a whole night inside one of them.

The trouble was that sometimes two cubs would go into the same box; or if all three were in different crates, then a head or rump would protrude beyond the door, making it impossible to use the guillotine device.

Would they ever, all three, be at the same time in a position which would make it possible for us to capture them?

It was April 24.

Soon after dark I felt something brush against my car — it was Jispah. Silently he went straight to the crates. He ate two of the titbits containing terramycin and then walked over to George, who was standing outside his car holding out a pie-dish of cod-liver oil.

The cub licked it clean and then returned to his dinner.

Little Elsa was shy

He showed no surprise at seeing me, and when I called "Cucucuo" very softly, only cocked his ears for a moment and then went on with his meal. He had grown enormously and filled out, though he remained, like Elsa, a lion of slender build.

The arrow was clearly visible under the skin of his rump, and the open wound was discharging a little, but it was not swollen and looked clean. I was glad that it did not seem to hinder his movements.

Suddenly I heard a rustling in a bush behind my car and, flashing my torch, caught a glimpse of Gopa, some twenty yards away. For a quarter of an hour he remained there in hiding, then he was joined by Little Elsa.

I called "Cucucuo" to them but, so far from encouraging them, this caused Gopa to bolt twice, but in the end he could not resist the smell of the meat and cautiously sneaked up to the crates.

He ate lumps of meat and cleared out both pie-dishes of cod-liver oil before he started on the carcass.

Little Elsa was extremely shy, and it was long after midnight before she ventured to approach the crates. By

Continued on page 78

Snappy Panties

promise you . . .



a healthier, more lovable baby!

If anything can make baby more contented, it's Snappy Panties. Waterproof, slip or grip-on Snappy Panties come in every style you can imagine. There are lanolised plastic, and combinations of cotton, rayon, or Bri-Nylon with perfumed plastic lining . . . plain or patterned . . . some with lace or ruffles. Or you may prefer soft interlock cotton, all-wool Doctor Flannel, vinyl-coated rayon or terry, miracle stretch Bubbadi — all slip-ons with the exclusive "forward leg" position.

See them at your favourite store, baby wear shop or chemist.

Not the same without the name . . .



Sizes for babies to toddlers.

From 2/11 each SP/9

Needlework Notions

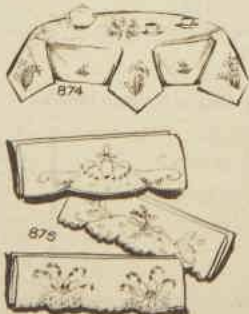
No. 873 — **SHIFT**
Smart shift is available cut out to make in lemon with orange and tan, pale blue with spruce-blue and royal-blue, and avocado with lemon-and-tan printed cotton. Sizes 32 and 34 in. bust, 28/3; 36 and 38 in. bust, 29/6. Postage 3/- extra.

No. 874 — **TABLECLOTH**
Pretty tablecloth is available cut out to be embroidered with lily of the valley design on cream or white Irish linen. Price is 18/11. Postage 2/- extra.

No. 875 — **SET OF GUEST-TOWELS**
Dainty guest-towels are cut out to be embroidered on cream or white Irish linen. Set of three, 18/-; Postage 1/2 extra; one, 6/3. Postage 5d extra.

No. 876 — **GIRL'S FROCK**
Pretty frock for the junior miss is cut out to make in white with tan and black, red and blue, or green and black printed cotton. Sizes 4 and 6 years, 21/-; 8 and 10 years, 22/6. Postage 3/- extra.

* Needlework Notions may be obtained from Fashion Patterns Pty. Ltd., Fashion House, 144/6 Sussex Street, Sydney. Postal address, Fashion Patterns, Box 4060, G.P.O., Sydney. New Zealand readers should address orders to Box 6348, Wellington, No C.O.D. orders accepted.



Denture Wearers



Ask for and **INSIST ON Tek**

The Only Denture Brush with *Anti-Germ*

LOVELY CURLS FOR YOUR BABY

CURLYPET will give your baby beautiful curls; healthy hair, soothes scalp irritation and leaves baby's tender scalp so clean, fresh and fragrant.

Curlypet

Makes baby's hair grow curly



then all the terramycin and cod-liver oil had been eaten by her brothers.

All the cubs were in good condition. Having seen the photographs, George had taken of them when he had first found them on the Tana, which showed them as pathetic skeletons, I realised what an incredible job he had done.

That they were now in splendid health and that their trust in us had been restored was entirely due to his patience and ingenuity. We watched them eating until 4 a.m. when they departed with heavy bellies.

Next evening the cubs did not appear. We tried not to worry by reminding ourselves that after last night's large dinner they did not need one this evening. During the night I heard a lion roar.

We could not go out spooring next morning because heavy rain had washed away all pug marks.

Suspense was awful

I was relieved when Jespah arrived at dark; but he paid us only a fleeting visit and about an hour later I heard him calling from far away.

Meanwhile Gopa had put in a short appearance and hearing the call — trotted off.

Eventually all three cubs arrived. Soon afterwards a lion roared, but they paid no attention to him. Jespah and Little Elsa were inside separate crates, busy with their dinner.

Gopa visited them in turn, but, finding himself un-

come, sat down sulkily at the entrance to the third crate. Would he enter it? Should we be able to release the trapdoors and capture the cubs? The suspense was nerve-racking and increased by our fear that the lion we had recently heard might in time induce the cubs to follow him.

If they did we should be unable to protect them from the death warrant or from the tribesmen's arrows.

We spent the following day improving the trapping device, rehearsing our parts in the capture, and sharpening the scalpel with which George hoped to extract the arrowhead. In spite of these occupations the hours seemed to drag until it was time to sit up for the cubs.

I had barely finished putting the terramycin into the meat lumps when Jespah appeared. He ate two of them and then came and sat in front of our cars and watched us.

Meanwhile his brother and sister entered separate crates. A little later they came out and lay near Jespah. They looked very lovely in the bright moonlight and I longed to remove them from the dangers which were increasing.

But as if to mock me, the lion chose this moment to roar, and the cubs went off like a flash.

I heard a hearty curse from George's car; another of the few remaining nights was lost.

Resigned, I went to lie on

Continued from page 77

my bed, asking George to call me when it was my turn to keep watch, or before that, if anything should happen. I felt very depressed, but was so tired that I dozed off.

Suddenly I was woken by the crashing of the crate doors. A deathly silence followed; it was as if all life had suddenly stopped.

SPRING

*That sneaky spring's crept up on me!
I heard a blowfly buzz today,*

My winter clothes hang heavily,

That sneaky spring's crept up on me!

It's filled me full of allergy,

Sniffing and sneezing I inveigh.

That sneaky spring's crept up on me!

I heard a blowfly buzz today.

— NAN HOOF

After a short while the struggle inside the crates began. Simultaneously

George and I ran to them, quickly removed the wooden blocks we had placed below the doors to prevent any damage to protruding tails, and closed the narrow slits so as to remove any opportunity for leverage and

make an attempt to escape impossible.

Although it was an immense relief to know that the cubs were now safe, both George and I felt disgusted at the deception we had practised on them.

Very grateful for the way in which George, single-handed, had effected the difficult capture, I kissed him, but he only gave a sad smile.

George remained on guard and I went back to camp, woke the men, told them the news, then, together, we hurriedly packed up, so as to be ready to hoist the cubs on to the truck at first light.

Dawn crept across the still moonlight sky and a new day began which was to mark a great change in all our lives.

George told me that after Jespah had recovered from the shock of finding himself trapped, he had calmed down and spent most of the night sitting quietly in his box.

Little Elsa had followed his example, but Gopa had gone on fighting for a long time. Now he was growling savagely at our boys, who had come to help in hoisting the crates on to the truck.

Although we had told the tribesmen not to come near the lions, a chattering crowd soon collected. This terrified Gopa, who in his struggles broke one of the ceiling planks of his cage and split two others.

We immediately covered

the gap with a ground sheet, fixed iron bars across it, and tied them on with thick ropes.

Then we hoisted the crates, each of which weighed well over 800lb. During this operation the Africans, to induce the necessary impetus, shouted in rhythm, which terrified the excited cubs.

As the heavy boxes, lifted by block and tackle, dangled in the air, the horrified lions paced to and fro, causing the crates to sway alarmingly.

We hoisted Little Elsa first; her crate placed lengthwise to the side of the truck filled half its breadth. Gopa we placed alongside her, and his crate filled the other half.

Long journey begins

Jespah's crate we placed broadside across the end of the lorry.

In this way the cubs had the fullest view of each other; it was also possible to get at Jespah easily from the rear of the truck, so that we could try to extract his arrowhead as soon as an opportunity arose. For the moment there was no question of operating on him, as he was far too excited.

In their present state the cubs would not touch any food, so there was no chance of giving them tranquillisers.

I took a last look to make sure that everything was in order: Jespah's expression of despair was almost unendurable.

Leaving the jabbering crowd behind, we proceeded

in convoy: first my Land Rover, followed by the lion lorry, then the truck carrying our camping kit and some goats and the communal crate; George in his Land-Rover brought up the rear.

When we passed the boundary of the district I took a very deep breath: the cubs were now outside the jurisdiction of the death sentence. Looking back at the deluge which was following close behind us, I realised how narrowly we had escaped being imprisoned by floods.

Altogether we had more than seven hundred miles to travel to the Serengeti.

From now on, most of the way lay through highlands which rose to 7500 feet. We had started at an elevation of 1200 feet, and had now reached an altitude of 7000 feet.

Although we were actually crossing the Equator, it was bitterly cold. Above us, Mount Kenya's ragged, snow-covered peaks rose to 17,000 feet; they were covered with heavy cloud and drizzling rain fell upon us as we went along its base.

We stopped often to fasten the flapping tarpaulins to the cubs' lorry, and I felt very sorry for them when I saw them crouching in the farthest corners trying to avoid the drenching rain.

Next week: "The cubs' new home"

KINKARA

TEA



1st PRIZE a FORD FALCON STATION WAGON
PLUS 2 HOURS FREE SHOPPING
PLUS £200 CASH BONUS

Win a Ford Falcon Station Wagon or a latest General Electric refrigerator plus all the groceries you can check out of your favourite grocery store, in 2 hours, 1 hour, or half an hour — absolutely free plus valuable cash bonuses. Enter now.

RULES

1. Employees and their families of Mother's Choice Flour Co., their associated companies or advertising agents are not eligible.
2. All entries considered. Winners announced in Sun-Herald Nov. 24th and Melbourne Sun Nov. 27th
3. Each entry to be accompanied by either the recipe cut from the Kinkara pack or "pre-sifted" stamp cut from Mother's Choice Flour pack. (Both required to qualify for bonus prizes.)
4. Closing date Nov. 1st.

(except where this contravenes State Law.)
Entry forms also available from your grocer.

(Cut from pack.)



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COMPETITION

503 PRIZES VALUED AT £3,700

2nd prize

G.E. 14 cu. ft. Frost Guard Refrigerator-Freezer worth £345. AND 1 hour FREE shopping. *PLUS £100 Cash Bonus.



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G.E. 12 cu. ft. De-Luxe Refrigerator—worth £247. AND 1 hour FREE shopping. *PLUS £50 Cash Bonus.



500 Prizes E.P.N.S. Teaspoon Sets. *PLUS Bonus — 10/- lottery tickets.

*Each entry must be accompanied by either the recipe from the Kinkara pack or the "pre-sifted" stamp from the front of the Mother's Choice Self Raising Flour pack (cut from pack). If you enclose both you will qualify for the extra bonus prize.

ENTRY FORM. Here are some of the reasons why Kinkara tea has that "fresher, livelier flavour"! Rank them in order of importance: (i.e. write "1" against the most important, "2" against the next most important, etc.)

Insert No. here

Careful selection of highest quality teas. ☐
Modern plant ensures dust free tea. ☐
Expert tasters with 40 years' experience. ☐

Regular deliveries to retailers ensures freshness. ☐
Close supervision for consistent blend. ☐

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Mother's Choice Flour gives your baking a lift,
Cause with Mother's Choice, Flour you don't need to sift.
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Store where Kinkara/Mother's Choice purchased.

Box 4270, P.O., Melbourne, Vic.

Post your entry to: Kinkara/Mother's Choice Competition, Box 200, P.O. Warrongga, N.S.W.

Continued from page 35

BUSH JUSTICE

"Good heavens. Why?"

A grim smile played about his lips. "It started about ten years ago," he said. "Just before Gwen was born. We were in the same camp — I was foreman. He began to pester Jean — my wife — and I wanted him to keep away. He didn't, and I beat him up. Then one night, Jean was attacked in the dark. She never saw who it was, but I knew. I would have killed him then, but they dragged me away and sent him to prison for five years."

"Jean died when Gwen was born and I'll swear to this day that it went back to that night. That's why I came here. Gardner had gone to prison swearing to get me and I knew if we ever met I'd kill him. Now," he shrugged, "it

To page 80

lowed hard. "You gotta do something, Ben. Dad said to let you know he had a gun . . ."

I had got down from the board by this time and I could see Ben's face. I felt a chill creeping over me, in spite of the warmth of the sun. He reached out deliberately and took Stevie by the shoulder.

"Listen," Ben said. "Did you find out his name?"

Steve shook his head. "No, but he looks bad, and I reckon . . ."

Ben shook him slightly, impatiently. "What about Gwen? Is she all right?"

"Yes. Mrs. Stevens took her home when this bloke came, and now he's up at the pub askin' where you are. Dad said to tell you he's been

drinkin' a lot and . . . he's got a gun, Ben."

"What's he like? Dark? Nose bent a bit and a scar across his left cheek?"

Stevie looked at him from wide eyes. "Yes, that's right. But, Ben, how did you know . . .?"

Ben drew in a deep breath. "Had to come some time," he muttered.

"What did you say, Ben?"

Ben shook his head slowly. "You're a good lad, Stevie," he said. "Now run and tell him where I am."

"But he's got a gun, Ben. What are you going to do?"

Ben patted Stevie on the shoulder and turned him down the slope and gave him a push.

"Sounds bad. Do you know him?"

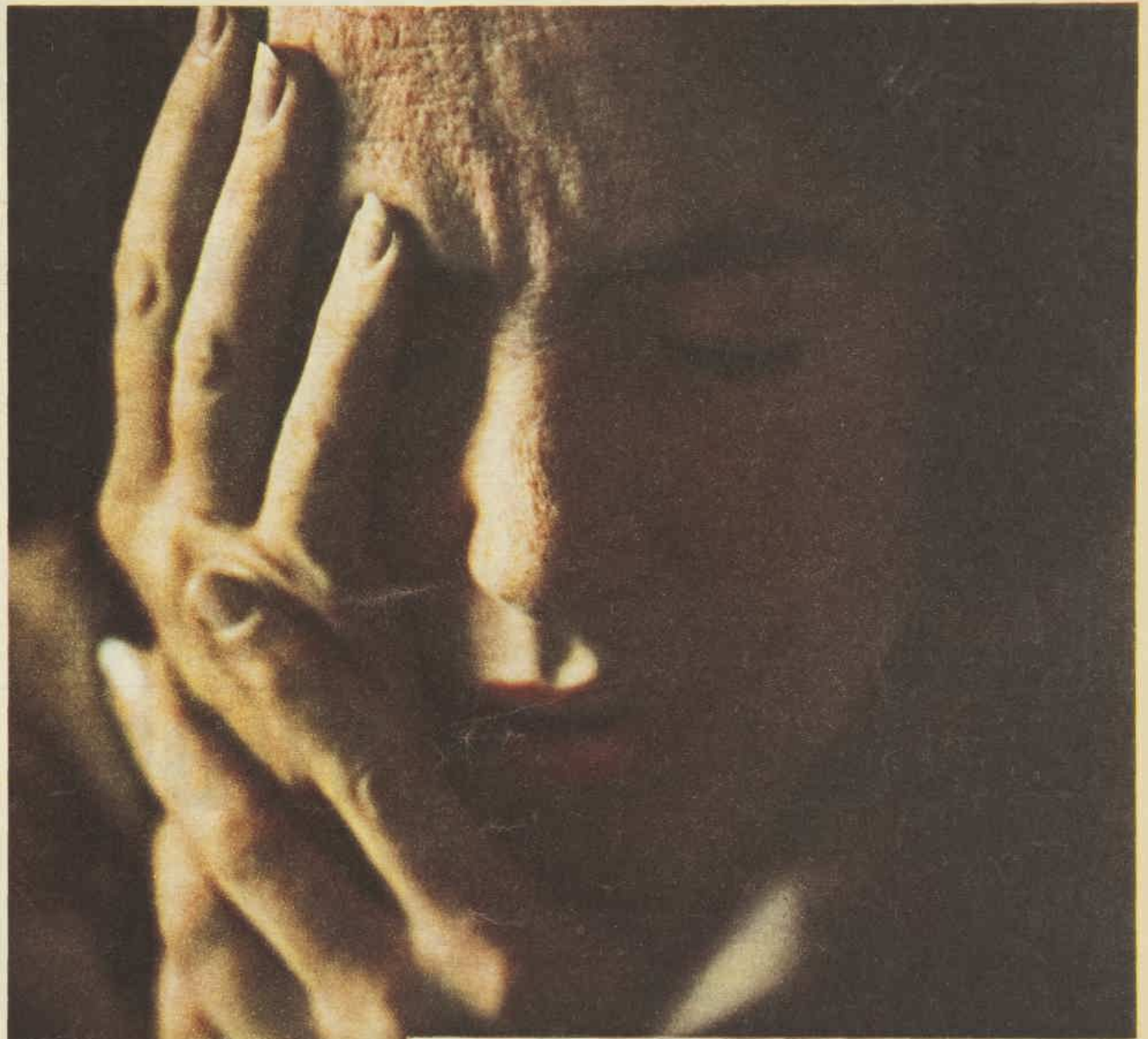
Ben turned and looked at me, but I knew that he did not see me. His eyes were fixed on a point far beyond and his mind was back in that past which he had guarded so jealously from us all.

"Yes, I know him," he said at last. "Name of Gardner."

"What's he got it in for you for?"

I have never seen bitterness and hate and a whole lot of other feelings all mixed up and brought to the surface, but if it was ever possible to smear them all across the face of one man he would look as Ben did then. He licked his lips.

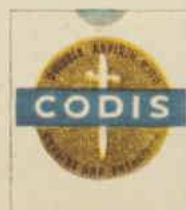
"He swore he'd get me some day."



Severe pain demands Codis

For most pains, soluble aspirin alone is your wisest choice. But exceptionally severe pain, and those pains which occur periodically, demand an exceptionally strong pain reliever. Codis is such a product. It contains a strong formulation of soluble aspirin and other pain relievers — including

an approved measure of codeine. However, if pain is persistent or recurs frequently, it may indicate a condition requiring medical treatment. The sensible course is to ask the advice of your doctor, who may very well prescribe Codis. Codis is available only from your Chemist.



SENSIBLE way to control your weight

- No food fads.
- No sickly substitutes for proper meals.
- No hard-to-follow diet regimes.
- No complicated, exhausting exercises.
- No hunger!

Just eat normal food, and use American Slimming Tablets (A.S.T.) to help control your appetite, whilst you trim off those unwanted pounds. You simply take three little tablets each day. As well as curbing your appetite, A.S.T. tablets help your digestive processes to prevent food turning to fat. They are quite harmless. Control your weight—for 9d. a day—A.S.T. tablets cost only 10/6 for 14 days' treatment. From Chemists only.



American
Slimming Tablets

An end to CORNS

Millions have proved it! Dr. Scholl's Zino-Pads provide today's most effective corn relief. They stop pain instantly. Medicated discs remove corns. Sticks also for Callouses, Bunions, 1/6 pkt. at Chemists and Stores.



BAND-AID

TRADE MARK

EXTRA WIDE

PLASTIC STRIPS

Johnson & Johnson

looks as if it's come to a showdown."

"I'm sorry, Ben," I said.

He laughed harshly. "Sorry! What the hell's the good of being sorry? I knew it had to come some day."

"But, Ben, you can't..."

He swung toward me and his lips were thin and straight. The muscles stood out on either side of his jaws.

"No can't about it," he grated. "You'd better get out of this. I'll settle this my way, once and for all. There's only one way he can come."

His eyes flickered to the tree beside us and I understood. "You can't do that, Ben!"

He took a step toward me and looked into my eyes.

"I'm through with running," he said. "Get that into your head. It had to come to a showdown and it might as well be now."

"No it won't. This is a danger area, and if anyone comes wandering around it will be at his own risk."

I tried again. "You just keep out of the way, Ben, and we'll head him back to the city. He'll be as drunk as an owl by now and..."

"If he's coming he'll be here soon," Ben interrupted. "And I don't want you around. Now get going."

I was almost at the track when Ben called:

"Not that way. Slip down through the bush and you won't meet him."

I turned away from the track without looking back and behind me I heard Ben scramble back to his perch on the springboard. Blindly I walked across the clearing and through the bush. I kept going until I knew that I was out of Ben's sight, then I turned back and wriggled my way through the bracken fern until I could see into the clearing.

Ben had picked up his axe and as I watched he deepened the scarf on the near side. The tree trembled slightly and he moved farther out along the board and studied it closely. He put his back against the towering trunk and sighted the stump in the centre of the path.

Continued from page 79

Satisfied, he turned and tapped the three wedges in more firmly. Then he waited, one hand resting on the trunk, the other lightly gripping the smooth handle of the axe.

A cicada chirped close to my head, and then was quiet. The hum of the insects seemed to die away as the whole bush waited and listened. Then a sound broke through the muffled growl of the tractor in the valley below and Ben's head came up with a jerk.

It was the swish of a gum shrub some distance down the track.

Ben spat on his hands and rubbed them on the smooth handle of the axe and an almost irresistible urge to shout and rush out into the clearing came to me. But, if my life had depended on it, I couldn't have done it. I lay there powerless and dreading what I was about to witness.

A twig snapped, closer this time, and Ben swung his axe. The sun glinted on the steel blade for a moment and then it was lost deep in the trunk. Out it came again in a flashing arc. An underhand swing and a huge chip flew through the air. The tree trembled from butt to tip and swayed.

Ben stepped back again, the axe handle resting against his leg and his narrowed eyes watching the tree. He knew to the second when it would go, and knew to the inch where it would fall.

A tremor agitated the highest leaves and a sharp crack came from deep in the trunk. It leaned slowly and a split suddenly shot up the rough bark. Ben turned to jump, glancing down the track as he did so. But he never made that jump, for his daughter, Gwen, was almost at the stump. A cry rose in my throat and was strangled.

I could see Ben's lips moving in a prayer as the truth flashed across his mind. Gwen had heard the men talking and had come to warn her

BUSH JUSTICE

father of the man with the gun.

Above the cracking and tearing of timber a half cry, half moan reached me. Ben's axe swung and the gleaming head was lost deep in the leaning trunk. Then he strained back, levering on the stout hickory handle, a puny human pitting his strength against the destructive force he had set in motion.

I couldn't move. Crouched there in the bracken, I knew that I could do nothing in

Then I was up and running toward the frightened but unharmed child, and the tears were in my eyes so that I stumbled and almost fell. I gathered her in my arms, and the dust and leaves settled about us and the branches of the tree beside us quivered.

The child clung to me and I pressed her head to my chest, afraid of what she might see at the foot of the tree.

Two men came panting up the path and stood gaping.

FOR THE CHILDREN

Wuff, Snuff & Tuff



by TIM



the seconds that were left, and I prayed silently for strength for the man on the slender board.

Ben had done a good job. The tree started its downward rush to the stump he had chosen, but at its base, his feet braced and every muscle straining, he strove now to change its course.

Suddenly there was a swishing roar, ending in a deafening crash. Silence seemed to rush up the valley and cut the sound off sharply. Dust and leaves swirled about the fallen trunk.

They were the two old fellows who helped around the hotel.

"Thank heaven she's all right," Joe Hanks gasped.

"Mrs. Stevens told us where she had gone," Con James explained.

Joe looked at me suddenly. "Where's Ben?"

I nodded toward the tree and held Gwen close. Then I climbed to my feet and we walked toward the butt of the karri. Suddenly Gwen dragged her hand free from mine and ran ahead, and there was Ben on the ground

among the bracken fern with blood thick on one arm and one leg doubled under him.

As we reached him, Gwen was on her knees and crying, and he opened his eyes and looked at her. For some time he could not see her clearly, or else he didn't believe that it was Gwen. Then, slowly, recognition came to his eyes and a smile touched her lips.

"Gwen," he whispered, and the pain of speaking dimmed his eyes. "You all right, kid?"

I took the hand he reached out and reassured him. He sank back. Then another thought came to him and he tried to sit up.

"Gardner?"

I looked at Joe inquiringly and he shook his head. "They're getting some men from the mill to look for him down the river. We tried to stop his crossing that log because he'd been drinkin'. But when Steve came back and told him where you were, he—well, they're lookin' for him now."

We cut a couple of springs and built a stretcher. Joe took the front and Con the rear, and I walked beside them, steadying the stretcher and holding the sobbing Gwen by the hand.

Going down the track, Ben opened his eyes and looked up at me. I could see he was trying to smile, but the effort was too much for him.

"Looks like it had to come," he whispered.

And, looking down at Ben's pain-twisted face, I knew that he was not thinking of Gardner so much as a crippled future in which he would sit in the sun and listen to the ring of the axes deep in the bush, and the angry mutter of the tractor as it worried the log down the tracks.

To a man like Ben that would be hard to take, but as he said, it had to come. After all, if you plan to take a man's life you must expect something in return.

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Continued from page 31

The Bicycle wasn't damaged, except for a puncture. Father didn't have a puncture outfit with him, so he wheeled his own and Mother's bicycle back to her home, where, of course, he was taken inside for a cup of tea.

I've often wondered why they didn't take that bicycle on their honeymoon. Since those long-ago days it's become part of the family. Well, every family has its heirlooms, and ours was that old-fashioned bicycle my mother cherished.

"What are you going to do this morning?" she asked.

"Going to Katy's — she promised I could try out her new nail varnish. And I've got to collect my new dress from Harrison's — it's the sports club social tonight."

She was already reaching for her shopping list. Seeing the look in my eye, she said persuasively, "Just a couple of things I forgot yesterday, darling. And wouldn't you like to borrow some of my perfume this evening? You have to go past the garage — so you can give the parcels to your father to bring when he comes home this evening. I'm positive he's forgotten what day it is."

I was nearly ready when Jo rang me to know what I planned to wear to the social. By the time she hung up I realised I'd missed the bus. There wasn't another for half an hour, and it went the long way round.

I decided to borrow The Thing. After all, Johnnie was still away on a fishing trip with his father, and not due back until evening. There was no awful possibility of his coming upon me as I wobbled down the High Street on Mother's old bicycle.

It was a good morning for exercise; the sun warm on my back and a green haze over the trees. I thought about Johnnie. A few months ago his father had taken over Dr. Glenn's practice. Johnnie joined the sports club. There was something about him, and I never could decide just what it was—he wasn't even especially good-looking.

HE was shy, not with an awkward kind of shyness, but in a reserved way. He didn't bother much with any of the girls and so far he hadn't come to one of our social evenings.

His elder brother had just qualified as a doctor, but Johnnie wanted to be a medical photographer. He was 19 years old, he liked fishing and picnics, and didn't possess a bicycle — that was practically the sum total of my knowledge about Johnnie Capell, and I wished I knew a good deal more.

I hadn't made much progress with him to date. Just a handful of small talk and a cup of coffee in the club canteen, that was all.

I wondered what he would think if he could see me now, sitting upright on The Thing — it had old-fashioned, high handlebars—wearing my jeans and a sweater that was a bit too big for me. I could feel the shine on my nose, and my hair isn't the kind that looks pretty when it's wind-tossed.

Suddenly the social wasn't worth bothering about. I'll go with the same old crowd, and we'll do the same old things, I thought. Life ought to be exciting in June, promising something good just around the corner. And all my days were so flat, dull and stale. Maybe I'd stay home instead, or take a walk down by the river.

After all, if Johnnie didn't go to the social he obviously did something with his evenings. I just might meet him—by accident, of course. I had a pocketful of rosy, hazy dreams that began that way.

I tried out Katy's nail varnish, and listened to her latest record. I collected my dress, thinking it was too bad that Johnnie wouldn't see it. I slung the box over the handlebars by the string, did the rest of the shopping and crammed it all into the basket.

The High Street was always crowded on Saturday morning, so I took the short cut to the garage, around the back streets and down Chantry Lane. I saw him coming from the Coffee House.

After the first split second of sick dismay, I sent up an agonised prayer that he wouldn't see me. He looked my way, I wobbled, and lost my balance.

Oh, but it wasn't like that for Mother, all those years ago, I thought bitterly. She had come coasting downhill to float into a graceful, fragile heap at the bottom! She hadn't collapsed on to hard cobblestones, parcels scattered to right and left of her. If I remember the details of her story aright, she had been wearing a flowered cotton dress, not the kind of clothes that Billy or Bobby might have considered suitable offerings for the jumble sale.

Johnnie came across and picked me up, very gently, as though I was a piece of glass.

"Are you hurt?" he asked.

"No!" I snapped. There, on the ground, lay the box containing my dress, and Johnnie was bending to pick up the canned soup, the apples, the sausages for breakfast, the toothpaste, and the darning wool.

I felt so ashamed, so exposed. Why, oh why, couldn't Mother have remembered all her shopping? Why had I stayed so long at Katy's? And why was Johnnie in town?

"I thought you were away on a fishing trip," I said accusingly, not looking at him, as he retrieved the last of the apples. "That's what you said last week."

"We weren't coming back until this evening," he agreed. "But we had trouble with everything—the car, the fish, the weather. Look, are you sure you're not hurt?"

"Quite." I snatched the parcels from him and glared at him, hating him for being there at the wrong time, furious with myself because I wanted to burst into tears.

He picked up the fallen bicycle and examined it carefully.

"Nothing wrong with it," he pronounced finally.

"It's a dreadful old thing anyway," I told him lightly. "I only borrowed it because I missed the bus."

"I'm on my way to the garage with the car to have her serviced — your father's garage, isn't it?"

"Yes," I said remotely.

"Then I could give you a lift, and come back for the bicycle later."

"It's only two minutes' walk," I pointed out. He was kind and I just wanted him to vanish. Those eyes of his were seeing everything—the hole I'd just torn in my jeans, the miserable, grubby little picture I presented.

"Well, if you're sure . . ."

The remote look was back in his face.

"Perfectly sure," I told him.

I rode away with as much dignity as I could gather, reflecting that this was the end of a romance that had never

even begun. So much for my picture of myself, strolling cool and elegant by the river on a lazy April evening. Johnnie would remember me, sitting among the sausages and the apples in Chantry Lane, and that picture would haunt me for the rest of my life.

FATHER'S garage was at the bottom of the High Street, where the road widened and curved away over the hills. It was his pride and joy. He had bought Ted out two years before, and now, besides the garage, he had a showroom for the used cars he sold and a shop that sold spares.

It looked prosperous; it was prosperous. Usually I felt proud about that. Right at this moment I wouldn't have cared if it had been a tin-roofed shack.

I propped The Thing

against the window of the shop, hauled the parcels from the carrier and looked for Father. He was standing by the end petrol pump. Mother was with him, still in the slacks and shirt she had been wearing when I last saw her. They didn't see me until I got right up to them.

Mother had an ecstatic, bemused look on her face, as she stroked the long bonnet of a sleek, brand-new car, and Father was looking the way Bobby did last year when he brought home a school report with "Position in Class—First."

Mother looked up and saw me.

"Ours, darling!" she whispered. "Ours! Isn't she wonderful? Such a lot of room! So elegant looking! Half an hour ago he drove up to the front door in this—and I thought he'd forgotten!"

To page 82



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LOVE IS THE STRANGEST THING

Father winked at me. "Joint anniversary present! You should have seen her face. I'm taking her for a ride. Coming, Ginny?"

I wanted to; but I couldn't spoil it for them. Anyone seeing their starry-eyed state would have known they'd make a very poor third.

"Later," I said. "I've got things to do."

It seemed almost sacrilege to put parcels on the pristine newness of the back seat. Father was showing me the finer points of modern car manufacture, talking about disc brakes and a lot of other things that only vaguely made sense. It was a beautiful new car, and I was glad they had it, but there

was a hollow pit inside me, not nearly big enough to contain all my misery.

I might as well forget Johnnie, I thought. The Thing had betrayed me, stripped me for ever of any possibility of appearing to him as exciting and glamorous. All the charm in the world wouldn't take away the details of that picture from his mind, I thought bitterly.

I had to make a head-to-toe inspection of the car to please Father, while Mother stood there with a dreamy air of blissful approval. I know very well what she was thinking. She was going to need a new outfit to do justice to that car. Dad had been promising her a

special anniversary present for years, but I don't think he realised just what he was letting himself in for.

I wanted to be away before Johnnie drove up — but it just wasn't my day. From the corner of my eye I saw Johnnie arrive, driving his father's big, dark blue saloon very carefully. He handed her over to Joe, Father's right-hand man. I saw Johnnie leave the car and walk toward us, so I cut short Father's monologue.

"I have to go," I said hurriedly. "I've heaps of things to do."

It was too late, of course. Mother was smiling at Johnnie, and Father was looking at him as if he felt

he should know him, so I had to mumble introductions. And then Mother came back to earth; or maybe she saw Johnnie looking at my jeans. I don't know — all I wanted at that moment was to be rendered suddenly invisible.

"Ginny!" Mother said, in the reproachful way mothers have. "What on earth have you been doing, darling?"

It's the silliest question in the world, I thought. "I came off The Bicycle," I said bitterly, "in Chantry Lane. The parcels went all over the place — Johnnie picked them up for me."

I saw the sparkle of amusement in Mother's eye before the laughter

sprang into life, and I felt sudden, cold panic. She couldn't, I thought, be horrified? She wouldn't be so idiotic as to tell Johnnie the history of that wretched Thing.

I looked hard at her; but there was no stopping her. As far as Mother was concerned the time and place couldn't have been more appropriate. She began to tell Johnnie the tale of the bicycle that had carried her — literally — into Father's arms. I would never have believed she could be quite so dim-witted, so terribly obvious.

I hadn't blushed for years, and now my face felt like a forest fire. Johnnie was smiling. I turned and fled into the spares shop.

Mr. Hudson was behind the counter. He is older than Father, and very nice. He gave me a polite smile, and only fleetingly glanced at the clock on the wall.

"Good morning, Miss Ginny," he said, and waited.

It was one minute to 12 midday. Mr. Hudson was a stickler for punctuality. He liked to shut up shop and go home to lunch at the proper time, because he was always back in the shop at one o'clock precisely.

So I bought one of those ashtrays that fasten to a car window by a little suction pad.

"Present for the new car," I said. "Eh?" That car your father bought is all fitted up with ashtrays. Didn't you see?"

"No," I pushed the money across the counter. "It will do to fasten to the handlebars of The Bicycle," I told him. He looked at me as though I was crazy, and I didn't care. All I needed to know was that Johnnie would have vanished by the time I walked out of the shop. Never mind now that he had vanished for ever.

Only he hadn't gone. Mr. Hudson came out with me, and locked the door after him. Mother was sitting beside Father in the car, and she waved happily to me before they drove off, abandoning me completely. Johnnie was examining the back wheel of The Bicycle.

"You've got a puncture," he told me.

"Of course I haven't!" I retorted angrily. "The Bicycle was perfect all right when I arrived just now!"

"It's not all right now!" he argued. "Look!"

I looked—the tyre was certainly flat; but it wasn't important. All I wanted to do was to get away from Johnnie Capell, go home and take a good look at myself in the mirror, weep for the picture I should see there. But he straightened and smiled at me. It wasn't a sorry-for-you smile. It was the kind that makes a girl feel she's going up too high on the swings and all her bones have turned into tissue-paper.

"I'll fix that tyre for you," he said briskly. "We aren't ten minutes' walk from my home."

He wasn't so reserved—not when he was on his own, away from the crowd at the club. All the dismay I felt at walking into the Capell home looking like a refugee from a jumble sale vanished suddenly.

"Ready, Ginny?" He took hold of the handlebars. He doesn't mind wheeling that dreadful thing through the streets. I marvelled. He took a handkerchief from his pocket and handed it to me.

"Dirt on the side of your face," he explained gravely. "Actually, you look rather fetching — like a little girl who's been making mud pies. Pity to clean it up."

No, he wasn't shy after all—and he wasn't lacking in initiative either. The question of whether or not Mother had finished telling him the whole sentimental story of The Bicycle was settled as he took the handkerchief from his pocket.

It came out with his handkerchief and Johnnie didn't see—the tiny metal cap that rolled to the ground and lay gleaming in the sunlight before I put my foot over it, just to spare him the embarrassment of knowing I'd seen it; because he must have taken that cap off the valve when he let the air out of the back tyre.

Not quite as romantic as Mother's story, of course; but Johnnie had done very well, I reflected, treating the little metal cap into the ground as we walked away.

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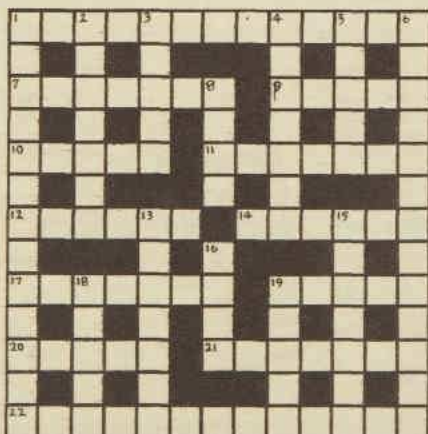
MAGNON, space ruler, arrives in answer to Mandrake's signal and is told the story of Joan's "ghost lover." They realise that the "ghost lover" was a projected image from space, as Magnon is. NOW READ ON . . .



THIS WEEK'S CROSSWORD

ACROSS

1. Clippings from newspapers (5, 8).
7. Five on each foot (7).
9. Not pliant, but, without the end, fits when turned (5).
10. Rub out a seer (5).
11. Nothing can be better (3, 4).
12. Deputies as surrounded short gentleman (6).
14. River in New York separating Manhattan from Bronx (6).
17. Highest vault of a ruler of a small State (7).
19. Act it silent (5).
20. Monsters of Perrault's fairy-tales (5).
21. Trusty Hun's cat (7).
22. Theatrical rumors (5, 8).



Solution will be published next week.

DOWN

1. Fine actors put in more than one state of rottenness (13).
2. Exalt in rank (7).
3. Abuse and mostly late (5).
4. Sets are used for making mosaics (7).
5. When a piano is elevating din comes from it (5).
6. They are good for lighting a fire or getting married without danger (6, 7).
8. Behindhand (4).
13. Tries as a pedal-coupler (7).
15. One hundred thousand in India and one French start these gaps (7).
16. In this manner (4).
18. The town of violets in Italy and in a pram (5).
19. Stratagems which turn into a boxing-match after tea (5).



Solution of last week's crossword.

Butterick PATTERNS

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2721—(A) Ankle-length muu-muu and above-knee beach dress. (B) With cool neckline, fringed-trimmed. (C) High neck with self-ruffle. (D) Without ruffle. Sizes 2 to 12 (21in. to 30in. chest). Butterick pattern 2721, price 5/- includes postage.



9287—Boys' sportswear outfit. Shirt, boxer shorts, and cabana set. Sizes 2 to 12 (21in. to 30in. chest). Butterick pattern 9287, price 4/6 includes postage.



2335—(A) Above-knee play dress with fringe trim. (B) Sleeveless, with side slit. (C) Shallow neck and self-ruffle at hem. Sizes 7 to 14 (25in. to 32in. chest). Butterick pattern 2335, price 5/- includes postage.



2725—Shallow-necked beachdress, buttoned at shoulders. (A) With shaped pockets. (B) Applique pockets. (C) Contrast pockets. Sizes 7 to 14 (25in. to 32in. chest). Butterick pattern 2725, price 5/- includes postage.

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY Presents

October 16, 1963

Teenagers'

WEEKLY



PETER FONDA
—see page 2

Supplement to The Australian Women's Weekly
Not to be sold separately

LETTERS

Driving lessons at school

EACH week the teenage death toll on the roads is enormous, yet little is done about it.

Prospective drivers should be thoroughly trained before they face the dangers of the road. School is the best place to learn, and lectures on road law, on the dos and don'ts of driving should be compulsory.

Practical experience, too, is necessary, and the teenager could learn how to drive a car safely somewhere specially designed for the purpose. If this was done I am sure teenage deaths on the roads would be considerably reduced. — Peter Rand, Brisbane.

60 youth hostels

TONIA NEVIN said (T.W., 4/9/63) that overseas countries had strings of youth hostels which made travelling inexpensive and convenient. In Australia there were very few such hostels, she said, which made seeing Australia impossible for people travelling on a budget.

Tonia is right to a certain extent, but we do have in Australia about 60 youth hostels. That isn't enough to see Australia on the same scale as you can travel in Europe, staying at a hostel every night, but it is enough to see a great deal of our wonderful country.

Members may stay three consecutive nights in each hostel, and by walking in different directions each day you can see much that is worth while.

Australian hostels include huts in forests, a convict-built church on the shores of Port Stephens, N.S.W., a £6000 snow lodge at Thredbo, and a cabin built of stones at Geehi, both in the Snowy Mountains.

South Australia has a one-time lighthouse keeper's cottage on Kangaroo Island, Tasmania has a cottage of convict days at Port Arthur, and there is even a hostel in New Guinea.

Membership is open to all ages. Schoolchildren pay 5/- a year; under 21, 10/-; and 21 and over, 25/-. The average hostel charge is 3/- a night.

The relaxed atmosphere of the hostels and the friendly attitude of members enable hostellers to have happy, care-free holidays. — Dorothy Matkinson, Roseville, N.S.W.

Next week

• The new yachting shirts, knitted in thick cotton, are ideal for many outdoor activities; full directions for making "his" and "hers" are in our next issue.

There are no holds barred in this forum, and we pay £1/1/- for every letter used. Letters must bear the signature and address of the writer, and when choosing letters for publication we give preference to writers who do not use a pen-name. Send all correspondence to Teenagers' Weekly, Box 7052, G.P.O., Sydney.

Against presents

MY boy-friend's mother is definitely against any form of present-giving. This includes Father's Day, Mother's Day, birthdays, Easter, even Christmas. She says that cards are sufficient at Christmas and birthdays, and maintains that there is too much commercialism about present-giving.

I cannot understand this attitude, as I have always welcomed the chance to give a loved one a small gift on "their days."

Does my boy-friend's mother have a twisted sense of values, or am I the foolish one as she seems to think? — "Annabelle," Hobart.

Boxed memories

AMONG my treasures is a big cardboard box in which I have stored a million memories. I have always tried to have a souvenir from my dates, such as theatre tickets, an empty sweet box, or flowers, which I have pressed.

My girl-friend never does anything like this, and thinks it is silly, and most of my friends agree with her.

Am I just silly and sentimental, or is it worth while collecting souvenirs to have something to remember later on? — "Incurable," Lindfield, N.S.W.

Too little exercise

LOOKING through some photographs taken in the 1920s, I noticed that people in general seemed thinner than they are now. I am convinced that modern man (and woman) does not do as much exercise as was done then.

We catch a bus or drive almost everywhere. Golf has been described as "a walk with an interest," but what about the increasing number of golfers who use motorised buggies?

Surely this lack of exercise must have an effect on our health — in fact, the increased problem of heart disease is ample proof of this. — "Energetic," Mt. Lawley, W.A.

Away from home

I AM a 17-year-old girl in my final year at school, so naturally the question of my career has become increasingly important. I have finally chosen two alternatives.

For one job, I could be

trained and employed locally; but for the other job (which appeals to me more) I would have to be trained and employed away from home.

Some of my friends have advised me not to work away from home, as they said I would become too homesick. Do readers living away from home think I should take my friend's advice, or should I leave home and work at a job I know I would enjoy much more? — J. Muire, Maitland, N.S.W.

School ideas

RECENTLY a seminar was held in our district and two pupils from each school in our area were invited. Many school issues were discussed and the pupils freely expressed their opinions.

Here are some of the ideas that were presented:

In 5th and 6th year pupils should be allowed to wear ordinary clothes, and the girls could wear stockings and light make-up.

Outings should be arranged to hospitals, factories, and so on, to give pupils an idea of the jobs available to them when they've left school. Also inter-school visits were thought to be a good idea.

A senior student (probably a prefect) should be assigned to each first-year class to help with any problems.

Other ideas included staff-pupil meetings; discussions, and sports matches; a student council to discuss problems and present them to the teachers; a social committee to arrange outings, such as picnics and hikes for pupils (perhaps a small charge could be made for these outings and added to the school funds).

What do readers think about these ideas? — Vicki Grayson, Green Valley, N.S.W.

BEATNIK



"Miss Hill, try to think of yourself more as a fairy."

Playing the field

• "Heartless" wondered (T.W., 18/9/63) if she were doing the right thing going out with many different boys. Her room-mate thinks her callous, but readers disagree.

TAKE no notice of your friend! I was like you, but came in for so much criticism from my friends that I decided to change my ways. I tried to go steady, but after a while the boy broke my heart.

I spent the most unhappy three months of my life trying to forget him and the opposite sex in general. I was miserable and irritable, became bad-tempered and showed signs of becoming quite neurotic.

At last my family begged me to forget him entirely. Now, I'm a flirt again — not callous or heartless but a flirt and a happy one. — "Nat," Bexley, N.S.W.

IF you are not "leading them on" or giving these boys a false impression of your feelings

toward them you are not doing the wrong thing. Most boys would realise you don't want to be serious and, after all, our teenage years are years for having as much fun as possible before settling down to the serious business of marriage. — "Gay," Wollongong, N.S.W.

THIS is the time in our lives when we should be having a good time with many boys so we shall know when Mr. Right comes along. I went out with many different boys, and now I am engaged and very happy.

It sounds to me as if your room-mate is jealous of your popularity. Have fun and enjoy yourself as much as you can. — Kay Cannings, Sylvania Heights, N.S.W.

Peter looks to his health

• Abstinence makes the art grow, for Peter Fonda — our cover boy this week.

PETER, 24-year-old son of famous actor Henry Fonda, has made an impressive start to his own show career — and he attributes his success largely to his health habits.

He's a physical-fitness fanatic, swimming, playing tennis, and doing gym work as often as possible.

Peter also does not smoke or drink liquor. He's a "nature" food fan, too, preparing for his meals special recipes in an electric-blending machine.

"I believe living and eating sensibly is the only way for an actor to keep his looks and strength — which are needed, just as talent is," says Peter.

Whatever the reasons, the young man's career is going along very nicely. With only one big stage play and two films under his belt he has won wide critical acclaim.

His play appearance, in a Broadway hit,

"Blood, Sweat, and Stanley Poole," gained for him the New York Drama Critics' laurel as the season's most promising actor.

Placed under contract, on the strength of his stage success, by a Hollywood producer, Peter made his screen debut in "Tammy and the Doctor" (Sandra Dee was his co-star), which came to Australia recently. He then went into "The Victors," made in England.

Peter is physically a chip off the old block. He, too, is rather gangling (at 6ft. 2in. he weighs only 10st. 10lb.) and has his father's facial contours.

When he was only 13 he wrote, produced, directed, and acted in a school play, "Salad 134," a satire on the famous production from which it took its title.

Peter married Susan Brewer, daughter of an American industrialist, in October, 1961. Susan is not an actress. She says she's quite happy looking after their beautiful home in California.

Marriage "grounded" Peter as a racing driver. He was a successful competitor in his sleek, silver, 390 h.p. Facel-Vega sports car. By his quick getaway at the start of his career, however, Peter could well take the lead in the Hollywood race.

Big success for Lucky in America

● Australian singer Lucky Starr is really hitting the big time in America. In addition to being booked for a return season to Las Vegas early next year, he has signed a recording contract with Dot Records.

LUCKY, who left Sydney in June this year for a £A67,000 tour of the American nightclub circuit, has really wowed them along the way.

Before starting his second season in January he plans to return to Sydney to celebrate Christmas and his 23rd birthday (December 29) with his family.

Of the many young entertainers who flock to America hoping to crack the big time, Lucky is one of the few who have made the grade, and he's done it in less than five months.

With many recordings, including his hit disc, "I've Been Everywhere," behind him in Australia, Lucky made a tape in America which so impressed the president of Dot Records that he signed Lucky to a contract.

In charge of Lucky's first recording session was American singer Jimmie Rodgers, who has several gold discs to his credit. As Lucky has long been a big fan of Rodgers he was very pleased at having him to work with.

First disc

Lucky recorded his first single—a powerful ballad, "Poor Little Jimmy Brown," backed with a rhythm and blues number, "Won't Last Long"—on a day off from a singing engagement at a big Las Vegas hotel.

After the session Jimmie Rodgers predicted, "Lucky Starr will sell a lot of records."

Lucky is hoping this disc will give him an American chart topper, and open the doors to continued success in the States.

Previously released in America, "I've Been Everywhere" (rewritten with American place names) is doing well, but Lucky thinks "Poor Little Jimmy Brown" will have a far greater impact.

While Lucky was in Hollywood signing his contract and making arrangements for his recording session he found time to look up his old friend Cheryl Holdridge, the pretty young Mouseketeer he met three years

ago when the Mouseketeers visited Australia.

Lucky continued writing to Cheryl, and they phoned each other frequently, but there are no rumors of a renewed romance. Lucky did confide in a letter home that he was surprised at the change in her. She'd grown up since he last saw her, he said.

When he signed his recording contract Lucky booked a telephone call home to his family, but as they were away on holidays they didn't know the news until a letter from Lucky arrived.

Combined party

"He's very good," said Lucky's mother, Mrs. Morrison, of Kingsgrove. "He writes at least once a fortnight."

"We expect him home next month, and we'll be having a welcome-home and birthday party all in one."

"Lucky doesn't like a big fuss being made about his birthday."

Lucky is sure to come home laden with gifts from America for his family, particularly for his 15-year-old sister, Ellen.

"He's hinted at a surprise he's bringing home for Ellen," said Mrs. Morrison, "but we don't know what it is."

Among Lucky's new friends in America are quite a few Australians.

He's become pals with champion swimmer John Konrads, who is studying at a Californian university, and also sees singer Elaine McKenna, who is doing well on the nightclub circuit.

Dancer Vicki Gayle, who left on the first stage of the tour with Lucky, recently opened in a San Diego hotel and is also doing well, according to Lucky.

Lucky is looking forward to coming home, even if it is only for a few weeks of peace from the pressures and problems involved in top-line entertainment.

When he returns to America, it won't be as an unknown with a lot of hopes and big plans, but as an established performer who has already proven that he has what it takes to send him to the top.



LUCKY STARR working on arrangements for his first recording session for Dot Records with the company's musical director, Milt Rogers. In charge of the recording was well-known American singer Jimmie Rodgers.

Baking prize to girl

● Pretty Victorian schoolgirl Helen Gray spends every Saturday morning baking goodies to fill the family cake tins and biscuit barrel for the week.

By Kerry Yates

"BUT they are usually empty long before the week ends," said Helen. "My family really appreciates my cooking."

And why not? Helen's hobby recently won her £50, a stereo-gram, six long-playing records, and a trip to Sydney for her mother and herself.

Helen, 15, was crowned "National Princess 1963" at the bake-off of the National Baking Quest in Sydney.

"We've really been given the royal treatment here," said Helen during her three-day stay at a city hotel. "There have been luncheons, dinners, parties, and sightseeing."

A very friendly teenager, Helen lives at North Balwyn, in Melbourne, and is in fourth form at Balwyn High School. The school magazine describes her scholastic achievement as outstanding.

"I did cookery for two years," said Helen, "but later changed to a professional course of languages, maths, and sciences because I hope to make my career in pharmacy."

But the short cookery course gave Helen the background and interest to keep on with her cooking experiments at home.

"I'm always trying out new recipes," she said, "and I must admit that they're not always successful."

Her father, mother, and 18-year-old brother are chief testers for all her cooking try-outs—and it's not very often that they are disappointed.

To win her section of the baking quest, Helen submitted an original recipe for what she called Golden Fluff Cake, an old favorite with her family and friends.

"I sent in four of my special recipes just for the fun of it," said Helen, "and as well as the big prize I won a consolation prize of six lovely ramekins for another entry."

Here is Helen's prize recipe: **GOLDEN FLUFF CAKE**

One tablespoon lemon juice, 1 teaspoon grated lemon rind, 1 cup milk, 8oz. self-raising flour, 4oz. softened margarine, 2 large eggs, 8oz. castor-sugar.

Put lemon juice in measuring cup and fill to 1-cup mark with milk (disregarding any curdling). Combine margarine, sugar, grated rind, and a little less than half the sifted flour in a mixing bowl. Add milk and beat two minutes with an electric mixer on medium speed or with a wooden spoon.

Add eggs and rest of flour and beat three minutes. Spoon into two seven-inch well-greased sandwich-tins and bake approximately 25 minutes at 375 degrees. Cool. Split each layer in half. Fill both layers and top one with fruity lemon filling, then sandwich together. Spread sides with mock cream.

Fruity Lemon Filling: One cup water, 1 cup sugar, 1 cup sultanas, 2 tablespoons corn-flour blended with a little water, 2oz. margarine, 1 beaten egg, juice and rind of 1 small lemon.

Bring water, sugar, and sultanas to boil. Add cornflour and cook till clear and thick. Beat in remaining ingredients.

Mock Cream: Two egg-whites, 4oz. sifted icing-sugar, 6oz. margarine, 1 tablespoon lemon juice.

Beat margarine until white and fluffy. In a separate bowl, beat whites stiffly, add icing-sugar, then beat into margarine. Flavor with juice.



HELEN GRAY

IN THE STEPS

● This summer the fashion-conscious girl goes out in the latest sandals, known as "Cleopatra" in leather. Several are flat, but most have a



BACKLESS sandal fastens with small buckle on side. Wide T-strap is stamped with Egyptian hieroglyphics. Imported from Italy, with square heel, £5/5/-.



BROWN leather of front T-strap and strap at back of heel are stamped with gold symbols. Heels are set in centre of half orb hand tooled with gold. Imported, £5/5/-.

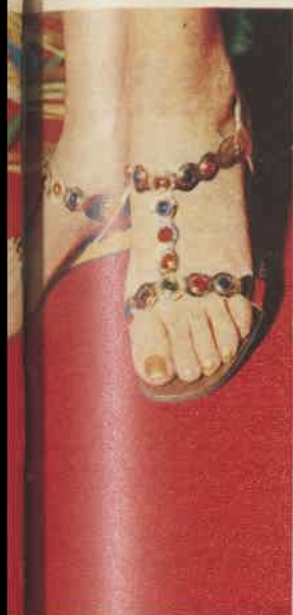


MODERN Cleopatra wears figure-skimming beach shift with crazy Cleopatra hair-style hat. The imported kid sandals (close-up at right) have chain set into straps. Shift £12/12/-, sandals 89/11.



OF CLEOPATRA

an eye to something excitingly different will be stepping
imported from Italy or made in Australia of hand-tooled
small heel placed forward of the usual position.



FLAT thong sandal made in Australia
with wide strap decorated with colored stones
and small wedge heel, 49/11.



THONG sandal, with three silver
medallions linked by chain with a flat
heel in the middle. This is a flat-
heeled Italian import priced at 89/11.



FLAT thong sandal (left) with leather strips
meeting in rectangle studded with stones.
Imported, 89/11. Sandal at right has brass
heel with thin straps clasped by oval of leather
set with big square stone. Imported, £5/5/-.



SLEEK slack suit
teams well with
Italian sandals
(close-up at left)
of green leather
stamped with
gold hierogly-
phics, with small
square heel.
Jacket 99/11,
slacks 79/11,
sandals £5/5/-.

Louise
Hunter

Here's

your answer

Sign language

"I HAVE a very nice boy-friend, and I also like his friends very much. One of his friends is deaf and dumb, and I would like to talk to him as if I were one of the gang. Could you tell me where I could learn the signs so I can understand him? My boy-friend talks to him by sign-making. I feel I should learn, too, as I would like to make this boy think I take an interest in him — so many people ignore him.

L.T., S.A.

The South Australian branch of the Adult Deaf and Dumb Society, 262 South Terrace, Adelaide, will only be too happy to help you. Write to the superintendent. He'll send you without charge some alphabet cards with the 26 signs that make up the sign language, and, if you want them, some books which cost only a few shillings.

You'll be able to learn the alphabet very quickly, but of course you'll need practice to develop speed in "talking" on your fingers, and also in reading the signs from someone else.

Practise the signs with your boy-friend, but don't leave it too long before attempting to talk to his deaf and dumb friend. I'm sure your interest will give him lots of pleasure, and he won't mind a bit if you're very slow at first.

Two on a string

"I AM an 18-year-old girl and have been keeping company with a boy for the past two years. We were supposed to have become engaged soon, but due to an argument we broke up. I then went out with an 'old flame,' and became very attracted to him. Recently my former boy-friend celebrated his twenty-first birthday and I went to his place to give him a present. He then apologised to me and asked me to go back to him. As he hadn't bothered to get in touch with me for weeks, I am now wondering which boy I should continue seeing. It is impossible to go out with both. I now realise that I am too young to think of marriage, but my former boy-friend still wants me to marry him."

"Triangle," Tas.

I'm glad you realise you're not ready for marriage. You're obviously not in love with either of these boys — and I suspect that you're rather enjoying the fact that they're both interested in you. (Why did you look up your former boy-friend after you had broken with him?)

You're the only one who can decide which one you would rather go out with, if you can't remain friends with both. But don't make the mistake of going steady again until you've given yourself more chance to be sure of your feelings.

● Although pen-names and initials are always used, letters will not be answered unless real name and address of sender is given as a guarantee of good faith. Private answers to problems cannot be given.

"Blue" humor

"WE are five 16-year-old girls. Recently the boys with whom we are friendly have been telling 'off-color' jokes in our presence. We find ourselves tending to tell these jokes to other boys. Is it the natural tendency of the day for girls to laugh at and tell these jokes? These boys are mainly university students who are very respectable and courteous in all other ways."

"Five Teens," Qld.

It's a strange thing, but even boys who make a practice of telling off-color jokes don't really like to hear a girl tell one. They'll laugh at it — but they'll respect her a little less. (And don't ever believe that the modern girl doesn't need respect—she does!)

Girls set the standard of behaviour in a mixed group. If you laugh loudly at the boys' jokes — and repeat them — you'll encourage them to tell much bluer ones, and to be generally loose in their language in your company.

If you indicate that you're not really amused, well-mannered boys will take the hint and reserve that sort of joke for all-male sessions.

Worried widow

"I AM a 19-year-old widow. I was married at 16 and my husband (23) died ten months later. I have met a man who says he loves me and wants to marry me. He knows I have been married, but he says it makes no difference. He is 22. I have met his family and I am very fond of them. There is one thing worrying me—that is, if I marry him, something may happen to him. I am very much in love with him. Do you think I should take the chance and marry him?"
P.B., N.S.W.

Yes, if you're sure this fear (which is understandable but foolish, really) is the only reason you're hesitating.

Book of flowers

"I KNOW this is not a matter of the heart, but perhaps you could help me. I am 13 and collect wildflowers. I come from Poland, and if ever I go back there I would like to take my flowers with me and show my friends. I have an old book about 12in. by 7in. almost filled with wildflowers which I have pressed, but every time I open my book they fall everywhere. Could you suggest some way I could fasten my flowers in my book? Paste uncolors them and stick-tape loses its stickiness after a while. Someone suggested putting flowers in transparent paper stuck into the book, but that is too expensive."

"Maria," W.A.

You could make a special display book for your flowers from a large exercise book, preferably one with a hard cover. It will involve a bit of work, but I'm sure you won't mind.

First glue a sheet of greaseproof paper, cut the same size, between every second leaf of your book. This will help to protect your flowers. Arrange your pressed flowers the way you want

A word from Debbie

● What is good taste in clothing? How can you recognise and be sure of it?

Here are some test questions to ask yourself when out on a shopping spree:

- Is it well designed?
- Is it good-looking?
- Does it suit your type?
- Would it be a pleasure to wear?
- Is it something you'd like to be seen in?
- Does the color suit you?
- Will it team well with what you already have?
- Would you know how to wear it? And when?
- Does it fit in with your way of living?

Good taste costs nothing to acquire — but brings you a wealth of appeal.

them, on the right-hand side of every second leaf, and mark their position in pencil. Cut two little parallel slits with a razor-blade, then "thread" your flowers through the slits (removing the foliage from lower part of the stems).

Now glue every two pages firmly together around the edges so that your flowers are anchored in a firm double page. Print the name and where you found it near each pressed flower.

BEGINNERS, PLEASE! (5)

By Sheila Sibley

ist, you've got to be interested in other people.

Perhaps the other person looks so unprepossessing and uninteresting that you haven't the spirit to try. But the intelligent people aren't always the most beautiful ones. That girl looks dull? Perhaps she's just rigid with shyness, like yourself. That boy looks plump and spotty, chinless even? Discard the surface impression.

Think of Albert Schweitzer at 15, Tony Hancock at 16, Anna Magnani at 14, Eartha Kitt at 12, and Eleanor Roosevelt and Bertrand Russell as adolescents. Not a pin-up among them, but they were probably all bursting with what they were thinking and feeling even then.

The people who are going to extend your horizons, make you mature, aren't necessarily those with clear skin and a good build and bright smiles.

So, are you prepared to give your neighbor the benefit of the doubt and assume he is interesting? Good! Now you have to make conversation so that it doesn't sound as though you are making conversation.

First seek what you have in common. Don't tell me you have nothing in common. You're both human beings, so that should give you a head start. You both have eyes, ears, hands! Let's subdivide and see what subjects can arise from these:

Eyes: Eyesight. Blindness. Seeing-eye dogs. Do men make passes at girls who wear glasses? Contact lenses. Color of eyes: inherited genes. False eyelashes. Albino coloring. Has Elizabeth Taylor the most beautiful eyes?

Ears: How very few beautiful ears there are. Is there such a thing as a murderer's ear? Do large ears mean generosity? What plastic surgery can do for ears like barn doors. (Please, not if HIS are big!) What about the sounds that human ears can't pick up? Who has the handsomest ears at the party?

Hands: Palmistry, telling characters by hands. If you saw ten hands floating by, could you recognise your own? Decimal system being based on the number of fingers humans have — some native tribes only count in groups of fives. Rings, significance of.

And so on, and so on. Once you're in, the water's fine. You can tackle more important subjects later, when you know each other better.

Conversational gambits are not all there is to conversation, of course. Other things are:

Tact: Be careful with personal questions, religion, and politics.

Timing: Never flog a subject to death. I heard once a beautiful definition of a bore: "Someone who never leaves anything out."

Ego-control: Don't talk about yourself all the time, not unless you can make your own experiences sound really funny.

Listening: Don't monopolise the conversation. Be willing to learn from other people, even though you may disagree with them. You will find most good talkers are good listeners, too.

CONVERSATION PIECE

● Last week we dwelt on party manners, noting that your main duty as a guest was not to sit like a bump on a log in the shadow of your own gloom.

THIS week it's how do you go on from there — how DO you make conversation?

You're not expected to sparkle, but you are expected to be willing to talk and sustain a conversation so that it doesn't fall fainting at your feet and quietly die there. Succeed in this, and your hostess will be grateful, for you are pulling your weight at last.

Don't wait for the person next to you to promote a conversation. Say hello. Introduce yourself. If you can produce a compliment ("What a pretty hair-do") you are off to a fine, if hackneyed, start.

But it's not the start that's the trouble, is it? It's that dread silence once the preliminary skirmishes are over, when you sit tongue-tied, with a terrible sense of failure.

Do you know why you fail? Because you're thinking of yourself. You don't give a hoot what the other person is thinking. If you were really interested in them, you'd be chattering away like a magpie, trying to find out what they do, how they think, what are their plans for the future. If ever you're going to be a brilliant conversational-



Del is not just another Judy

● Del Guiliani looked me firmly in the eye and said, "I am not going to be another Judy Cannon. I'm not trying to fill Judy's shoes. I'm just me."

STATUESQUE Del — with her coppery hair, blue eyes, and bubbling TV personality — seems a natural successor to vivacious Judy, who is overseas, but Del is determined to make her name on her own individuality.

Away from TV, Del drops her slap-happy manner and talks seriously of many things—from the Aldous Huxley book she's reading to her love of Continental life and the latest Italian phrase she's learnt.

A regular on "Sing Sing Sing," Del was signed to a five-year contract with Sydney's Channel 7 last year after appearing on the early "Sing Sing Sing" shows with Lionel Long, and on "Music Time."

"When I was about 15, some fellows I knew started a small band, and I used to sing with them at parties," she said. "It was lots of fun, but not very serious."

Del worked hard at her singing, however, and soon was being booked by small Sydney hotels and clubs. Then, when she was 17,

Listen Here,
with
Diane Roberts

she had an accident that kept her at home for two years.

Back on her feet, she joined the ATN talent school, and got her break when spotted by one of the studio executives.

"I don't have any big ambitions to go overseas and be a big hit," she said. "If I'm going to be big, I want it to be in my own country."

FOLLOWING up their successful "fine" sound, The Chiffons have a new release, "A Love So Fine" (Festival 45), but it's not as good as their "He's So Fine" and "One Fine Day." Maybe the novelty of their sound has worn off—after all, you can have too much of a fine thing. The flipside, "Only My Friend," is a slow-beat ballad.

WORTH HEARING

CHOPIN: Scherzos and Mazurkas

TWO recently released records of Chopin's music show two opposite sides of his genius. On one (from RCA) we have the four scherzos — big, dramatic, and far-ranging works — played by Artur Schnabel. On the other (from CBS) Alexander Brailowsky plays the first 21 of Chopin's 56 mazurkas — subtle and often whimsical miniatures which make no particular demands on virtuosity.

They are both splendidly played by two of the senior specialists in Chopin's music.

Musical terms have a way of changing their meanings, but few have shifted so far from their original sense as the name scherzo as Chopin used it. Literally it means "joke," and it still had something of that meaning when Beethoven first introduced scherzos into his sonatas and symphonies as playful interludes. But with Beethoven the scherzo tended to grow into something more dramatic, and with Chopin a scherzo is assuredly no joke. It is a serious, large-scale movement built up of strongly contrasting sections.

The mazurka is a Polish national dance (musically rather like a waltz, but more prone to syncopation) which Chopin introduced into the concert hall. His mazurkas are almost without exception delightful and highly original little pieces, perfectly finished and (considering the numbers he wrote) astonishingly varied.

—Martin Long

THE BEATLES, of "From Me To You" fame, who have started a new fashion in their native England. The boys have become famous for their shaggy locks, which are brushed downwards in a heavy fringe. This is the Beatle Cut, so if you want to be with it try to look as much like an olde English sheep dog as possible.

THE latest Elvis Presley album, "Elvis' Golden Records Vol. 3," will go over very big with all his fans. Included on this R.C.A. disc is his first big ballad hit, "It's Now Or Never." Other swingers are "Are You Lonesome Tonight?" and "Good Luck Charm."

JEAN PRUETT sings a cute catchy tune about a guy who forsakes her for his "Little Black Book" (R.C.A. 45). This number has a good pace that doesn't flag, and is prettily sung. The flip, "The Things That I Don't Know," is a sad ballad with a Country and Western flavor.

AT the risk of sounding square, I don't like "Hootenanny Granny" (20th Century-Fox 45). Jim Lowe's disc is corny, and insulting to the conception of a real hootenanny. However, there's some swingin' banjo-plucking, blue-grassing away in that thar backing.

WITH Oriental themes currently popular ("Sukiyaki," etc.) Pete Fountain's smooth saxophone is at its best sliding silkily through "China Nights" (Coral 45). It's a record that doesn't hit you in the eye, but creeps up on you like a breeze wafting through the cherry blossoms. The flip is "The Theme From Women Of The World," and has stylish slow-swinging sound.



DEL GUILIANI

SUEDE SIXTEEN

ID thought that girls had completely taken over male dress habits — until I suddenly saw the light.

It was reflected in the gleaming toes of a mate's shoes.

With a start — you could have knocked me down with a leather, you might say — I realised that girls are reluctant to polish — properly — their shoes.

Sure, they'll quickly brush suede, wipe off patent leather, and touch up with polish ordinary leather.

But, for some reason, you'll never see a girl in shoes polished mirror bright. Which, as any lad will tell you, is no mean feat.

She'll spend hours at the hairdresser's, but not 15 minutes going to the other extreme.

It all had me tossed — then My Girl Farraday volunteered to explain.

"A girl's shoes are different," she said. I admitted she had a point — or two — there!

"Silly," she said, "what I mean is that a girl only has time to do her hair carefully."

"She has to decide which end all good things must come to."

Well, I hate cleaning my shoes. So, I've decided to get a beehive — and shoes that look after themselves.

I'll go back to spit-polishing when I go bald.

Alas, no parting will be such suede sorrow!

AGAIN on the shoe front, I see that a girl visiting Australia says that in South Arabia women's heels cannot be uncovered in public.

Sandals are only okay if stockings are worn.

This is clearly an invitation for socks to rear its ugly head.

I wonder if you can show a corn in Egypt?

—Robin Adair

NEW LP'S RELEASED THIS WEEK

Great Pianists — featuring Rubinstein, Backhaus, Paderewski and Cortot playing a variety of the best loved piano works. **H.M.V. OALP. 7526. Price 57/6.**

Country Barn Dance (Vol. 2) — The Riviera Jazz Band play the old favourites — Don't Bring Lulu, My Old Man's a Dustman, 76 Trombones, etc. **COL-UMBIA Mono: 330SX. 770X, Stereo SCXO.7704. Price 52/6.**

I Love You Because — Al Martino sings Bouquet of Roses, It's a Sin, Losing You, etc. **CAPITOL T.1914 Price 52/6.**

King of the Surf Guitars — Dick Dale and his Deltones with the real surf sound in Hava Nagila, The Lonesome Road, Mexico, and others. **CAPITOL Mono T.1930. Price 52/6.**

My Son The Surf Nut — This one is way out, with Jack Marshall and his Orchestra. The Hodad of the Year, Monster Surf, Some Gremmie Stole My Hair Bleach (hear it to believe it!) and others. **CAPITOL Mono T.1939. Price 52/6.**

18 Yellow Roses — Bobby Darin sings from a Jack to a King, Our Day Will Come, Rev. Mr. Black, etc. **CAPITOL T.1942. Price 52/6.**

Jazz Samba Encore — Stan Getz on guitar with Luiz Bonfá and Maria Toledo play Ebony Samba, Sambalero, So Danco Samba, etc. **M.G.M. Mono. MGM-02-7598. Stereo MGM-S02-7598. Price 52/6.**

The V.I.P.'s — Music from the original film score played by the Rome Symphony Orchestra — conductor Miklos Rozsa. **M.G.M. Mono MGM-02-7599 Stereo M.G.M. -S02-7599. Price 52/6.**

Marilyn — Marilyn Monroe with the soundtrack recordings from the famous films such as River of No Return, Diamonds are a Girl's Best Friend, Heat Wave, etc. **20TH FOX. FOX.5000. Price 52/6.**

The Ballad of New Orleans — The Fantastic Strings of Felix Slatkin play Basin Street Blues, St. James Infirmary, Tiger Rag and other jazz favourites. **LIBERTY Mono LMM. 13027 Stereo LSS.14027. Price 52/6.**

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Ilsa plans comeback

● "It seems a thousand years since I started swimming," said 19-year-old Ilsa Konrads, with a slow, well-considered grin. "I guess it's not surprising that I feel like the oldest teenager in the world."

IT'S not surprising, indeed, for in her six teen years Ilsa has packed in more achievement, excitement, and travel than most girls of her age even dream of.

She's conquered the swimming world; she's been written off as a has-been; and now she's ready and eager to beat the world again!

Ilsa, who migrated with her family to Australia from Latvia in 1950, first hit the headlines in 1957 when, at 13, she became the second woman in the world to crack the five-minute barrier for the quarter-mile.

Within a few months she smashed the world's 800 metres and 880yds. freestyle records.

This wasn't bad going for the shy Konrads Kid, who five years earlier hadn't been able to swim a lap of the Olympic Pool at Bankstown, N.S.W.

At home Ilsa shared her glory with her brother John, who'd represented Australia at the 1956 Melbourne Olympics and was also smashing records.

Early in 1958 she had her first overseas swimming trip (New Zealand) and later that

By Cynthia Robinson

year, at the Cardiff Empire Games, she carried off the gold medal for the 440yds.

Between then and January, 1961, she added a trip to South Africa and four more world records to her swimming tally.

She held every world time from 440yds. to 1650yds., and everything was going swimmingly until February, 1960, when Dawn Fraser had a shock victory against Ilsa in the national championships.

This defeat seemed to be a turning point in Ilsa's career. After that every stroke seemed to be a loser, and "The Champ" had become "The Has-Been."

Ilsa won a berth in the 1960 Rome Olympics team, but that was all she did win.

After her poor showing in Rome, Ilsa said: "I didn't have enough pre-Games training. It will be a different story in Tokyo. I'll make sure I get the right amount of training beforehand."

Early in 1961, Ilsa had a "comeback" swim, winning the N.S.W. 440yds. championship in 4 min. 49.8 secs., the third-

fastest time of her career, and a month later she toured South Africa and Rhodesia.

After that her mysterious slump set in again.

She was swimming well enough to win State titles, and to be a member of the Perth Commonwealth Games team, but she didn't really show any of her old brilliance until last January when she won her first national title for three years.

Ilsa, who is a cadet reporter on a Sydney newspaper, said recently: "I feel I've hit the bottom of the pool and am now swimming to the top again."

"It's my ambition to win gold medals in the 400 metres and the relay in Tokyo next year, and I think that with a bit of my old luck I can do it."

And after Tokyo?

"I think I might retire from swimming, at least for a year or two. You can have too much swimming, you know, and I have my tenth hard season coming up," she said.

Ilsa's advice to young swimmers is: "Never give up. If you have a bad spell, just keep going till you're in front again."

Next Week: Doug Walters.



SWIMMER Ilsa Konrads, who hopes to regain her old world-beating form in time for the Tokyo Olympics next year. Ilsa's brother John will return from his studies in America for the Games swimming trials.

